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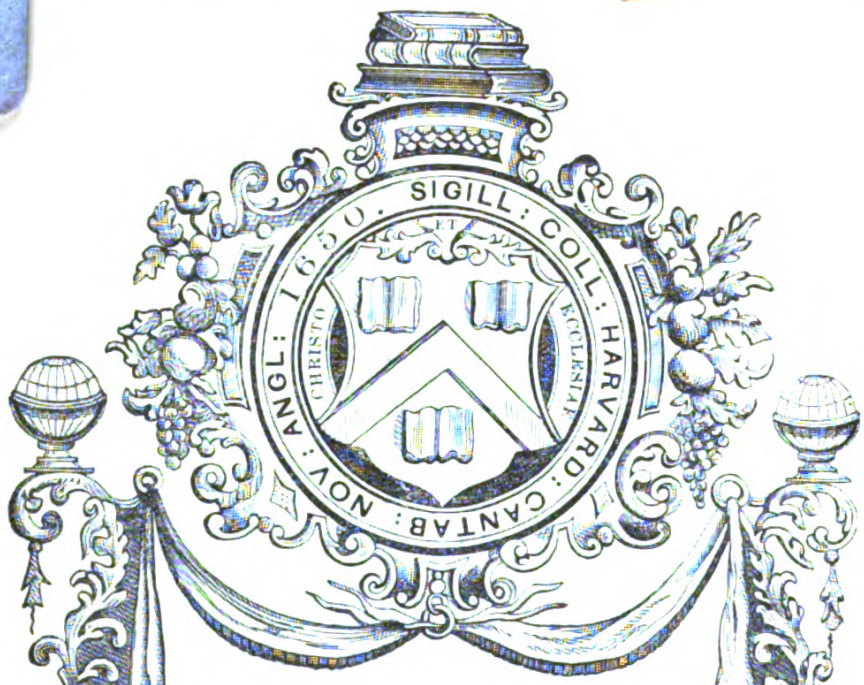

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HOOD'S OWN.

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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY HIS SON AND DAUGHTER.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
E. MOXON, SON, & CO., DOVER STREET.
1871.

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GUIDO AND MARINA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

[Guido, having given himself up to the pernicious study of magic and astrology, casts his nativity, and resolves that at a certain hour of a certain day he is to die. MARINA, to wean him from this fatal delusion, which hath gradually wasted him away, even to the verge of death, advances the hour-hand of the clock. He is supposed to be seated beside her in the garden of his palace at Venice.]

Guido. Clasp me again! My soul is very sad;
And hold thy lips in readiness near mine,
Lest I die suddenly. Clasp me again!
'Tis such a gloomy day!

Mar. Nay, sweet, it shines.

Guido. Nay, then, these mortal clouds are in mine eyes.
Clasp me again!—ay, with thy fondest force,
Give me one last embrace.

Mar. Love, I do clasp thee!

Guido. Then closer—closer—for I feel thee not;
Unless thou art this pain around my heart.
Thy lips at such a time should never leave me.

Mar. What pain—what time, love? Art thou ill? Alas!
I see it in thy cheek. Come, let me nurse thee.
Here, rest upon my heart.

Guido. Stay, stay, Marina.
Look!—when I raise my hand against the sun,
Is it red with blood?

Mar. Alas! my love, what wilt thou?
Thy hand is red—and so is mine—all hands
Show thus against the sun.

Guido. All living men's,

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Marina, but not mine. Hast never heard
How death first seizes on the feet and hands,
And thence goes freezing to the very heart?
Mar. Yea, love, I know it; but what then?—the hand
I hold is glowing.
Guido. But my eyes!—my eyes!—
Look *there*, Marina—there is death's own sign.
I have seen a corpse,
E'en when its clay was cold, would still have seem'd
Alive, but for the eyes—such deadly eyes!
So dull and dim! Marina, look in mine!
Mar. Ay, they are dull. No, no—not dull, but bright:
I see myself within them. Now, dear love,
Discard these horrid fears that make me weep.
Guido. Marina, Marina—where thy image lies,
There must be brightness—or perchance they glance
And glimmer like the lamp before it dies.
Oh, do not vex my soul with hopes impossible!
My hours are ending. [*Clock strikes.*
Mar. Nay, they shall not! Hark!
The hour—four—five—hark!—six!—the very time!
And, lo! thou art alive! My love—dear love—
Now cast this cruel phantasm from thy brain—
This wilful, wild delusion—cast it off!
The hour is come—and *gone!* What! not a word!
What, not a smile, even, that thou livest for me!
Come, laugh and clap your hands as I do—come.
Or kneel with me, and thank th' eternal God
For this blest passover! Still sad! still mute!—
Oh, why art thou not glad, as I am glad,
That death forbears thee? Nay, hath all my love
Been spent in vain, that thou art sick of life?
Guido. Marina, I am no more attach'd to death

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Than Fate hath doomed me. I am his elect,
That even now forestalls thy little light,
And steals with cold infringement on my breath :
Already he bedims my spiritual lamp,
Not yet his due—not yet—quite yet, though Time,
Perchance, to warn me, speaks before his wont :
Some minutes' space my blood has still to flow—
Some scanty breath is left me still to spend
In very bitter sighs.
But there's a point, true measured by my pulse,
Beyond or short of which it may not live
By one poor throb. Marina, it is near.
Mar. Oh, God of heaven !
Guido. Ay, it is *very* near.
Therefore, cling now to me, and say farewell
While I can answer it. Marina, speak !
Why tear thine helpless hair? it will not save
Thy heart from breaking, nor pluck out the thought
That stings thy brain. Oh, surely thou hast known
This truth too long to look so like Despair?
Mar. O, no, no, no !—a hope—a little hope—
I had erewhile—but I have heard its knell.
Oh, would my life were measured out with thine—
All my years number'd—all my days, my hours,
My utmost minutes, all summ'd up with thine !
Guido. Marina—
Mar. Let me weep—no, let me kneel
To God—but rather thee—to spare this end
That is so wilful. Oh, for pity's sake !
Pluck back thy precious spirit from these clouds
That smother it with death. Oh ! turn from death,
And do not woo it with such dark resolve,
To make me widow'd.

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Guido. I have lived my term.
Mar. No—not thy term—no! not the natural term
Of one so young. Oh! thou hast spent thy years
In sinful waste upon unholy—
Guido. Hush!
Marina.
Mar. Nay, I must. Oh! cursed lore,
That hath supplied this spell against thy life.
Unholy learning—devilish and dark—
Study! O, God! O, God!—how can thy stars
Be bright with such black knowledge? Oh, that men
Should ask more light of them than guides their steps
At evening to love!
Guido. Hush, hush, oh hush!
Thy words have pain'd me in the midst of pain.
True, if I had not read, I should not die;
For, if I had not read, I had not been.
All our acts of life are pre-ordain'd,
And each pre-acted, in our several spheres,
By ghostly duplicates. They sway our deeds
By their performance. What if mine hath been
To be a prophet and foreknow my doom?
If I had closed my eyes, the thunder then
Had roar'd it in my ears; my own mute brain
Had told it with a tongue. What must be, must.
Therefore I knew when my full time would fall;
And now—to save thy widowhood of tears—
To spare the very breaking of thy heart,
I may not gain even a brief hour's reprieve!
What seest thou yonder?
Mar. Where?—a tree—the sun
Sinking behind a tree.
Guido. It is no tree,

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Marina, but a shape—the awful shape
That comes to claim me. Seest thou not his shade
Darken before his steps? Ah me! how cold
It comes against my feet! Cold, icy cold!
And blacker than a pall.
Mar. My love!
Guido. Oh heaven
And earth, where are ye? Marina— [GUIDO *dies.*
Mar. I am here!
What wilt thou? dost thou speak?—Methought I heard thee
Just whispering. He is dead?—O God! he's dead!

[This and the following poem (the "Ode to Clapham Academy") appeared during this year in the "New Monthly"—which my father subsequently edited, but which at this time had only reached its tenth volume.]

THE TWO SWANS.

A FAIRY TALE.

—♦—

IMMORTAL Imogen, crown'd queen above
The lilies of thy sex, vouchsafe to hear
A fairy dream in honour of true love—
True above ills, and frailty, and all fear—
Perchance a shadow of his own career
Whose youth was darkly prison'd and long-twined
By serpent-sorrow, till white Love drew near,
And sweetly sang him free, and round his mind
A bright horizon threw, wherein no grief may wind.

I saw a tower builded on a lake,
Mock'd by its inverse shadow, dark and deep—
That seem'd a still intenser night to make,
Wherein the quiet waters sank to sleep,—

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And, whatsoe'er was prison'd in that keep,
A monstrous Snake was warden :—round and round
In sable ringlets I beheld him creep,
Blackest amid black shadows, to the ground,
Whilst his enormous head the topmost turret crown'd.

From whence he shot fierce light against the stars,
Making the pale moon paler with affright;
And with his ruby eye out-threaten'd Mars—
That blazed in the mid-heavens, hot and bright—
Nor slept, nor wink'd, but with a steadfast spite
Watch'd their wan looks and tremblings in the skies;
And that he might not slumber in the night,
The curtain-lids were pluck'd from his large eyes,
So he might never drowse, but watch his secret prize.

Prince or princess in dismal durance pent,
Victims of old Enchantment's love or hate,
Their lives must all in painful sighs be spent,
Watching the lonely waters soon and late,
And clouds that pass and leave them to their fate,
Or company their grief with heavy tears :—
Meanwhile that Hope can spy no golden gate
For sweet escapement, but in darksome fears
They weep and pine away as if immortal years.

No gentle bird with gold upon its wing
Will perch upon the grate—the gentle bird
Is safe in leafy dell, and will not bring
Freedom's sweet key-note and commission-word
Learn'd of a fairy's lips, for pity stirr'd—
Lest while he trembling sings, untimely guest!
Watch'd by that cruel Snake and darkly heard,

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He leave a widow on her lonely nest,
To press in silent grief the darlings of her breast.

No gallant knight, adventurous, in his bark,
Will seek the fruitful perils of the place,
To rouse with dipping oar the waters dark
That bear that serpent-image on their face.
And Love, brave Love! though he attempt the base,
Nerved to his loyal death, he may not win
His captive lady from the strict embrace
Of that foul Serpent, clasping her within
His sable folds—like Eve enthrall'd by the old Sin.

But there is none—no knight in panoply,
Nor Love, intrench'd in his strong steely coat:
No little speck—no sail—no helper nigh,
No sign—no whispering—no plash of boat:—
The distant shores show dimly and remote,
Made of a deeper mist,—serene and grey,—
And slow and mute the cloudy shadows float
Over the gloomy wave, and pass away,
Chased by the silver beams that on their marges play.

And bright and silvery the willows sleep
Over the shady verge—no mad winds tease
Their hoary heads; but quietly they weep
Their sprinkling leaves—half fountains and half trees:
There lilies be—and fairer than all these,
A solitary Swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave that seems to freeze
Into a chaste reflection, still below
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

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And forth she paddles in the very noon
Of solemn midnight like an elfin thing,
Charm'd into being by the argent moon—
Whose silver light for love of her fair wing
Goes with her in the shade, still worshipping
Her dainty plumage :—all around her grew
A radiant circlet, like a fairy ring;
And all behind, a tiny little clue
Of light, to guide her back across the waters blue.

And sure she is no meaner than a fay,
Redeem'd from sleepy death, for beauty's sake,
By old ordainment :—silent as she lay,
Touch'd by a moonlight wand I saw her wake,
And cut her leafy slough, and so forsake
The verdant prison of her lily peers,
That slept amidst the stars upon the lake—
A breathing shape—restored to human fears,
And new-born love and grief—self-conscious of her tears.

And now she clasps her wings around her heart,
And near that lonely isle begins to glide,
Pale as her fears, and oft-times with a start
Turns her impatient head from side to side
In universal terrors—all too wide
To watch; and often to that marble keep
Upturns her pearly eyes, as if she spied
Some foe, and crouches in the shadows steep
That in the gloomy wave go diving fathoms deep.

And well she may, to spy that fearful thing
All down the dusky walls in circlets wound;

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Alas! for what rare prize, with many a ring
Girding the marble casket round and round?
His folded tail, lost in the gloom profound,
Terribly darkeneth the rocky base;
But on the top his monstrous head is crown'd
With prickly spears, and on his doubtful face
Gleam his unwearied eyes, red watchers of the place.

Alas! of the hot fires that nightly fall,
No one will scorch him in those orbs of spite,
So he may never see beneath the wall
That timid little creature, all too bright,
That stretches her fair neck, slender and white,
Invoking the pale moon, and vainly tries
Her throbbing throat, as if to charm the night
With song—but, hush—it perishes in sighs,
And there will be no dirge sad-swelling, though she dies!

She droops—she sinks—she leans upon the lake,
Fainting again into a lifeless flower;
But soon the chilly springs anoint and wake
Her spirit from its death, and with new power
She sheds her stifled sorrows in a shower
Of tender song, timed to her falling tears—
That wins the shady summit of that tower,
And, trembling all the sweeter for its fears,
Fills with imploring moan that cruel monster's ears.

And, lo! the scaly beast is all deprest,
Subdued like Argus by the might of sound—
What time Apollo his sweet lute addrest
To magic converse with the air, and bound
The many monster eyes, all slumber-drown'd:—

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So on the turret-top that watchful Snake
Pillows his giant head, and lists profound,
As if his wrathful spite would never wake,
Charm'd into sudden sleep for Love and Beauty's sake!

His prickly crest lies prone upon his crown,
And thirsty lip from lip disparted flies,
To drink that dainty flood of music down—
His scaly throat is big with pent-up sighs—
And whilst his hollow ear entrancëd lies,
His looks for envy of the charmed sense
Are fain to listen, till his steadfast eyes,
Stung into pain by their own impotence,
Distil enormous tears into the lake immense.

Oh, tuneful Swan! oh, melancholy bird!
Sweet was that midnight miracle of song,
Rich with ripe sorrow, needful of no word
To tell of pain, and love, and love's deep wrong—
Hinting a piteous tale—perchance how long
Thy unknown tears were mingled with the lake,
What time disguised thy leafy mates among—
And no eye knew what human love and ache
Dwelt in those dewy leaves, and heart so nigh to break.

Therefore no poet will ungently touch
The water-lily, on whose eyelids dew
Trembles like tears; but ever hold it such
As human pain may wander through and through,
Turning the pale leaf paler in its hue—
Wherein life dwells, transfigured, not entomb'd,
By magic spells. Alas! who ever knew

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Sorrow in all its shapes, leafy and plumed,
Or in gross husks of brutes eternally inhumed ?

And now the winged song has scaled the height
Of that dark dwelling, builded for despair,
And soon a little casement flashing bright
Widens self-open'd into the cool air—
That music like a bird may enter there
And soothe the captive in his stony cage ;
For there is nought of grief, or painful care,
But plaintive song may happily engage
From sense of its own ill, and tenderly assuage.

And forth into the light, small and remote,
A creature, like the fair son of a king,
Draws to the lattice in his jewell'd coat
Against the silver moonlight glistening,
And leans upon his white hand listening
To that sweet music that with tenderer tone
Salutes him, wondering what kindly thing
Is come to soothe him with so tuneful moan,
Singing beneath the walls as if for him alone

And while he listens, the mysterious song,
Woven with timid particles of speech,
Twines into passionate words that grieve along
The melancholy notes, and softly teach
The secrets of true love,—that trembling reach
His earnest ear, and through the shadows dun
He missions like replies, and each to each
Their silver voices mingle into one,
Like blended streams that make one music as they run.

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"Ah! Love, my hope is swooning in my heart,—"
"Ay, sweet, my cage is strong and hung full high—"
"Alas! our lips are held so far apart,
Thy words come faint,—they have so far to fly!—"
"If I may only shun that serpent-eye,—"
"Ah me! that serpent-eye doth never sleep;—"
"Then, nearer thee, Love's martyr, I will die!—"
"Alas, alas! that word has made me weep!
For pity's sake remain safe in thy marble keep!"

"My marble keep! it is my marble tomb—"
"Nay, sweet! but thou hast there thy living breath—"
"Aye to expend in sighs for this hard doom;—"
"But I will come to thee and sing beneath,
And nightly so beguile this serpent wreath;—"
"Nay, I will find a path from these despairs."
"Ah, needs then thou must tread the back of death,
Making his stony ribs thy stony stairs.—
Behold his ruby eye, how fearfully it glares!"

Full sudden at these words, the princely youth
Leaps on the scaly back that slumbers, still
Unconscious of his foot, yet not for ruth,
But numb'd to dulness by the fairy skill
Of that sweet music (all more wild and shrill
For intense fear) that charm'd him as he lay—
Meanwhile the lover nerves his desperate will,
Held some short throbs by natural dismay,
Then down the serpent-track begins his darksome way.

Now dimly seen—now toiling out of sight,
Eclipsed and cover'd by the envious wall ·

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Now fair and spangled in the sudden light,
And clinging with wide arms for fear of fall;
Now dark and shelter'd by a kindly pall
Of dusky shadow from his wakeful foe;
Slowly he winds adown—dimly and small,
Watch'd by the gentle Swan that sings below,
Her hope increasing, still, the larger he doth grow.

But nine times nine the serpent folds embrace
The marble walls about—which he must tread
Before his anxious foot may touch the base:
Long is the dreary path, and must be sped!
But Love, that holds the mastery of dread,
Braces his spirit, and with constant toil
He wins his way, and now, with arms outspread
Impatient plunges from the last long coil:
So may all gentle Love ungentle Malice foil!

The song is hush'd, the charm is all complete,
And two fair Swans are swimming on the lake:
But scarce their tender bills have time to meet,
When fiercely drops adown that cruel Snake—
His steely scales a fearful rustling make,
Like autumn leaves that tremble and foretell
The sable storm;—the plumy lovers quake—
And feel the troubled waters pant and swell,
Heaved by the giant bulk of their pursuer fell.

His jaws, wide yawning like the gates of Death,
Hiss horrible pursuit—his red eyes glare
The waters into blood—his eager breath
Grows hot upon their plumes:—now, minstrel fair!

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She drops her ring into the waves, and there
It widens all around, a fairy ring
Wrought of the silver light—the fearful pair
Swim in the very midst, and pant and cling
The closer for their fears, and tremble wing to wing.

Bending their course over the pale grey lake,
Against the pallid East, wherein light play'd
In tender flushes, still the baffled Snake
Circled them round continually, and bay'd
Hoarsely and loud, forbidden to invade
The sanctuary ring—his sable mail
Roll'd darkly through the flood, and writhed and made
A shining track over the waters pale,
Lash'd into boiling foam by his enormous tail.

And so they sail'd into the distance dim,
Into the very distance—small and white,
Like snowy blossoms of the spring that swim
Over the brooklets—follow'd by the spite
Of that huge Serpent, that with wild affright
Worried them on their course, and sore annoy,
Till on the grassy marge I saw them 'light,
And change, anon, a gentle girl and boy,
Lock'd in embrace of sweet unutterable joy!

Then came the Morn, and with her pearly showers
Wept on them, like a mother, in whose eyes
Tears are no grief; and from his rosy bowers
The Oriental sun began to rise,
Chasing the darksome shadows from the skies;

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Wherewith that sable Serpent far away
Fled, like a part of night—delicious sighs
From waking blossoms purified the day,
And little birds were singing sweetly from each spray.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.*

Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls?

Ay, that's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
Its chimneys in the rear!
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turn'd our table-beer!

There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con!—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
Most fruitless leaves to me!—

* No connexion with any other Ode.

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The summon'd class!—the awful bow!—
I wonder who is master now
And wholesome anguish sheds!
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads!

And Mrs. S * * *?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize—bohea?

Ay, there's the playground! there's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read!—
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of Love and Cottage-bread?

Who struts the Randall of the walk?
Who models tiny heads in chalk?
Who scoops the light canoe?
What early genius buds apace?
Where's Poynter? Harris? Bowers? Chase?
Hal Baylis? blithe Carew?

Alack! they're gone—a thousand ways!
And some are serving in "the Greys,"
And some have perish'd young!—

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Jack Harris weds his second wife;
Hal Baylis drives the *vane* of life;
And blithe Carew—is hung!

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To savages at Owhyee
Poor Chase is with the worms!—
All, all are gone—the olden breed!—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
"And push us from our *forms!*"

Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
At play where we have play'd!
Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine
Their crony arms; some in the shine,—
And some are in the shade!

Lo there what mix'd conditions run!
The orphan lad; the widow's son;
And Fortune's favour'd care—
The wealthy-born, for whom she hath
Mac-Adamised the future path—
The Nabob's pamper'd heir!

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
For honour some, and some for scorn,—
For fair or foul renown!
Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may lack!
Look, here's a White, and there's a Black!
And there's a Creole brown!

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Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* 'frugal sires would keep
Their only sons at home;'—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come!

A foolish wish! There's one at hoop;
And four at *fives!* and five who stoop
The marble taw to speed!
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,—
Would I were in his *stead!*

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool!
While thou canst be a horse at school,
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son?

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That manhood's mirth?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury-lane when ———* *plays*,
And see how *forced* our fun!

Thy taws are brave!—thy tops are rare!—
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
Our *dumps* are no delight!—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
A sorry *breaking-up!*

* This blank exists in the original.

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1825.

ODES AND ADDRESSES, AND ANNUALS.

[This year, in conjunction with John Hamilton Reynolds, my father published anonymously a volume of "Odes and Addresses to Great People." It would, I think, be impossible to separate the respective Odes—I am nearly sure that "Maria Darlington," "Dymoke," "Elliston," and perhaps "Dr. Ireland," were addressed by Reynolds. The little volume reached a second, and shortly after a third edition—each being ushered in by a few words in the shape of a preface.]

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

"Catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littleness of conscious greatness by the way."—*Citizen of the World.*

ADDRESS.

The present being the first appearance of this little Work, some sort of Address seems to be called for from the Author, Editor, and Compiler,—and we come forward in prose, totally overcome, like a flurried manager in his every-day clothes, to solicit public indulgence—protest an indelible feeling of reverence—bow, beseech, promise,—and "all that."

To the persons addressed in the Poems nothing need be said, as it would be only swelling the book, (a custom which we detest,) to recapitulate in prose what we have said in verse. To those unaddressed an apology is due;—and to

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them it is very respectfully offered. Mr. Hunt, for his Permanent Ink, deserves to have his name recorded in his own composition—Mr. Colman, the amiable King's Jester, and Oath-blaster of the modern Stage, merits a line—Mr. Accum, whose fame is potted—Mr. Bridgman, the maker of Patent Safety Coffins—Mr. Kean, the great Lustre of the Boxes—Sir Humphry Davy, the great Lamplighter of the Pits—Sir William Congreve, one of the proprietors of the Portsmouth Rocket—yea, several others call for the Muse's approbation;—but our little Volume, like the Adelphi House, is easily filled, and those who are disappointed of places are requested to wait until the next performance.

Having said these few words to the uninitiated, we leave our Odes and Addresses, like Gentlemen of the Green Isle, to hunt their own fortunes;—and, by a modest assurance, to make their way to the hearts of those to whom they have addressed themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A Second Edition being called for, the Author takes the opportunity of expressing his grateful thanks to his Readers and Reviewers, for the kind way in which they have generally received his little Book. Many of those who have been *be-Oded* in the following pages have taken the verse-offerings in good part; and the Author has been given to understand that certain "Great People," who have been kept "out of situations," have, like Bob Acres, looked upon themselves as very ill-used Gentlemen. It is rather hard that there should not be room for all the Great;—but this little conveyance,—a sort of light coach to Fame,—like other conveyances, while it has only four *in*, labours under the disadvantage of having

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twelve *out*. The Proprietor apprehends he must meet the wants of the Public by starting an extra coach: in which case Mr. Colman (an anxious Licenser) and Mr. Hunt (the best maker of speeches and blacking in the City and Liberty of Westminster) shall certainly be *booked* for places. To the latter Gentleman, the Author gratefully acknowledges the compliment of a bottle of his permanent ink: it will be, indeed, pleasant to write an Address to Mr. Wilberforce in the liquid of a beautiful jet Black, which the Author now meditates doing. Odes, written in permanent ink, will doubtless stand a chance of running a good race with Gray's!

A few objections have been made to the present Volume, which the Author regrets he cannot attend to, without serious damage to the whole production. The Address to Maria Darlington is said by several ingenious and judicious persons to be *namby-pamby*.—This is a sad disappointment to the Writer, as he was in hopes he had accomplished a bit of the right *Shenstonian*. The verses to the Champion of England are declared irreverent,—and those to Dr. Ireland, and his Partners in the Stone Trade, are held out as an improper interference with sacred things; these Addresses are certainly calumniated: the one was really written as an affectionate inquiry after a great and reverend Warrior, now in rural retirement; and the other was intended as a kindly advertisement of an exhibition, which, although cheaper than the Tower, and nearly as cheap as Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work, the modesty of the Proprietors will not permit them sufficiently to puff.

To the universal objection,—that the Book is overrun with puns,—the Author can only say, he has searched every page without being able to detect a thing of the kind. He can only promise, therefore, that if any respectable Reviewer will

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point the *vermin* out, they shall be carefully trapped and thankfully destroyed.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

From the kindness with which this little volume has been received, the Authors have determined upon presenting to the Public "more last Baxterish words;" and the Reader will be pleased therefore to consider this rather as a Preface or Advertisement to the volume to come, than a third Address in prose, explanatory or recommendatory of the present portion of the Work. It is against etiquette to introduce one gentleman to another thrice; and it must be confessed, that if these few sentences were to be billeted upon the first volume, the Public might overlook the Odes, but would have great reason to complain of the Addresses.

So many Great Men stand over, like the correspondents to a periodical, that they must be "continued in our next." These are certainly bad times for paying debts; but all persons having any claims upon the Authors, may rest assured that they will ultimately be paid in full.

No material alterations have been made in this third Edition,—with the exception of the introduction of a few new commas, which the lovers of punctuation will immediately detect and duly appreciate;—and the omission of the three puns,* which, in the opinion of all friends and reviewers, were detrimental to the correct humour of the publication.

* I have read, and had the two editions read repeatedly, but have failed to detect any of these omissions, unless one of them is the elision of the word "washing" in Bridget Jones's letter, as pointed out in a note there.

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ODE TO MR. GRAHAM,

THE AERONAUT.

"Up with me !—up with me into the sky !"
Wordsworth—on a Lark!

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view !—

A few more whiffs of my cigar
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies :—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies !—

Away !—away !—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills !—
We seem to cut the wind !—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The Eagle's left behind !—

Ah me ! my brain begins to swim !—
The world is growing rather dim ;
The steeples and the trees—
My wife is getting very small !
I cannot see my babe at all !—
The Dollond, if you please !—

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Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,
That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks?—that channel,
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel
For that small Isle of Dogs!—

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's!—I swear,
Wren must have been a Wren!—
And that small stripe?—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good lack! to see
The little ways of men!

Little, indeed!—my eyeballs ache
To find a turnpike.—I must take
Their tolls upon my trust!—
And where is mortal labour gone?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
Mac Adamized to dust!

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
To wish to be a Mayor!
What is the honour?—none at all,
One's honour must be very small
For such a civic chair!—

And there's Guildhall!—'tis far aloof—
Methinks, I fancy through the roof
Its little guardian Gogs
Like penny dolls—a tiny show!—
Well,—I must say they're ruled below
By very little logs!—

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Oh ! Graham, how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare ;
  One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about—
Nay then—let's even empty out
  Another brace of bags !

Now for a glass of bright champagne
Above the clouds !—Come, let us drain
  A bumper as we go !—
But hold !—for God's sake do not cant
The cork away—unless you want
  To brain your friends below.

Think ! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
  Like mites upon a cheese !—
Pshaw !—how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts !—can there be *Dukes*
  Of *Gloster* such as these !—

Oh ! what is glory ?—what is fame ?
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
  'Tis nothing but a hum !—
A few near gnats would trump as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
  That has so far to come !—

Well—they are wise that choose the near,
A few small buzzards in the ear,
  To organs ages hence !—
Ah me, how distance touches all ;
It makes the true look rather small,
  But murders poor pretence.

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"The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With buzzing noises ring!"—
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore!—
What's Rogers here?—Who cares for Moore
That hears the Angels sing!—

A fig for earth, and all its minions!—
We are above the world's opinions,
Graham! we'll have our own!—
Look what a vantage height we've got!—
Now——*do* you think Sir Walter Scott
Is such a Great Unknown?

Speak up,—or hath he hid his name
To crawl through "subways" unto fame,
Like Williams of Cornhill?—
Speak up, my lad!—when men run small
We'll show what's little in them all,
Receive it how they will!—

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach
The princes down,—shall he impeach
The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts,—and I
Not moralize at two miles high
The true didactic pitch!

Come:—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir?
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
In Lilliput's Review,
That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide
For poets to pass through?

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Look down! the world is but a spot.
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,
For all the Scottish tone?
It shall not weigh us here—not where
The sandy burden's lost in air—
Our lading—where is't flown?

Now,—like you Croly's verse indeed—
In heaven—where one cannot read
The "Warren" on a wall?
What think you here of that man's fame?
Though Jerdan magnified his name,
To me 'tis very small!

And, truly, is there such a spell
In those three letters, L. E. L.,
To witch a world with song?
On clouds the Byron did not sit,
Yet dared on Shakspeare's head to spit,
And say the world was wrong!

And shall not we? Let's think aloud!
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
Graham, we'll have our eyes!
We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
Now we are in the skies.

O Graham, Graham, how I blame
The bastard blush,—the petty shame,
That used to fret me quite,—
The little sores I cover'd then,
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
The world is out of sight!

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My name is Tims.—I am the man
That North's unseen diminish'd clan
So scurvily abused!
I am the very P. A. Z.
The London's Lion's small pin's head
So often hath refused!

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
Hath scorn'd my *lays*:—do his appear
Such great eggs from the sky?—
And Longman, and his lengthy Co.
Long only in a little Row,
Have thrust my poems by!

What else?—I'm poor, and much beset
With damn'd small duns—that is—in debt
Some grains of golden dust!
But only worth above, is worth.—
What's all the credit of the earth?
An inch of cloth on trust!

What's Rothschild here, that wealthy man!
Nay, worlds of wealth?—Oh, if you can
Spy out,—the *Golden Ball!*
Sure as we rose, all money sank:
What's gold or silver now?—the Bank
Is gone—the 'Change and all!

What's all the ground-rent of the globe?—
Oh, Graham, it would worry Job
To hear its landlords prate!
But after this survey, I think
I'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink
From men of large estate!

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And less, still less, will I submit
To poor mean acres' worth of wit—
  I that have heaven's span—
I that like Shakspeare's self may dream
Beyond the very clouds, and seem
  An Universal Man!

Mark, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds
  Are winging on the wind!
But what is grander than their range?
More lovely than their sun-set change?—
  The free creative mind!

Well! the Adults' School 's in the air!
The greatest men are lesson'd there
  As well as the Lessee!
Oh could Earth's Ellistons thus small
Behold the greatest stage of all,
  How humbled they would be!

"Oh would some Power the giftie gie 'em
To see themselves as others see 'em,"
  'Twould much abate their fuss!
If they could think that from the skies
They are as little in our eyes
  As they can think of us!

Of us! are *we* gone out of sight?
Lessen'd! diminish'd! vanish'd quite!
  Lost to the tiny town!
Beyond the Eagle's ken—the grope
Of Dollond's longest telescope!
  Graham! we're going down!

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Ah me! I've touch'd a string that opes
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—
  Down goes our bright Balloon!—
Farewell the skies! the clouds! I smell
The lower world! Graham, farewell,
  Man of the silken moon!

The earth is close! the City nears—
Like a burnt paper it appears,
  Studded with tiny sparks!
Methinks I hear the distant rout
Of coaches rumbling all about—
  We're close above the Parks!

I hear the watchmen on their beats,
Hawking the hour about the streets.
  Lord! what a cruel jar
It is upon the earth to light!
Well—there's the finish of our flight!
  I've smoked my last cigar!

ODE TO MR. M'ADAM.

"Let us take to the road!"—*Beggar's Opera.*

M'Adam, hail!
Hail, Roadian! hail, Colossus! who dost stand
Striding ten thousand turnpikes on the land!
  Oh universal Leveller! all hail!
To thee, a good, yet stony-hearted man,
  The kindest one, and yet the flintiest going,—

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To thee,—how much for thy commodious plan,
Lanark Reformer of the Ruts, is Owing!
The Bristol mail
Gliding o'er ways, hitherto deem'd invincible,
When carrying Patriots, now shall never fail
Those of the most "*unshaken* public principle."
Hail to thee, Scot of Scots!
Thou northern light, amid those heavy men!
Foe to Stonehenge, yet friend to all beside,
Thou scatter'st flints and favours far and wide,
From palaces to cots;—
Dispenser of coagulated good!
Distributor of granite and of food!
Long may thy fame its even path march on,
E'en when thy sons are dead!
Best benefactor! though thou giv'st a stone
To those who ask for bread!

Thy first great trial in this mighty town
Was, if I rightly recollect, upon
That gentle hill which goeth
Down from "the County" to the Palace gate,
And, like a river, thanks to thee, now floweth
Past the Old Horticultural Society,—
The chemist Cobb's, the house of Howell and James,
Where ladies play high shawl and satin games—
A little *Hell* of lace!
And past the Athenæum, made of late,
Severs a sweet variety
Of milliners and booksellers who grace
Waterloo Place,
Making division, the Muse fears and guesses,
'Twixt Mr. Rivington's and Mr. Hessey's.

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Thou stood'st thy trial, Mac! and shaved the road
From Barber Beaumont's to the King's abode
So well, that paviors threw their rammers by,
Let down their tuck'd shirt sleeves, and with a sigh
Prepared themselves, poor souls, to chip or die!

Next, from the palace to the prison, thou
Didst go, the highway's watchman, to thy beat,—
Preventing though the *rattling* in the street,
Yet kicking up a row,
Upon the stones—ah! truly watchman-like,
Encouraging thy victims all to strike,
To further thy own purpose, Adam, daily;—
Thou hast smooth'd, alas, the path to the Old Bailey!
And to the stony bowers
Of Newgate, to encourage the approach,
By caravan or coach,—
Hast strew'd the way with flints as soft as flowers.

Who shall dispute thy name!
Insculpt in stone in every street,
We soon shall greet
Thy trodden down, yet all unconquer'd fame!
Where'er we take, even at this time, our way,
Nought see we, but mankind in open air,
Hammering thy fame, as Chantrey would not dare;—
And with a patient care
Chipping thy immortality all day!
Demosthenes, of old,—that rare old man,—
Prophetically *follow'd*, Mac! thy plan:—
For he, we know,
(History says so,)
Put *pebbles* in his mouth when he would speak

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The *smoothest* Greek!
It is "impossible, and cannot be,"
But that thy genius hath,
Besides the turnpike, many another path
Trod, to arrive at popularity.
O'er Pegasus, perchance, thou hast thrown a thigh,
Nor ridden a roadster only;—mighty Mac!
And 'faith I'd swear, when on that wingèd hack,
Thou hast observed the highways in the sky!
Is the path up Parnassus rough and steep,
And "hard to climb," as Dr. B. would say?
Dost think it best for Sons of Song to keep
The noiseless *tenor* of their way? (see Gray.)
What line of road *should* poets take to bring
Themselves unto those waters, loved the first!—
Those waters which can wet a man to sing!
Which, like thy fame, "from *granite* basins burst,
Leap into life, and, sparkling, woo the thirst?"

That thou'rt a proser, even thy birthplace might
Vouchsafe;—and Mr. Cadell *may*, God wot,
Have paid thee many a pound for many a blot,—
Cadell's a wayward wight!
Although no Walter, still thou art a Scot,
And I can throw, I think, a little light
Upon some works thou hast written for the town,—
And publish'd, like a Lilliput Unknown!
"Highways and Byeways" is thy book, no doubt,
(One whole edition's out,)
And next, for it is fair
That Fame,
Seeing her children, should confess she had 'em;—
"Some *Passages* from the life of Adam Blair,"—

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(Blair is a Scottish name,)
What are they, but thy own good roads, M'Adam?

O! indefatigable labourer
In the paths of men! when thou shalt die, 'twill be
A mark of thy surpassing industry,
That of the monument, which men shall rear
Over thy most inestimable bone,
Thou didst thy very self lay the first stone!—
Of a right ancient line thou comest,—through
Each crook and turn we trace the unbroken clue,
Until we see thy sire before our eyes,—
Rolling his gravel walks in Paradise!
But he, our great Mac Parent, err'd, and ne'er
Have our walks since been fair!
Yet Time, who, like the merchant, lives on 'Change,
For ever varying, through his varying range,
Time maketh all things even!
In this strange world, turning beneath high heaven,
He hath redeem'd the Adams, and contrived,—
(How are Time's wonders hived!)
In pity to mankind, and to befriend 'em,—
(Time is above all praise,)
That he, who first did make our evil ways,
Reborn in Scotland, should be first to mend 'em!

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A *FRIENDLY* EPISTLE TO MRS. FRY, *IN* NEWGATE.

"Sermons in stones."—*As you like It.*
"Out! out! damned spot!"—*Macbeth.*

I LIKE you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!
It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing
In daily act round Charity's great flame—
I like the crisp Browne way you have of dressing,
Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim
You make to Christianity,—professing
Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Barton,
Beside the young *fry's* bookseller, Friend Darton!

I like, good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—
Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—
I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit
Shaped like a court dress—but for heaven's court.
I like your sisters too,—sweet Rachel's fruit—
Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support
Of virtue—and I like to see them clad
With such a difference—just like good from bad!

I like the sober colours—not the wet;
Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—
Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—
In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain, go—
The others are a chaste, severer set,
In which the good, the pious, and the plain, go—
They're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—
In short, they are your *colours*, Mrs. Fry!

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As for the naughty tinges of the prism—
Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—
Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism;
And green is young and gay—not noted for
Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,
Till it is sadden'd down to tea-green, or
Olive—and purple's giv'n to wine, I guess;
And yellow is a convict by its dress!

They're all the devil's liveries, that men
And women wear in servitude to sin—
But how will they come off, poor motleys, when
Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in
The Evil presence? You and I know, then
How all the party colours will begin
To part—the *Pit*tite hues will sadden there,
Whereas the *Foxite* shades will all show fair!

Witness their goodly labours one by one!
Russet makes garments for the needy poor—
Dove-colour preaches love to all—and *dun*
Calls every day at Charity's street-door—
Brown studies scripture, and bids woman shun
All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour
Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply
Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend
The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavour!
When all persuasions in your praises blend—
The Methodist's creed and cry are, *Fry* for ever!

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No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,
Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never
Start at that word!—But I *must* ask you why
You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs. Fry?

Too well I know the price our mother Eve
Paid for *her* schooling: but must all her daughters
Commit a petty larceny, and thieve—
Pay down a crime for "*entrance*" to your "*quarters?*"
Your classes may increase, but I must grieve
Over your pupils at their bread-and-waters!
Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high!)
Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

O save the vulgar soul before it's spoil'd!
Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—
And there inform the mind before 'tis soil'd!
'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate!
Nay, if you would not have your labours foil'd,
Take it *inclining* tow'rds a virtuous state,
Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek!
The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain
The evil spirit from the heart it preys in,—
To bring sobriety to life again,
Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin,—
To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrain,—
To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,
Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her;
To tame the wild-fowl-ways of Jenny Diver!

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Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach
Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—
To make Long Sal sew up the endless breach
She made in manners—to write heaven's own law
On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to preach,
In cells, that are not memory's—to draw
The moral thread, thro' the immoral eye
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry!

In vain you teach them baby-work within:
'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime;
'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—
Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—
It is too late for scouring to begin
When virtue's ravell'd out, when all the prime
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains;
You'll fret the fabric out before the stains!

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!
I like your cookery in every way;
I like your shrove-tide service and supply;
I like to hear your sweet *Pandeans* play;
I like the pity in your full-brimm'd eye;
I like your carriage, and your silken grey,
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching;
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry! Repair
Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.
O, come abroad into the wholesome air,
And take your moral place, before Sin seats

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Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.
Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt's
To dress them in the pan, but do not try
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry!

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
Good lack! the ancients did not set up schools
In jail—but at the *Porch!* hinting, no doubt,
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
Before 'twas whipt by law.—O come about,
Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools
All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate-street.
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolour;
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue
Ruin of blue, or any other colour;
Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar;
Teach her that "flooring Charleys" is a game
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce Sin devours
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low'rs
Ev'n like a black cloud at the close of day,
To shut them out from any more blue sky:
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry!

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You are not nice—go into their retreats,
And make them Quakers, if you will.—'Twere best
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans *pleats;*
That they had hats *with* brims,—that they were drest
In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets
With so much raggedness.—You may invest
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice!

In brief,—Oh teach the child its moral rote,
Not *in* the way from which 'twill not depart,—
But *out*—out—out! Oh, bid it walk remote!
And if the skies are closed against the smart,
Ev'n let him wear the single-breasted coat,
For that ensureth singleness of heart.—
Do what you will, his every want supply,
Keep him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQ.,

M.P. FOR GALWAY.

"Martin in this has proved himself a very good man!"—*Boxiana.*

How many sing of wars,
Of Greek and Trojan jars—
The butcheries of men!
The Muse hath a "Perpetual Ruby Pen!"
Dabbling with heroes and the blood they spill;
But no one sings the man
That, like a pelican,
Nourishes Pity with his tender *Bill!*

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Thou Wilberforce of hacks!
Of whites as well as blacks,
Pyebald and dapple gray,
Chesnut and bay—
No poet's eulogy thy name adorns!
But oxen, from the fens,
Sheep—in their pens,
Praise thee, and red cows with their winding horns!
Thou art sung on brutal pipes!
Drovers may curse thee,
Knackers asperse thee,
And sly M.P.'s bestow their cruel wipes;
But the old horse neighs thee,
And zebras praise thee,—
Asses, I mean—that have as many stripes!

Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,
In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ,—
Staying his lifted bludgeon in the air!
Bullocks don't wear
Oxide of iron!
The cruel Jarvy thou hast summon'd oft,
Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,
That thought his horse the *courser* of the two—
Whilst Swift smiled down aloft!—
O worthy pair! for this, when he inhabit
Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts
From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts
His hand against the sparrow's nest, to *grab* it,—
He shall not harm the MARTINS and the *Swifts!*

Ah! when Dean Swift was *quick*, how he enhanced
The horse!—and humbled biped man like Plato!

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But now he's dead, the charger is mischanced—
Gone backward in the world—and not advanced,—
Remember Cato!
Swift was the horse's champion—not the King's,
Whom Southey sings,
Mounted on Pegasus—would he were thrown!
He'll wear that ancient hackney to the bone,
Like a mere clothes-horse airing royal things!
Ah well-a-day! the ancients did not use
Their steeds so cruelly!—let it debar men
From wanton rowelling and whip's abuse—
Look at the ancients' *Muse!*
Look at their *Carmen!*

O, Martin! how thine eye—
That one would think had put aside its lashes,—
That can't bear gashes
Thro' any horse's side, must ache to spy
That horrid window fronting Fetter-lane,—
For there's a nag the crows have pick'd for victual,
Or some man painted in a bloody vein—
Gods! is there no *Horse-spital!*
That such raw shows must sicken the humane!
Sure Mr. Whittle
Loves thee but little,
To let that poor horse linger in his *pane!*

O build a Brookes's Theatre for horses!
O wipe away the national reproach—
And find a decent Vulture for their corses!
And in thy funeral track
Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach!
Steeds that confess "the luxury of *wo!*"

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True mourning steeds, in no extempore black,
And many a wretched hack
Shall sorrow for thee,—sore with kick and blow
And bloody gash—it is the Indian knack—
(Save that the savage is his own tormentor)—
Banting shall weep too in his sable scarf—
The biped woe the quadruped shall enter,
And Man and Horse go half and half,
As if their griefs met in a common *Centaur!*

ODE TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

"O breathe not his name!"—*Moore.*

THOU Great Unknown!
I do not mean Eternity nor Death,
That vast incog!
For I suppose thou hast a living breath,
Howbeit we know not from whose lungs 'tis blown,
Thou man of fog!
Parent of many children—child of none!
Nobody's son!
Nobody's daughter—but a parent still!
Still but an ostrich parent of a batch
Of orphan eggs,—left to the world to hatch.
Superlative Nil!
A vox and nothing more,—yet not Vauxhall;
A head in papers, yet without a curl!
Not the Invisible Girl!
No hand—but a hand-writing on a wall—

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A popular nonentity,
Still call'd the same,—without identity!
A lark, heard out of sight,—
A nothing shined upon,—invisibly bright,
"Dark with excess of light!"
Constable's literary John-a-Nokes—
The real Scottish wizard—and not which,
Nobody—in a niche;
Every one's hoax!
Maybe Sir Walter Scott—
Perhaps not!
Why dost thou so conceal, and puzzle curious folks?

Thou,—whom the second-sighted never saw,
The Master Fiction of fictitious history!
Chief Nong-tong-paw!
No mister in the world—and yet all mystery!
The "tricksy spirit" of a Scotch Cock Lane—
A *novel* Junius puzzling the world's brain—
A man of magic—yet no talisman!
A man of clair obscure—not he o' the moon!
A star—at noon.
A non-descriptus in a caravan,
A private—of no corps—a northern light
In a dark lantern,—Bogie in a crape—
A figure—but no shape;
A vizor—and no knight;
The real abstract hero of the age;
The staple Stranger of the stage;
A Some One made in every man's presumption,
Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gumption
Another strange state captive in the north,
Constable-guarded in an iron mask—

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Still let me ask,
Hast thou no silver platter,
No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter
To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth?

Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger
Of Curiosity with airy gammon!
Thou mystery-monger,
Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,
That people buy, and can't make head or tail of it;
(Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it;)
Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,
That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—
Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,
Thou Zimmerman made practical!
Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,
That, like the Nile,
Hideth its source wherever it is bred,
But still keeps disemboguing
(Not disembroguing)
Thro' such broad sandy mouths without a head
Thou disembodied author—not yet dead,—
The whole world's literary Absentee!
Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,
Thou learned Nemo—wise to a degree,
Anonymous L. L. D.!

Thou nameless captain of the nameless gang
That do—and inquests cannot say who did it!
Wert thou at Mrs. Donatty's death-pang?
Hast thou made gravy of Weare's watch—or hid it?
Hast thou a Blue-Beard chamber? Heaven forbid it!
I should be very loth to see thee hang!

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I hope thou hast an alibi well plann'd,
An innocent, altho' an ink-black hand.
Tho' thou hast newly turn'd thy private bolt on
The curiosity of all invaders—
I hope thou art merely closeted with Colton,
Who knows a little of the *Holy Land*,
Writing thy next new novel—The Crusaders!

Perhaps thou wert even born
To be Unknown.—Perhaps hung, some foggy morn,
At Captain Coram's charitable wicket,
Pinn'd to a ticket
That Fate had made illegible, foreseeing
The future great unmentionable being.—
Perhaps thou hast ridden
A scholar poor on St. Augustine's Back,
Like Chatterton, and found a dusty pack
Of Rowley novels in an old chest hidden;
A little hoard of clever simulation,
That took the town—and Constable has bidden
Some hundred pounds for a continuation—
To keep and clothe thee in genteel starvation.

I liked thy Waverly—first of thy breeding;
I like its modest "sixty years ago,"
As if it was not meant for ages' reading.
I don't like Ivanhoe,
Tho' Dymoke does—it makes him think of clattering
In iron overalls before the king,
Secure from battering, to ladies flattering,
Tuning his challenge to the gauntlets' ring—
Oh better far than all that anvil clang
It was to hear thee touch the famous string

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Of Robin Hood's tough bow and make it twang,
Rousing him up, all verdant, with his clan,
Like Sagittarian Pan!

I like Guy Mannering—but not that sham son
Of Brown.—I like that literary Sampson,
Nine-tenths a Dyer, with a smack of Porson.
I like Dick Hatteraick, that rough sea Orson
That slew the Gauger;
And Dandie Dinmont, like old Ursa Major;
And Merrilies, young Bertram's old defender,
That Scottish Witch of Endor,
That doom'd thy fame. She was the Witch, I take it,
To tell a great man's fortune—or to make it!

I like thy Antiquary. With his fit on,
He makes me think of Mr. Britton,
Who has—or had—within his garden wall,
A *miniature Stone Henge*, so very small
The sparrows find it difficult to sit on;
And Dousterswivel, like Poyais' M'Gregor;
And Edie Ochiltree, that old *Blue Beggar*,
Painted so cleverly,
I think thou surely knowest Mrs. Beverly!
I like thy Barber—him that fired the *Beacon*—
But that's a tender subject now to speak on!

I like long-arm'd Rob Roy.—His very charms
Fashion'd him for renown!—In sad sincerity,
The man that robs or writes must have long arms,
If he's to hand his deeds down to posterity!
Witness Miss Biffin's posthumous prosperity,
Her poor brown crumpled mummy (nothing more)

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Bearing the name she bore,
A thing Time's tooth is tempted to destroy!
But Roys can never die—why else, in verity,
Is Paris echoing with "Vive le *Roy!*"
Aye, Rob shall live again, and deathless Di—
(Vernon, of course) shall often live again—
Whilst there's a stone in Newgate, or a chain,
Who can pass by
Nor feel the Thief's in prison and at hand?
There be Old Bailey Jarvies on the stand!

I like thy Landlord's Tales!—I like that Idol
Of love and Lammermoor—the blue-eyed maid
That led to church the mounted cavalcade,
And then pull'd up with such a bloody bridal!
Throwing equestrian Hymen on his haunches—
I like the family—(not silver) branches
That hold the tapers
To light the serious legend of Montrose.—
I like M'Aulay's second-sighted vapours,
As if he could not walk or talk alone,
Without the devil—or the Great Unknown,—
Dalgetty is the nearest of Ducrows!

I like St. Leonard's Lily—drench'd with dew!
I like thy Vision of the Covenanters,
That bloody-minded Graham shot and slew
I like the battle lost and won,
The hurly burly's bravely done,
The warlike gallops and the warlike *canters*!
I like that girded chieftain of the ranters,
Ready to preach down heathens, or to grapple

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With one eye on his sword,
And one upon the Word,—
How *he* would cram the Caledonian Chapel!
I like stern Claverhouse, though he doth dapple
His raven steed with blood of many a corse—
I like dear Mrs. Headrigg, that unravels
Her texts of scripture on a trotting horse—
She is so like Rae Wilson when he travels!

I like thy Kenilworth—but I'm not going
To take a Retrospective Re-Review
Of all thy dainty novels—merely showing
The old familiar faces of a few,
The question to renew,
How thou canst leave such deeds without a name,
Forego the unclaim'd dividends of fame,
Forego the smiles of literary houris—
Mid Lothian's trump, and Fife's shrill note of praise,
And all the Carse of Gowrie's,
When thou might'st have thy statue in Cromarty—
Or see thy image on Italian trays,
Betwixt Queen Caroline and Buonaparté,
Be painted by the Titian of R.A.'s,
Or vie in sign-boards with the Royal Guelph
Perhaps have thy bust set cheek by jowl with Homer's
Perhaps send out plaster proxies of thyself
To other Englands with Australian roamers—
Mayhap, in Literary Owhyhee
Displace the native wooden gods, or be
The China-Lar of a Canadian shelf!

It is not modesty that bids thee hide—
She never wastes her blushes out of sight:

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It is not to invite
The world's decision, for thy fame is tried,—
And thy fair deeds are scatter'd far and wide,
Even royal heads are with thy readers reckon'd,—
From men in trencher caps to trencher scholars
In crimson collars,
And learned serjeants in the forty-second!
Whither by land or sea art thou not beckon'd?
Mayhap exported from the Frith of Forth,
Defying distance and its dim control;
Perhaps read about Stromness, and reckon'd worth
A brace of Miltons for capacious soul—
Perhaps studied in the whalers, further north,
And set above ten Shakspeares near the pole!

Oh, when thou writest by Aladdin's lamp,
With such a giant genius at command,
For ever at thy stamp,
To fill thy treasury from Fairy Land,
When haply thou might'st ask the pearly hand
Of some great British Vizier's eldest daughter,
Tho' princes sought her,
And lead her in procession hymeneal,
Oh, why dost thou remain a Beau Ideal!
Why stay, a ghost, on the Lethean Wharf,
Envelop'd in Scotch mist and gloomy fogs?
Why, but because thou art some puny Dwarf,
Some hopeless Imp, like Riquet with the Tuft,
Fearing, for all thy wit, to be rebuff'd,
Or bullied by our great reviewing Gogs?

What in this masquing age
Maketh Unknowns so many and so shy?

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What but the critic's page?
One hath a cast, he hides from the world's eye;
Another hath a wen,—he won't show where;
A third has sandy hair,
A hunch upon his back, or legs awry,
Things for a vile reviewer to espy!
Another hath a mangel-wurzel nose,—
Finally, this is dimpled,
Like a pale crumpet face, or that is pimpled,
Things for a monthly critic to expose—
Nay, what is thy own case—that being small,
Thou choosest to be nobody at all!

Well, thou art prudent, with such puny bones—
E'en like Elshender, the mysterious elf,
That shadowy revelation of thyself—
To build thee a small hut of haunted stones—
For certainly the first pernicious man
That ever saw thee, would quickly draw thee
In some vile literary caravan—
Shown for a shilling
Would be thy killing,
Think of Crachami's miserable span!
No tinier frame the tiny spark could dwell in
Than there it fell in—
But when she felt herself a show—she tried
To shrink from the world's eye, poor dwarf! and died!

O since it was thy fortune to be born
A dwarf on some Scotch *Inch*, and then to flinch
From all the Gog-like jostle of great men,
Still with thy small crow pen

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Amuse and charm thy lonely hours forlorn—
Still Scottish story daintily adorn,
Be still a shade—and when this age is fled,
When we poor sons and daughters of reality
Are in our graves forgotten and quite dead,
And Time destroys our mottoes of morality—
The lithographic hand of Old Mortality
Shall still restore thy emblem on the stone,
A featureless death's head,
And rob Oblivion ev'n of the Unknown!

ADDRESS TO MR. DYMOKE,

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

"—— Arma Virumque cano!"—*Virgil.*

Mr. Dymoke! Sir Knight! if I may be so bold—
(I'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town,)
Is your armour put by, like the sheep in a fold?—
Is your gauntlet ta'en up, which you lately flung down?

Are you—who *that* day rode so mail'd and admired,
Now sitting at ease in a library chair?
Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hired,
With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare?

What's become of the cup? Great tin-plate worker! say!
Cup and ball is a game which some people deem fun!
Oh; *three golden balls* haven't lured you to play
Rather false, Mr. D., to all pledges but one?

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How defunct is the show that was chivalry's mimic!
The breastplate—the feathers—the gallant array!
So fades, so grows dim, and so dies, Mr. Dymoke!
The day of brass breeches! as Wordsworth would say!

Perchance in some village remote, with a cot,
And a cow, and a pig, and a barndoor, and all;—
You show to the parish that peace is your lot,
And plenty,—though absent from Westminster Hall!

And of course you turn every accoutrement now
To its separate use, that your wants may be well-met;—
You toss in your breastplate your pancakes, and grow
A salad of mustard and cress in your helmet.

And you delve the fresh earth with your falchion, less bright
Since hung up in sloth from its Westminster task;—
And you bake your own bread in your tin; and, Sir Knight,
Instead of your brow, put your beer in the casque!

How delightful to sit by your beans and your peas,
With a goblet of gooseberry gallantly clutch'd,
And chat of the blood that had deluged the Pleas,
And drench'd the King's Bench,—if the glove had been touch'd!

If Sir Columbine Daniel, with knightly pretensions,
Had snatch'd your "best doe,"—he'd have flooded the floor;—
Nor would even the best of his crafty inventions,
"Life Preservers," have floated him out of his gore!

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Oh, you and your horse! what a couple was there!
The man and his *backer*,—to win a great fight!
Though the trumpet was loud,—you'd an undisturb'd air!
And the nag snuff'd the feast and the fray *sans* affright!

Yet strange was the course which the good Cato bore
When he waddled tail-wise with the cup to his stall;—
For though his departure was at the front door,
Still he went the back way out of Westminster Hall.

He went,—and 'twould puzzle historians to say,
When they trust Time's conveyance to carry your *mail*,—
Whether caution or courage inspired him that day,
For though he retreated, he never turn'd tail.

By my life, he's a wonderful charger!—The best!
Though not for a Parthian corps!—yet for you!—
Distinguish'd alike at a fray and a feast,
What a horse for a grand Retrospective Review!

What a creature to keep a hot warrior cool
When the sun's in the face, and the shade's far aloof!—
What a *tailpiece* for Bewick!—or piebald for Poole,
To bear him in safety from Elliston's hoof!

Well! hail to Old Cato! the hero of scenes
May Astley or age ne'er his comforts abridge;-
Oh, long may he munch Amphitheatre beans,
Well "pent up in Utica" over the Bridge!

And to you, Mr. Dymoke, Cribb's rival, I keep
Wishing all country pleasures, the bravest and best!
And oh! when you come to the Hummums to sleep,
May you lie "like a warrior taking his rest!"

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ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."
Twelfth Night.

JOSEPH! they say thou'st left the stage,
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the flannell'd ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
"Retired—[for Young would call it so]—
The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

And hast thou really wash'd at last
From each white cheek the red half-moon
And all thy public Clownship cast,
To play the private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages yet to be
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!
And yet, Heav'n knows! we could—we can
Much "better spare a better man!"

Oh, had it pleased the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,

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Or, damme! namby pamby Pool,—
Or any other clown or fool!

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,
Go Byeway Highway man! go! go!
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could bear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made
His grey hairs scarce in private peace—
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam* Hill—
I think I could be cheerful still!

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!—
Had long, long Irving gone his ways
To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

But, Joseph—everybody's Jo!—
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee (though not yet dust),
And talk as he did when he miss'd
The kissing-crust that he had kiss'd!

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,

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(As old Catullus would have said,)
Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drowth !—
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth !

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd !—
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands !—
Thy partridge body, always stuff'd
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands !—
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Foote*—for why ?
'Twas often made to wipe an eye !

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair !
For "great wits jump"—and so did they !
Lord ! how they leap'd in lamplight air !
Caper'd—and bounced—and strode away !—
That years should tame the legs—alack !
I've seen spring through an Almanack !

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes ;
And those that frisk'd in silken clocks
May look to limp in fleecy hose—
One only—(Champion of the ring)
Could ever make his Winter,—Spring !

And gout, that owns no odds between
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,
Will visit—but I did not mean
To moralize, though I am grown
Thus sad,—Thy going seem'd to beat
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat !

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And, may be—'tis no time to smother
A sigh, when two prime wags of London
Are gone—thou, Joseph, one,—the other,
A Joe !—"sic transit gloria *Munden !*"
A third departure some insist on,—
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston !—

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep
With ancient "*Dozey*" to the dregs—
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs !
Let Farley weep—for Magic's man
Is gone—his Christmas Caliban !

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,
As though they walk'd behind thy bier,—
For since thou wilt not play again,
What matters,—if in heav'n or here !
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed !—
There's *Quick** might just as well be dead !

Oh, how will thy departure cloud
The lamplight of the little breast !
The Christmas child will grieve aloud
To miss his broadest friend and best,—
Poor urchin ! what avails to him
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm ?*

For who like thee could ever stride !
Some dozen paces to the mile !—
The motley, medley coach provide—
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile

* One of the old actors—still a performer (but in private) of Old Rapid. —*Note to original edition.*

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The *vegetable man* complete!—
A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
Or eat,—swill—swallow—bolt—and choke!
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?—
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
Though Joseph, Junior, acts not ill,
"There's no Fool like the old Fool" still!

Joseph, farewell! dear funny Joe!
We met with mirth,—we part in pain!
For many a long, long year must go
Ere Fun can see thy like again—
For Nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors!*

TO SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

—♦—

"Dost thou not suspect my years?"
Much Ado about Nothing.

Oh! Mr. Urban! never must *thou* lurch
A sober age made serious drunk by thee;
Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,
And nurse thy little bald Biography.

Oh, my Sylvanus! what a heart is thine!
And what a page attends thee! Long may I
Hang in demure confusion o'er each line
That asks thy little questions with a sigh!

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Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,
  Like pensioners that creep about and die ;—
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,
  Livest in monthly immortality !

How sweet !—as Byron of *his* infant said,—
  "Knowledge of objects" in thine eye to trace ;
To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,
  Taking a quiet nap upon thy face !

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,
  And not a name of any name to catch !
To meet thy Criticism walking home
  Averse from rows, and never calling "Watch !"

Rich is thy page in soporific things,—
  Composing compositions,—lulling men,—
Faded old posies of unburied rings,—
  Confessions dozing from an opiate pen :—

Lives of Right Reverends that have never lived,—
  Deaths of good people that have really died,—
Parishioners,—hatch'd,—husbanded,—and wived,—
  Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side !

The sacred query,—the remote response,—
  The march of serious mind, extremely slow,—
The graver's cut at some right aged sconce,
  Famous for nothing many years ago !

B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write
  "Comus," obscured beneath some Ludlow lid ;—
And C., next month, an answer doth indite,
  Informing B. that Mr. Milton did !

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X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,
Caught upon Martin Luther years agone;—
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,
Long dead, that gather'd honey for King John.

There is no end of thee,—there is no end,
Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits!
Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,
And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets.

Go on, Sylvanus!—Bear a wary eye,
The churches cannot yet be quite run out!
Some parishes must yet have been pass'd by,—
There's Bullock-Smithy has a church no doubt!

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages!
Nourish the names of the undoubted dead!
So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,
Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

Go on! and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!
Bottling up dulness in an ancient binn!
Still live! still prose!—continue still to tell us
Old truths! no strangers, though we take them in!

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AN ADDRESS TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

"ARCHER. How many are there, *Scrub?*
SCRUB. Five-and-forty, sir."—*Beaux Stratagem.*

"For shame—let the linen alone!"—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

MR. SCRUB—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be!
The Cock of Steam Laundries,—the head Patentee
Of Associate Cleansers,—Chief founder and prime
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—
Co-partners and dealers, in linen's propriety—
That make washing public—and wash in society—
O lend me your ear! if that ear can forego
For a moment the music that bubbles below,—
From your new Surrey Geysers* all foaming and hot,—
That soft "*simmer's* sang" so endear'd to the Scot—
If your hands may stand still, or your steam without danger—
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub,—
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub,—
And lend me your ear,—Let me modestly plead
For a race that your labours may soon supersede—
For a race that, now washing no living affords—
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,
Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese,

* Geysers:—the boiling springs in Iceland.

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But to droop like sad willows that lived by a stream,
Which the sun has suck'd up into vapour and steam.
Ah, look at the laundress, before you begrudge
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still grey,
As if she was washing the night into day—
Not with sleeker or rosier fingers Aurora
Beginneth to scatter the dewdrops before her;
Not Venus that rose from the billow so early,
Look'd down on the foam with a forehead more *pearly**—
Her head is involved in an aërial mist,
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist;
Her visage glows warm with the ardour of duty;
She's Industry's moral—she's all moral beauty!
Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—
Would any man ruin her?—No, Mr. Scrub!
No man that is manly would work her mishap—
No man that is manly would covet her cap—
Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—
Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff!
Alas! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope
Has betray'd her—as though she had trod on her soap!
And she,—whose support,—like the fishes that fly,
Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—
She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,
To be damp'd once a day, like the great white sea bear,
With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—
Quite a living absorbent that revell'd in slop—
She that paddled in water, must walk upon sand,
And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land!

* Query, *purly*?—Printer's Devil.

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Lo, then, the poor laundress, all wretched she stands,
Instead of a counterpane, wringing her hands!
All haggard and pinch'd, going down in life's vale,
With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-Dale!
No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,
Where once she watch'd heaven, fearing God and the rain—
Or gazed o'er her bleach-field so fairly engross'd,
Till the lines wander'd idle from pillar to post!
Ah, where are the playful young pinners—ah, where
The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—
The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the black,
That danced on the tight-rope, or swung on the slack—
The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinn'd,
That blew into shape, and embodied the wind!
There was white on the grass—there was white on the spray—
Her garden—it look'd like a garden of May!
But now all is dark—not a shirt's on a shrub—
You've ruin'd her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub!
You've ruin'd her custom—now families drop her—
From her silver reduced—nay, reduced from her *copper!*
The last of her washing is done at her eye,
One poor little kerchief that never gets dry!
From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,
And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth,—
But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,
And recal, with foul faces, the source of their want—
When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,
And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,
And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—
Whilst her tub is a-dry-rotting, stave after stave,
And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub
Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub,—
Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub!

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Need you wonder, when steam has deprived her of bread,
If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—
Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee,—
If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the City—
In short, not to mention all plagues without number,
If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drowth and despair,
When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—
When the sum of her suds might be summ'd in a bowl,
And the rusty cold iron quite enter'd her soul—
When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye
Had caught "the Cock Laundresses' Coach" going by,
Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,
And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,
In a lather of passion that froth'd as it rose,
Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,
On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,
Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the light—

LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE

FROM BRIDGET JONES TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN FORMING THE WASHING COMMITTEE.

—♦—

It's a shame, so it is—men can't Let alone
Jobs as is Woman's right to do—and go about there Own—
Theirs Reforms enuff Alreddy without your new schools
For washing to sit Up,—and push the Old Tubs from their stools!
But your just like the Raddicals,—for upsetting of the Sudds
When the world wagg'd well enuff—and Wommen wash'd your old dirty duds,

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I'm Certain sure Enuff your Ann Sisters had no steam Indins, that's Flat,—
But I Warrant your Four Fathers went as Tidy and gentlemanny for all that—
I suppose your the Family as lived in the Great Kittle
I see on Clapham Commun, some times a very considerable period back when I were little,
And they Said it went with Steem,—But that was a joke!
For I never see none come of it,—that's out of it—but only sum Smoak—
And for All your Power of Horses about your Indians you never had but Two
In my time to draw you About to Fairs—and hang you, you know that's true!
And for All your fine Perspectuses,—howsomever you bewhich 'em,
Theirs as Pretty ones off Primerows Hill, as ever a one at Mitchum,
Thof I cant sea What Prospectives and washing has with one another to Do—
It ant as if a Bird'seye Hankicher can take a Birds-high view!
But Thats your look-out—I've not much to do with that—
But pleas God to hold up fine,
Id show you caps and pinners and small things as lillywhit as Ever crosst the Line
Without going any Father off then Little Parodies Place,
And Thats more than you Can—and Ill say it behind your face—
But when Folks talks of washing, it ant for you too Speak,—
As kept Dockter Pattyson out of his Shirt for a Weak!
Thinks I, when I heard it—Well thear's a Pretty go!
That comes o' not marking of things or washing out the marks, and Huddling 'em up so!

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Till Their frends comes and owns them, like drownded corpeses in a Vault,
But may Hap you havint Larn'd to spel—and That ant your Fault,
Only you ought to leafe the Linnins to them as has Larn'd,—
For if it warnt for Washing,—and whare Bills is concarnd,
What's the Yuse, of all the world, for a Wommans Headication,
And Their Being maid Schollards of Sundays—fit for any Cityation?

Well, what I says is this—when every Kittle has its spout,
Theirs no nead for Companys to puff steam about!
To be sure its very Well, when Their ant enuff Wind
For blowing up Boats with,—but not to hurt human kind,
Like that Pearkins with his Blunderbush, that's loaded with hot water,
Thof a xSherrif might know Better, than make things for slaughtter,
As if War warnt Cruel enuff—wherever it befalls,
Without shooting poor sogers, with sich scalding hot washing * balls,—
But thats not so Bad as a Sett of Bear Faced Scrubbs
As joins their Sopes together, and sits up Steam rubbing Clubs,
For washing Dirt Cheap,—and eating other Peple's grubs!
Which is all verry Fine for you and your Patent Tea,
But I wonders How Poor Wommen is to get Their Beau-He!
They must drink Hunt wash (the only wash God nose there will be!)

* This word is omitted in the later edition.

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And their Little drop of Somethings as they takes for their Goods,
When you and your Steam has ruined (G—d forgive mee) their lively Hoods,
Poor Women as was born to Washing in their youth!
And now must go and Larn other Buisnesses Four Sooth!
But if so be They leave their Lines what are they to go at—
They won't do for Angell's—nor any Trade like That,
Nor we cant Sow Babby Work,—for that's all Bespoke,—
For the Queakers in Bridle! and a vast of the confind Folk
Do their own of Themselves—even the bettermost of em—aye, and evn them of middling degrees—
Why—Lauk help you—Babby Linen ant Bread and Cheese!
Nor we can't go a hammering the roads into Dust,
But we must all go and be Bankers, Like Mr. Marshes and Mr. Chamber, and that's what we must!
God nose you ought to have more Concern for our Sects,
When you nose you have suck'd us and hanged round our Mutherly necks,
And remembers what you Owes to Wommen Besides washing—
You ant, blame you, like Men to go a slushing and sloshing
In mob caps, and pattins, adoing of Females Labers
And prettily jear'd At, you great Horse God-meril things, ant you now by your next door nayhbours—
Lawk, I thinks I see you with your Sleaves tuckt up
No more like Washing than is drownding of a Pupp—
And for all Your Fine Water Works going round and round
They'll scruntch your Bones some day—I'll be bound
And no more nor be a gudgement,—for it cant come to good
To sit up agin Providince, which your a doing,—nor not fit It should,

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For man warnt maid for Wommens starvation,
Nor to do away Laundrisses as is Links of Creation—
And cant be dun without in any Country But a naked Hot-tinpot Nation.
Ah, I wish our Minister would take one of your Tubbs
And preach a Sermon in it, and give you some good rubs—
But I warrants you reads (for you cant spel we nose) nyther Bybills or Good Tracks,
Or youd no better than Taking the Close off one's Backs—
And let your neighbours Oxin an Asses alone,—
And every Thing thats hern,—and give every one their Hone!

Well, its God for us All, and every Washer Wommen for herself,
And so you might, without shoving any on us off the shelf,
But if you warnt Noddis youd Let wommen a-be
And pull off your Pattins,—and leave the washing to we
That nose what's what—Or mark what I say,
Youl make a fine Kittle of fish of Your Close some Day—
When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs and their ant nun at all,
And Crismass cum—and never a Cloth to lay in Gild Hall,
Or send a damp shirt to his Woship the Mare
Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and cant set uprite to do good in his Harm Chare—
Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is sent for you not to wash (for you dont wash) but to stew
And make Peples Stockins yeller as oght to be Blew,
With a vast more like That,—and all along of Steem
Which warnt meand by Nater for any sich skeam—
But thats your Losses and youl have to make It Good,
And I cant say I'm sorry, afore God, if you shoud,

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For men mought Get their Bread a great many ways
Without taking ourn,—aye, and Moor to your Prays,*
If You Was even to Turn Dust Men a dry sifting Dirt,
But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You no Hurt!
Yourn with Anymocity,
BRIDGET JONES.

ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY.

"By the North Pole I do challenge thee!"
Love's Labour's Lost.

PARRY, my man! has thy brave leg
Yet struck its foot against the peg
On which the world is spun?
Or hast thou found No Thoroughfare
Writ by the hand of Nature there
Where man has never run?

Hast thou yet traced the Great Unknown
Of channels in the Frozen Zone

* The following additional lines were inserted in the third edition :—

"You might go and skim the creme off Mr. Mack-Adam's milky ways —that's what you might,
Or bete Carpets—or get into Parleamint,—or drive crabrolays from morning to night,
Or, if you must be of our sects, be Watchemen, and slepe upon a poste!
(Which is an od way of sleping I must say,—and a very hard pillow at most,)
Or you might be any trade, as we are not on that I'm awares,
Or be Watermen now, (not Water wommen) and roe people up and down Hungerford stares."

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Or held at Icy Bay,
Hast thou still miss'd the proper track
For homeward Indian men that lack
A bracing by the way?

Still hast thou wasted toil and trouble
On nothing but the North-Sea Bubble
Of geographic scholar?
Or found new ways for ships to shape,
Instead of winding round the Cape,
A short cut through the collar!

Hast found the way that sighs were sent to *
The Pole—though God knows whom they went to!
That track reveal'd to Pope—
Or if the Arctic waters sally,
Or terminate in some blind alley,
A chilly path to grope?

Alas! though Ross, in love with snows,
Has painted them *couleur de rose*,
It is a dismal doom,
As Claudio saith, to Winter thrice,
"In regions of thick-ribbèd ice"—
All bright,—and yet all gloom!

'Tis well for Gheber souls that sit
Before the fire and worship it
With pecks of Wallsend coals,
With feet upon the fender's front,
Roasting their corns—like Mr. Hunt—
To speculate on poles.

* "And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."—*Eloisa to Abelard.*

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'Tis easy for our Naval Board—
'Tis easy for our Civic Lord
Of London and of ease,
That lies in ninety feet of down,
With fur on his nocturnal gown,
To talk of Frozen Seas!

'Tis fine for Monsieur Ude to sit,
And prate about the mundane spit,
And babble of *Cook's* track—
He'd roast the leather off his toes,
Ere he would trudge through polar snows,
To plant a British *Jack!*

Oh, not the proud licentious great,
That travel on a carpet skate,
Can value oils like thine!
What 'tis to take a Hecla range,
Through ice unknown to Mrs. Grange,
And alpine lumps of brine!

But we, that mount the Hill o' Rhyme,
Can tell how hard it is to climb
The lofty slippery steep.
Ah! there are more Snow Hills than that
Which doth black Newgate, like a hat,
Upon its forehead, keep.

Perchance thou'rt now—while I am writing—
Feeling a bear's wet grinder biting
About thy frozen spine!
Or thou thyself art eating whale,
Oily, and underdone, and stale,
That, haply, cross'd thy line!

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But I'll not dream such dreams of ill—
Rather will I believe thee still
  Safe cellar'd in the snow,—
Reciting many a gallant story
Of British kings and British glory,
  To crony Esquimaux—

Cheering that dismal game where Night
Makes one slow move from black to white
  Through all the tedious year,—
Or smitten by some fond frost fair,
That comb'd out crystals from her hair,
  Wooing a seal-skin dear!

So much a long communion tends,
As Byron says, to make us friends
  With what we daily view—
God knows the daintiest taste may come
To love a nose that's like a plum
  In marble, cold and blue!

To dote on hair, an oily fleece!
As though it hung from Helen o' Greece—
  They say that love prevails
Ev'n in the veriest polar land—
And surely she may steal thy hand
  That used to steal thy nails!

But ah, ere thou art fixt to marry,
And take a polar Mrs. Parry,
  Think of a six months' gloom—
Think of the wintry waste, and hers,
Each furnish'd with a dozen *furs*,
  Think of thine icy *dome!*

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Think of the children born to *blubber!*
Ah me! hast thou an Indian rubber
  Inside!—to hold a meal
For months,—about a stone and half
Of whale, and part of a sea calf—
  A fillet of salt veal!—

Some walrus ham—no trifle but
A decent steak—a solid cut
  Of seal—no wafer slice!
A reindeer's tongue and drink beside!
Gallons of sperm—not rectified!
  And pails of water-ice!

Oh, canst thou fast and then feast thus?
Still come away, and teach to us
  Those blessed alternations—
To-day, to run our dinners fine,
To feed on air and then to dine
  With Civic Corporations—

To save th' Old Bailey daily shilling,
And then to take a half-year's filling
  In P. N.'s pious Row—
When ask'd to hock and haunch o' ven'son,
Through something we have worn our pens on
  For Longman and his Co.

O come and tell us what the Pole is—
Whether it singular and sole is,—
  Or straight, or crooked bent,—
If very thick or very thin,—
Made of what wood—and if akin
  To those there be in Kent?

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There's Combe, there's Spurzheim, and there's Gall,
Have talk'd of poles—yet, after all,
What has the public learn'd?
And Hunt's account must still defer,—
He sought the *poll* at Westminster—
And is not yet *return'd!*

Alvanly asks if whist, dear soul,
Is play'd in snow towns near the Pole,
And how the fur-man deals?
And Eldon doubts if it be true,
That icy Chancellors really do
Exist upon the *seals?*

Barrow, by well-fed office-grates,
Talks of his own bechristen'd Straits,
And longs that he were there;
And Croker, in his cabriolet,
Sighs o'er his brown horse, at his Bay,
And pants to cross the *mer!*

O come away, and set us right,
And, haply, throw a northern light
On questions such as these:—
Whether, when this drown'd world was lost,
The surflux waves were lock'd in frost,
And turn'd to Icy Seas?

Is Ursa Major white or black?
Or do the Polar tribes attack
Their neighbours—and what for?
Whether they ever play at cuffs,
And then, if they take off their muffs
In pugilistic war?

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Tell us, is *Winter* champion there,
As in our milder fighting air?
  Say, what are *Chilly* loans?
What cures they have for rheums beside,
And if their hearts get ossified
  From eating bread of bones?

Whether they are such dwarfs—the quicker
To circulate the vital liquor,—*
  And then, from head to heel—
How short the Methodists must choose
Their dumpy envoys not to lose
  Their toes in spite of zeal?

Whether 'twill soften or sublime it
To preach of Hell in such a climate—
  Whether may Wesley hope
To win their souls—or that old function
Of seals—with the extreme of unction—
  Bespeaks them for the Pope?

Whether the lamps will e'er be "learn'd"
Where six months' "midnight oil" is burn'd,
  Or letters must defer
With people that have never conn'd
An A. B. C, but live beyond
  The *Sound* of *Lancaster!*

O come away at any rate—
Well hast thou earn'd a downier state,
  With all thy hardy peers—

* Buffon.

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Good lack, thou must be glad to smell dock,
And rub thy feet with opodeldoc,
After such frosty years.

Mayhap, some gentle dame at last,
Smit by the perils thou hast pass'd,
However coy before,
Shall bid thee now set up thy rest
In that *Brest Harbour*, woman's breast,
And tempt the Fates no more!

ODE TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQ.,

THE GREAT LESSEE!

"ROVER. Do you know, you villain, that I am this moment the greatest man living!"—*Wild Oats.*

OH! Great Lessee! Great Manager! Great Man!
Oh, Lord High Elliston! Immortal Pan
Of all the pipes that play in Drury Lane!
Macready's master! Westminster's high *Dane*
(As Galway Martin, in the House's walls,
Hamlet and Doctor Ireland justly calls)
Friend to the sweet and ever-smiling Spring!
Magician of the lamp and prompter's ring!
Drury's Aladdin! Whipper-in of actors!
Kicker of rebel preface-malefactors!
Glass-blowers' corrector! King of the cheque-taker!
At once Great Leamington and Winston-Maker!
Dramatic Bolter of plain Bunns and cakes!
In silken *hose* the most reform'd of *Rakes!*

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Oh, Lord High Elliston! lend me an ear!
(Poole is away, and Williams shall keep clear)
While I, in little slips of prose, not verse,
Thy splendid course, as pattern-work, rehearse!

Bright was thy youth—thy manhood brighter still—
The greatest Romeo upon Holborn Hill—
Lightest comedian of the pleasant day,
When Jordan threw her sunshine o'er a play!*
But these, though happy, were but subject times,
And no man cares for bottom-steps, that climbs—
Far from my wish it is to stifle down
The hours that saw thee snatch the Surrey crown!
Though now thy hand a mightier sceptre wields,
Fair was thy reign in sweet St. George's Fields.
Dibdin was *Premier*—and a Golden *Age*
For a short time enrich'd the subject stage.
Thou hadst, than other Kings, more peace-and-plenty;
Ours but one Bench could boast, but thou hadst twenty;
But the times changed—and Booth-acting no more
Drew Rulers' shillings to the gallery door.
Thou didst, with bag and baggage, wander thence,
Repentant, like thy neighbour Magdalens!

Next, the Olympic Games were tried, each feat
Practised the most bewitching in Wych Street.
Charles had his royal ribaldry restored,
And in a downright neighbourhood drank and whored;

* Additional lines in third edition :—

"When fair Thalia held a merry reign,
And Wit was at her Court in Drury Lane,
Before the day when Authors wrote, of course,
The Entertainment *not* for Man but Horse."

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Rochester there in dirty ways again
Revell'd—and lived once more in Drury Lane :
But thou, R. W. ! kept thy moral ways,
Pit-lecturing 'twixt the farces and the plays,
A lamplight Irving to the butcher-boys
That soil'd the benches and that made a noise :—*
"You,—in the back !—can scarcely hear a line !
Down from those benches—butchers—they are MINE !"

Lastly—and thou wert built for it by nature !—
Crown'd was thy head in Drury Lane Theatre !
Gentle George Robins saw that it was good,
And renters cluck'd around thee in a brood.
King thou wert made of Drury and of Kean !
Of many a lady and of many a Quean !
With Poole and Larpent was thy reign begun—
But now thou turnest from the Dead and Dun,
Hook's in thine eye, to write thy plays, no doubt,
And Colman lives to cut the damnlets out !

Oh, worthy of the house ! the King's commission !
Isn't thy condition "a most bless'd condition ?"
Thou reignest over Winston, Kean, and all
The very lofty and the very small—
Showest the plumbless Bunn the way to kick—
Keepest a Williams for thy veriest stick—

* Additional lines in third edition :—

"Rebuking—half a Robert, half a Charles,—
The well-bill'd man that call'd for promised Carles.
'Sir—have you yet to know ! Hush—hear me out !
A man—pray silence—may be down with gout,
Or want—or, sir—aw !—listen !—may be fated,
Being in debt, to be incarcerated !' "

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Seest a Vestris in her sweetest moments,
Without the danger of newspaper comments—
Tellest Macready, as none dared before,
Thine open mind from the half-open door!—
(Alas! I fear he has left Melpomene's crown,
To be a Boniface in Buxton town!)—
Thou holdst the watch, as half-price people know,
And callest to them, to a moment,—"Go?"
Teachest the sapient Sapio how to sing—
Hangest a cat most oddly by the wing—*
Hast known the length of a Cubitt-foot—and kiss'd
The pearly whiteness of a Stephen's wrist—
Kissing and pitying—tender and humane!
"By heaven she loves me! Oh, it is too plain!"
A sigh like this thy trembling passion slips,
Dimpling the warm Madeira at thy lips!

Go on, Lessee! Go on, and prosper well!
Fear not, though forty glass-blowers should rebel—
Show them how thou hast long befriended them,
And teach Dubois *their* treason to condemn!
Go on! addressing pits in prose and worse!
Be long, be slow, be anything but terse—
Kiss to the gallery the hand that's gloved—
Make Bunn the Great, and Winston the Beloved,†

* Additional lines in third edition :—

"(To prove, no doubt, the endless free-list ended,
And all, except the public press, suspended.)"

† Additional lines in third edition :—

"Ask the two-shilling gods for leave to dun
With words the cheaper deities in the *One!*
Kick Mr. Poole unseen from scene to scene,
Cane Williams still, and stick to Mr. Kean,

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Go on—and but in this reverse the thing,
Walk backward with wax lights before the King—
Go on! Spring ever in thine eye! Go on!
Hope's favourite child! ethereal Elliston!

ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGTON

ON HER RETURN TO THE STAGE.

—♦—

"It was Maria!—
And better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid—
She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—."
See the whole story in Sterne and the newspapers.

THOU art come back again to the stage
Quite as blooming as when thou didst leave it;
And 'tis well for this fortunate age
That thou didst not, by going off, grieve it!
It is pleasant to see thee again—
Right pleasant to see thee, by Herclé,
Unmolested by pea-colour'd Hayne!
And free from that thou-and-thee Berkeley!

Thy sweet foot, my Foote, is as light
(Not *my* Foote—I speak by correction)
As the snow on some mountain at night,
Or the snow that has long on thy neck shone.

Warn from the benches all the rabble rout;
Say 'those are *mine*—in parliament or out!'—
Swing cats, for in this house there's surely space,
Oh, Beasley for such pastime plann'd the place!
Do anything!—Thy frame, thy fortune, nourish!
Laugh and grow fat! be eloquent and flourish!"

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The Pit is in raptures to free thee,
The Boxes impatient to greet thee,
The Galleries quite clam'rous to see thee,
And thy scenic relations to meet thee!

Ah, where was thy sacred retreat?
Maria! ah, where hast thou been,
With thy two little wandering Feet,
Far away from all peace and pea-green!
Far away from Fitzhardinge the bold,
Far away from himself and his lot!
I envy the place thou hast stroll'd,
If a stroller thou art—which thou'rt not!

Sterne met thee, poor wandering thing,
Methinks, at the close of the day—
When thy Billy had just slipp'd his string,
And thy little dog quite gone astray—
He bade thee to sorrow no more—
He wish'd thee to lull thy distress
In his bosom—he couldn't do more,
And a Christian could hardly do less!

Ah, me! for thy small plaintive pipe,
I fear we must look at thine eye—
That eye—forced so often to wipe
That the handkerchief never got dry!*
Oh sure 'tis a barbarous deed
To give pain to the feminine mind—
But the wooer that left thee to bleed
Was a creature more killing than kind!

* In the third edition :—

"I would it were my luck to wipe
That hazel orb thoroughly dry!"

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The man that could tread on a worm
Is a brute—and inhuman to boot;
But he merits a much harsher term
That can wantonly tread on a Foote!
Soft mercy and gentleness blend
To make up a Quaker—but he
That spurn'd thee could scarce be a *Friend*,
Though he dealt in that Thou-ing of thee!

They that loved thee, Maria, have flown!
The friends of the midsummer hour!
But those friends now in anguish atone,
And mourn o'er thy desolate bow'r.
Friend Hayne, the Green Man, is quite out,
Yea, utterly out of his bias;
And the faithful Fitzhardinge, no doubt,
Is counting his Ave Marias!

Ah, where wast thou driven away,
To feast on thy desolate woe?
We have witness'd thy weeping in play,
But none saw the earnest tears flow—
Perchance thou wert truly forlorn,—
Though none but the fairies could mark
Where they hung upon some Berkeley thorn,
Or the thistles in Burderop Park!

Ah, perhaps, when old age's white snow
Has silver'd the crown of Hayne's nob—
For even the greenest will grow
As hoary as "White-headed Bob—"

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He'll wish, in the days of his prime,
He had been rather kinder to one
He hath left to the malice of Time—
A woman—so weak and undone!

ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COOK'S ORACLE," "OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC," "THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE," "PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON TELESCOPES, OPERA-GLASSES, AND SPECTACLES," "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER," AND "THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A WILL."

"I rule the roast, as Milton says!"—*Caleb Quotem.*

HAIL! multifarious man!
Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton!
Born to enlighten
The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—
Master of the Piano—and the Pan—
As busy with the kitchen as the skies!
Now looking
At some rich stew through Galileo's eyes,—
Or boiling eggs—timed to a metronome—
As much at home
In spectacles as in mere isinglass—
In the art of frying brown—as a digression
On music and poetical expression,—
Whereas, how few, of all our cooks, alas!
Could tell Calliope from "Calipee!"
How few there be
Could cleave the lowest for the highest stories,
(Observatories,)

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And turn, like thee, Diana's calculator,
However *cook's* synonymous with *Kater* * !
Alas ! still let me say,
How few could lay
The carving knife beside the tuning fork,
Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work !

Oh, to behold thy features in thy book !
Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,
How it would look !
With one raised eye watching the dial's date,
And one upon the roast, gently cast down—
Thy chops—done nicely brown—
The garnish'd brow—with "a few leaves of bay"—
The hair—"done Wiggy's way !"
And still one studious finger near thy brains,
As if thou wert just come
From editing of some
New soup—or hashing Dibdin's cold remains !
Or, Orpheus-like,—fresh from thy dying strains
Of music,—Epping luxuries of sound,
As Milton says, "in many a bout
Of linkëd sweetness long drawn out,"
While all thy tame stuff'd leopards listen'd round !

Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,
Standing like Fortune,—on the jack—thy wheel.
(Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,
Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye !)
Scanning our kitchen, and our vocal ranges,
As though it were the same to sing or fry—

* Captain Kater, the moon's surveyor.

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Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton's throat
Makes "fritters" of a note!*
And is not reading near akin to feeding,
Or why should Oxford Sausages be fit
Receptacles for wit?
Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,
Minced brains into a Tart?
Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,
Book-treats,
Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—
Receipts to be devour'd, as well as read,
The Culinary Art in gingerbread—
The Kitchen's *Eaten* Grammar!

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—
Aye, very pleasant in its chatty vein—
So—in a kitchen—would have talk'd Montaigne.
That merry Gascon—humourist, and sage!
Let slender minds with single themes engage,
Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope,†—
Or Lovelass upon Wills,—Thou goest on
Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson!
Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,
Stuff'd with a brilliant medley of odd bits,
And ever shifting on from change to change,

* Additional lines in third edition :—

"And how Tom Cook (Fryer and Singer born
By name and nature) oh! how night and morn
He for the nicest public taste doth dish up
The good things from that Pan of music—Bishop!"

† Additional lines in third edition :—

"Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon,—or
Hume on—'Twice three make four.'"

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Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and Spits!
Thy range is wider than a Rumford range!
Thy grasp a miracle!—till I recall
Th' indubitable cause of thy variety—
Thou art, of course, th' Epitome of all
That spying—frying—singing—mix'd Society
Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet
Welsh Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street!

Oh, hast thou still those Conversazioni,
Where learnëd visitors discoursed—and fed?
There came Belzoni,
Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—
And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,
Of whom thou didst declare—
"Thanks to the greatest *Cooke* we ever read—
They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half *bred!*"
There famed M'Adam from his manual toil
Relax'd—and freely own'd he took thy hints
On "making *Broth* with *Flints*"—
There Parry came, and show'd thee polar oil
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary
Notions about the *Skullery*,
And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—
There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!
Who used to swear thy book
Would really look
A *Delphic* "Oracle," if laid on *Delf*—
There, once a month, came Campbell and discuss'd
His own—and thy own—"*Magazine* of *Taste*"—
There Wilberforce the Just
Came, in his old black suit, till once he traced

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Thy sly advice to *Poachers* of Black Folks,—
That "do not break their *yolks*,"—
Which huff'd him home, in grave disgust and haste!

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore
Thy *Patties*—thou wert hand-and-glove with Moore,
Who call'd thee "*Kitchen Addison*"—for why?
Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,
Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,
"*Teaching us how to live and how to die!*"
There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs. Fry—
There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought on
His sine *Quay* non,—
There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,
Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath
'Gainst cattle days and death,—
Answer'd by Mellish, feeder of fat beeves,
Who swore that Frenchmen never could be eager
For fighting on soup meagre—
"And yet (as thou wouldst add) the French have seen
A Marshal *Tureen!*"

Great was thy Evening Cluster!—often graced
With Dollond—Burgess—and Sir Humphry Davy!
Twas there M'Dermot first inclined to Taste,—
There Colburn learn'd the art of making paste
For puffs—and Accum analysed a gravy.
Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, 'tis said
Came there,—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head,
(His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon's
Crony,—and Graham, lofty on balloons,—
There Croly stalk'd with holy humour heated,
(Who wrote a light-horse play, which Yates completed)—

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And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,
And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons,—
Madame Valbrèque thrice honour'd thee, and came
With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle,—*
And even Irving spared a night from fame,
And talk'd—till thou didst stop him in the middle,
To serve round *Tewah-diddle!* †

Then all the guests rose up, and sighed good-bye!
So let them:—thou thyself art still a *Host!*
Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs. Fry!
Mrs. Glasse, Mr. Spec!—Lovelass and Weber,
Mathews in Quot'em—Moore's fire-worshipping Gheber—
Thrice-worthy Worthy! seem by thee engross'd!
Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,
Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling,—
And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion!
Thou art, sans question,
The Corporation's love—its Doctor *Darling!*
Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the Bed
Which set dear Mrs. Opie on supplying
"Illustrations of *Lying!*"
Ninety square feet of down from heel to head
It measured, and I dread
Was haunted by a terrible night *Mare*,
A monstrous burthen on the corporation!—
Look at the Bill of Fare for one day's share,

* Additional lines in third edition:—

"The Dibdins,—Tom, Charles, Frognall, came with tuns
Of poor old books, old puns!"

† The Doctor's composition for a *night-cap*.

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Sea-turtles by the score—oxen by droves.
Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves
  Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation
Was making up the huge man-mountain's ration!

Oh! worthy Doctor! surely thou hast driven
The squatting Demon from great Garratt's breast—
        (His honour seems to rest!—)
And what is thy reward?—Hath London given
Thee public thanks for thy important service?
        Alas! not even
The tokens it bestow'd on Howe and Jervis!—
Yet could I speak as Orators should speak
Before the Worshipful the Common Council
(Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill,)
Thou shouldst not miss thy Freedom for a week,
Richly engross'd on vellum:—Reason urges
That he who rules our cookery—that he
Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be
A *Citizen*, where sauce can make a *Burgess!*

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AN ADDRESS TO THE VERY REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, D.D.,

Charles Fynes Clinton, LL.D.	Wm. Harry Ed. Bentinck, M.A.
Thomas Causton, D.D.	James Webber, B.D.
Howel Holland Edwards, M.A.	William Short, D.D.
Joseph Allen, M.A.	James Tournay, D.D.
Lord Henry Fitzroy, M.A.	Andrew Bell, D.D.
The Bishop of Exeter.	George Holcombe, D.D.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

"Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they get enough."
Citizen of the World.

Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,
Exhibitors of giant men,
Hail to each surplice-back'd adapter
Of England's dead, in her stone den!
Ye teach us properly to prize
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,
And, to throw light upon our eyes,
Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,
Call in your shillings, two and two;
March with them up the middle aisle,
And cloister them from public view.
Yours surely are the dusty dead,
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,
And set a price on each great head,
And make it come down with the dust.

Oh, as I see you walk along
In ample sleeves and ample back,

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A pursy and well-order'd throng,
  Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black!
In vain I strive me to be dumb,—
  You keep each bard like fatted kid,
Grind bones for bread like Fee-faw-fum!
  And drink from skulls as Byron did!

The profitable Abbey is
  A sacred 'Change for stony stock,
Not that a speculation 'tis—
  The profit's founded on a rock.
Death and the Doctors in each nave
  Bony investments have inurn'd,
And hard 'twould be to find a grave
  From which "no money is return'd!"

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
  By reverence for those learnëd bones,
Shall often come and walk your short
  Two-shilling fare upon the stones.—*
Ye have that talisman of Wealth
  Which puddling chemists sought of old
Till ruin'd out of hope and health—
  The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold!

Oh, licensed cannibals, ye eat
  Your dinners from your own dead race,
Think Gray, preserved—a "funeral meat,"
  And Dryden, devil'd—after grace,

* "Since this poem was written, Doctor Ireland and those in authority under him have reduced the fares. It is gratifying to the English people to know that while butcher's meat is rising tombs are falling."—*Note in third Edition.*

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A relish ;—and you take your meal
From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,
Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,
To cut away at Addison !

Oh say, of all this famous age,
Whose learnëd bones your hopes expect,
Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage,
Or Moore among your Ghosts elect ?
Lord Byron was not doom'd to make
You richer by his final sleep—
Why don't ye warn the Great to take
Their ashes to no other heap !

Southey's reversion have ye got ?
With Coleridge, for his body, made
A bargain ?—has Sir Walter Scott,
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade ?
Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold
His features for your marble shows,
Or Campbell barter'd, ere he's cold,
All interest in his "*bone* repose ?"

Rare is your show, ye righteous men !
Priestly Politos,—rare, I ween ;
But should ye not outside the Den
Paint up what in it may be seen ?
A long green Shakspeare, with a deer
Grasp'd in the many folds it died in,—
A Butler stuff'd from ear to ear,
Wet White Bears weeping o'er a Dryden !

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Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,
A Giant of some inches high;
Paint Handel up, that organ chap,
With you, as grinders, in his eye;
Depict some plaintive antique thing,
And say th' original may be seen;—
Blind Milton with a dog and string
May be the Beggar o' Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poet's Corner, near
The little door, a platform small;
Get there a monkey—never fear,
You'll catch the gapers, one and all!
Stand each of ye a Body Guard,
A Trumpet under either fin,
And yell away in Palace Yard
"All dead? All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"

(But when the people are inside,
Their money paid—I pray you, bid
The keepers not to mount and ride
A race around each coffin lid.—
Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought, last year,
That it was hard—the woman clacks—
To have so little in her ear—
And be so hurried through the Wax!—)

"Walk in! two shillings only! come!
Be not by country grumblers funk'd!—
Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb,
The Cheapest House for the defunct!"

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Write up, 'twill breed some just reflection,
And every rude surmise 'twill stop—
Write up, that you have no connection
(In large)—with any other shop!

And still, to catch the Clowns the more,
With samples of your shows in Wax,
Set some old Harry near the door
To answer queries with his *axe*.—
Put up some general begging-trunk—
Since the last broke by some mishap,
You've all a bit of General Monk,
From the respect you bore his Cap!

ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.,

SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICITY.

"This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men."
Much Ado about Nothing.

Hail, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,
Disperser of the Poor!
Thou Dog in office, set to bark
All beggars from the door!

Great overseer of overseers,
And Dealer in old rags!
Thy public duty never fails,
Thy ardour never flags!

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"Oh, when I take my walks abroad,
How many Poor"—I *miss!*
Had Doctor Watts walk'd now-a-days
He would have written this!

So well thy Vagrant-catchers prowl,
So clear thy caution keeps
The path—O, Bodkin, sure thou hast
The eye that never sleeps!

No Belisarius pleads for alms,
No Benbow, lacking legs;
The pious man in black is now
The only man that begs!

Street-Handels are disorganized,
Disbanded every band!—
The silent *scraper* at the door
Is scarce allow'd to stand!

The Sweeper brushes with his broom,
The Carstairs with his chalk
Retires,—the Cripple leaves his stand,
But cannot sell his walk.

The old Wall-blind resigns the wall,
The Camels hide their humps,
The Witherington without a leg
Mayn't beg upon his stumps!

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff
His batter'd tatter'd hat,
And show his dangling sleeve, alas!
There seem'd no 'arm in that!

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Oh! was it such a sin to air
His true blue naval rags,
Glory's own trophy, like St. Paul,
Hung round with holy flags!

Thou knowest best. I meditate,
My Bodkin, no offence!
Let us, henceforth, but nurse our pounds,
Thou dost protect our pence!

Well art thou pointed 'gainst the Poor,
For, when the Beggar Crew
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,
Of course, to "run them through."

Of course thou art, what Hamlet meant—
To wretches the last friend;
What ills can mortals have, they can't
With a bare *Bodkin* end?

[I have been unable to trace the first appearance of the following, but fancy it belongs to this period.]

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

"WHO'LL SERVE THE KING?"

AN ILLUSTRATION.

WHAT little urchin is there never
Hath had that early scarlet fever,
Of martial trappings caught?
Trappings well call'd—because they trap
And catch full many a country chap
To go where fields are fought!

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What little urchin with a rag
Hath never made a little flag,
(Our plate will show the manner,)
And wooed each tiny neighbour still,
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,
To come beneath the banner!

Just like that ancient shape of mist
In Hamlet, crying, "'List, O 'list!"
Come, who will serve the king,
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead
And cut off Boneyparty's head?—
And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,
To march with military toy,
And ape the soldier-life;—
And with a whistle or a hum,
I thought myself a Duke of Drum
At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,
Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path
With regimental mates,
By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs,
To 'siege the washhouse—charge the tubs—
Or storm the garden-gates!

Ah me! my retrospective soul!
As over memory's muster-roll
I cast my eyes anew,
My former comrades all the while
Rise up before me, rank and file,
And form in dim review.

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Ay, there they stand, and dress in line,
Lubbock, and Fenn, and David Vine,
And dark "Jamakey Forde!"
And limping Wood, and "Cocky Hawes,"
Our captain always made, because
He had a *real* sword!

Long Lawrence, Natty Smart, and Soame,
Who said he had a gun at home,
But that was all a brag;
Ned Ryder, too, that used to sham
A prancing horse, and big Sam Lamb
That *would* hold up the flag!

Tom Anderson, and "Dunny White,"
Who never right-abouted right,
For he was deaf and dumb;
Jack Pike, Jem Crack, and Sandy Gray,
And Dicky Bird, that wouldn't play
Unless he had the drum.

And Peter Holt, and Charley Jepp,
A chap that never kept the step—
No more did "Surly Hugh;"
Bob Harrington, and "Fighting Jim"—
We often had to halt for him,
To let him tie his shoe.

"Quarrelsome Scott," and Martin Dick,
That kill'd the bantam cock, to stick
The plumes within his hat;
Bill Hook, and little Tommy Grout
That got so thump'd for calling out
"Eyes right!" to "Squinting Matt."

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Dan Simpson, that, with Peter Dodd,
Was always in the awkward squad,
And those two greedy Blakes,
That took our money to the fair
To buy the corps a trumpet there,
And laid it out in cakes.

Where are they now?—an open war
With open mouth declaring for?—
Or fall'n in bloody fray?
Compell'd to tell the truth I am,
Their fights all ended with the sham,—
Their soldiership in play.

Brave Soame sends cheeses out in trucks,
And Martin sells the cock he plucks,
And Jepp now deals in wine;
Harrington bears a lawyer's bag,
And warlike Lamb retains his flag,
But on a tavern sign.

They tell me Cocky Hawes's sword
Is seen upon a broker's board;
And as for "Fighting Jim,"
In Bishopsgate, last Whitsuntide,
His unresisting cheek I spied
Beneath a quaker brim!

Quarrelsome Scott is in the church,
For Ryder now your eye must search
The marts of silk and lace—
Bird's drums are fill'd with figs, and mute,
And I—I've got a substitute
To soldier in my place!

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[In this year (in which my father was married) I have placed one or two poems, which certainly were not written before this time—nor yet can I think very much after. The first among these is "The Death Bed." I remember very well that my father had no copy of this, and had lost sight of it until when, after his return to England, he found it as a newspaper cutting in a scrap-book of Miss Lamb's—the sister of his old friend Elia.]

THE DEATH BED.*

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

* I cannot refrain from quoting entire the elegant Latin translation of these lines which appeared in the "Times" shortly after my father's death. I have since learned they are from the pen of the Rev. H. Kynaston, Master of St. Paul's School.

Nocte nos totâ gemitus cientem
Vidimus lenes, ubicunque vivax
Æstus huc illuc tremulos agebat
Pectore fluctus.

Vocibus sic nos inhiare raris,
Sic pedem visi tenuisse, tanquam
Illa sic posset refici, novamque
Ducere vitam.

Spemque nos inter dubii metumque
Ludimur—jam tunc obiisse mortem
Visa dormitans, moriens obire est
Visa soporem.

Nam simul tristem reparârat ortum
Lux, quiescentes oculos resignans
Illa jam soles alios, suumque
Lumen habebat.

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Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.*

TO MY WIFE.

STILL glides the gentle streamlet on,
With shifting current new and strange
The water, that was here, is gone,
But those green shadows never change.

Serene or ruffled by the storm,
On present waves, as on the past,
The mirror'd grove retains its form,
The self-same trees their semblance cast.

The hue each fleeting globule wears,
That drop bequeaths it to the next;
One picture still the surface bears,
To illustrate the murmur'd text.

* This poem, besides being lost sight of as mentioned above, has undergone much that is strange. The editor of a collection of English poetry calmly dropt out the two middle verses as "ingenious;" and Mrs. Stowe inserted it in "Dred" with so much American assimilativeness that it might have passed for her own, and was indeed set to music as one of the "Songs from Dred, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe."

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So, love, however time may flow,
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,
One constant image still shall show
My tide of life is true to thee.

SONG.*

There is dew for the flow'ret
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many
And pleasures for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you.

There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unalter'd
Sits Love—'tween you and me.

Our love it ne'er was reckon'd,
Yet good it is and true,
It's *half* the world to me, dear,
It's *all* the world to you.

* The first two verses of this poem were written by my father, the two last were added by Barry Cornwall, at my mother's request, with a view to its being published with music.

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VERSES IN AN ALBUM.

FAR above the hollow
Tempest, and its moan,
Singeth bright Apollo
In his golden zone,—
Cloud doth never shade him,
Nor a storm invade him,
On his joyous throne.

So when I behold me
In an orb as bright,
How thy soul doth fold me
In its throne of light!
Sorrow never paineth,
Nor a care attaineth,
To that blessed height.

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1826.

[In this year appeared the First Series of "Whims and Oddities"—"By one of the Authors of Odes and Addresses to Great People, and the Designer of the Progress of Cant." It was thus inscribed—

"DEDICATION, TO THE REVIEWERS.

"What is a modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate,—
The critic spits on what is done,—
Gives it a wipe,—and all is gone."

There were two editions of the First Series—prefaced respectively by the "Addresses," here given.

The volume was to a great extent made up of reprints from the "London" and other books, to which my father had contributed.]

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

PREFACE.

In presenting his Whims and Oddities to the Public, the Author desires to say a few words, which he hopes will not swell into a Memoir.

It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain-crotchets, that skip out of the ordinary meadow-land of the mind. The Author has caught *his*, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grasshoppers in a cage. The judicious reader will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly, and not expect from them the flights of poetical winged horses.

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At a future time, the Press may be troubled with some things of a more serious tone and purpose,—which the Author has resolved upon publishing, in despite of the advice of certain critical friends. His forte, they are pleased to say, is decidedly humorous: but a gentleman cannot always be breathing his comic vein.

It will be seen, from the illustrations of the present work,* that the Inventor is no artist;—in fact, he was never "meant to draw"—any more than the tape-tied curtains mentioned by Mr. Pope. Those who look at his designs, with Ovid's Love of Art, will therefore be disappointed;—his sketches are as rude and artless to other sketches, as Ingram's rustic manufacture to the polished chair. The designer is quite aware of their defects: but when Raphael has bestowed seven odd legs upon four Apostles, and Fuseli has stuck in a great goggle head without an owner;—when Michael Angelo has set on a foot the wrong way, and Hogarth has painted in defiance of all the laws of nature and perspective, he does hope that his own little enormities may be forgiven—that his sketches may look interesting, like Lord Byron's Sleeper, "with all their errors."

Such as they are, the Author resigns his pen-and-ink fancies to the public eye. He has more designs in the wood; and if the present sample should be relished, he will cut more, and come again, according to the proverb, with a New Series.

ADDRESS TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The first edition of Whims and Oddities being exhausted, I am called forward by an importunate publisher to make

* To be found at the conclusion of the Second Series of "Hood's Own."

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my best bow, and a new address to a discerning and indulgent public. Unaffectedly flattered by those who have bought this little work, and still more bound to those who have bound it, I adopt the usual attitude of a Thanksgiver, but with more than the usual sincerity. Though my head is in Cornhill, my hand is not on my Cheapside in making these professions. There is a lasting impression on my heart, though there is none on the shelves of the publisher.

To the Reviewers in general, my gratitude is eminently due for their very impartial friendliness. It would have sufficed to reconcile me to a far greater portion than I have met with, of critical viper-tuperation. The candid journalists, who have condescended to point out my little errors, deserve my particular thanks. It is comely to submit to the hand of taste and the arm of discrimination, and with the head of deference I shall endeavour to amend (with one exception) in a New Series.

I am informed that certain monthly, weekly, and very every-day critics, have taken great offence at my puns:—and I can conceive how some Gentlemen with one idea must be perplexed by a double meaning. To my own notion a pun is an accommodating word, like a farmer's horse,—with a pillion for an extra sense to ride behind;—it will carry single, however, if required. The Dennises are merely a sect, and I had no design to please, exclusively, those verbal Unitarians.

Having made this brief explanation and acknowledgment, I beg leave, like the ghost of the royal Dane, to say "Farewell at once," and commend my remembrance and my book together, to the kindness of the courteous reader.

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[This letter from Allan Cunningham was written in acknowledgment of this first series of "Whims and Oddities."]

DEAR HOOD,

Had I behaved honestly to my own heart, this note would have been with you long ago; for much have I laughed over your little book, and often have I silently vowed to compel my sluggish nature to tell you how much I liked it. There was enough of wit visible at first reading to ensure a second, and at the second so many new points appeared that I ventured on a third, and with the fourth I suppose I shall go on discovering and laughing. I was an early admirer of your verses. I admired them for other and higher qualities than what you have displayed in your odes; but I believe a smile carries a higher market price than a sigh, and that a laugh brings more money than deeper emotion. Even on your own terms I am glad to see you publicly. I think you might mingle those higher qualities with your wit, your learning, and your humour, and give us still more pleasing odes than them that you have done. But, "Ilka man wears his ain belt his ain gait."

Give my respects to Mrs. Hood. I shall have the honour of personally assuring her that I esteem her for her own sake, as well as for that of her facetious husband, when I can make my escape from the bondage of a Romance which at present employs all my leisure hours. I remain, dear Hood,

your faithful friend,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

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A RECIPE—FOR CIVILISATION.

THE following Poem is from the pen of DOCTOR KITCHENER!—the most heterogeneous of authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan—a real Homo-*genius*, or a Genius of a Man! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual—*boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see The Cook's Oracle)—with the Spit in one hand—and the Frying Pan in the other,—while in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic,—as if in the ingredients of Versification, he had been assisted by his BUTLER!

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music-Master—Domestic Economist, and Death-bed Attorney!—I have celebrated the Author elsewhere with approbation; and cannot now place him upon the table *as a Poet*, —without still being his LAUDER; a phrase, which those persons whose Course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on *the Immortal Bard of Avon!*—will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach
That man is known from brutes by speech,
Which hardly severs man from woman,
But not th' inhuman from the human—
Or else might parrots claim affinity,
And dogs be doctors by Latinity,—
Not t' insist, (as might be shown,)
That beasts have gibberish of their own,
Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we
Since Esop's days have lost the key;
Nor yet to hint dumb men,—and, still, not
Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
But play at dummy like the monkeys,
For fear mankind should make them flunkies.
Neither can man be known by feature
Or form, because so like a creature,
That some grave men could never shape
Which is the aped and which the ape,

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Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
Nor yet because he's black or white,
But *rational*,—for so we call
The only COOKING ANIMAL!
The only one who brings his bit
Of dinner to the pot or spit,
For where's the lion e'er was hasty,
To put his ven'son in a pasty
Ergo, by logic, we repute,
That he who cooks is not a brute,—
But Equus brutum est, which means,
If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans,
Nay, no one but a horse would forage
On naked oats instead of porridge,
Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
The difference is culinary.
Further, as man is known by feeding
From brutes,—so men from men, in breeding
Are still distinguish'd as they eat,
And raw in manners, raw in meat,—
Look at the polish'd nations, hight
The civilised—the most polite
Is that which bears the praise of nations
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions,
Whereas, at savage feeders look,—
The less refined the less they cook;
From Tartar grooms that merely straddle
Across a steak and warm their saddle,
Down to the Abyssinian squaw,
That bolts her chops and collops raw,
And, like a wild beast, cares as little
To dress her person as her victual,—
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,

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Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
And not by shamble bodies put on,
But those who roast and boil their mutton;
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses
Because they lived on water-cresses,
And till they learn'd to cook their crudities,
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
For niceness comes from th' inner side,
(As an ox is drest before his hide,)
And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
The outward man will soon cull rarity,
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
To make a man look like his meat,
As insects show their food's complexions;
Thus fopling clothes are like confections.
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
Would have an Abyssinian ox come?
Or serve a dish of fricassees,
To clodpoles in a coat of frieze?
Whereas a black would call for buffalo
Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
Now, (this premised) it follows then
That certain culinary men
Should first go forth with pans and spits
To bring the heathens to their wits,
(For all wise Scotchmen of our century
Know that first steps are alimentary;
And, as we have proved, flesh pots and saucepans
Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans);
But Bunyan err'd to think the near gate
To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,
When reason should have work'd her course
As men of war do—when their force

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Can't take a town by open courage,
They steal an entry with its forage.
What reverend bishop, for example,
Could preach horn'd Apis from his temple?
Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,
And make his own churchwardens eat him.
Not Irving could convert those vermin
Th' Anthropophages, by a sermon;
Whereas your Osborne,* in a trice,
Would "take a shin of beef and spice,"—
And raise them such a savoury smother,
No negro would devour his brother,
But turn his stomach round as loth
As Persians, to the old 'black' broth,—
For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
As well as true love, thro' the pantry,
Where beaux that came at first for feeding
Grow gallant men and get good breeding;—
Exempli gratiâ—in the West,
Ship-traders say there swims a nest
Lined with black natives, like a rookery,
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—
This race, though now call'd O. Y. E. men,
(To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)
Was once so ignorant of our knacks
They laid their mats upon their backs,
And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.
As for their bodies, they were coated,
(For painted things are so denoted;)
But—the naked truth is—stark primevals,
That said their prayers to timber devils,

* Cook to the late Sir John Banks.

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Allow'd polygamy—dwelt in wigwams—
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—
And why?—because their savage nook
Had ne'er been visited by Cook,—
And so they fared till our great chief,
Brought them, not Methodists, but beef
In tubs,—and taught them how to live,
Knowing it was too soon to give,
Just then, a homily on their sins,
(For cooking ends ere grace begins,)
Or hand his tracts to the untractable
Till they could keep a more exact table—
For nature has her proper courses,
And wild men must be back'd like horses,
Which, jockeys know, are never fit
For riding till they've had a bit
I' the mouth; but then, with proper tackle,
You may trot them to a tabernacle,
Ergo (I say) he first made changes
In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,
And taught the king's cook, by convincing
Process, that chewing was not mincing,
And in her black fist thrust a bundle
Of tracts abridged from Glasse and Rundell,
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,
She saw the spareness of her habits,
And round her loins put on a striped
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
And then her breast clothed like her ribs,
(For aprons lead of course to bibs,)
And, by the time she had got a meat-
Screen, veil'd her back, too, from the heat—
As for her gravies and her sauces,

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(Tho' they reform'd the royal fauces,)
Her forcemeats and ragouts,—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,
Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,
That turn'd the spit, to chop up Dagon!—

LOVE.

O Love! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots:
The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
Making green misses spoil their work at school?
A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool?
A youngster tilting at a wedding-ring?
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—

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A poor bewilder'd maid, making so sad
A necklace of her garters—fell design!
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
O Love!—but whither, now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

"THE LAST MAN."

'Twas in the year two thousand and one,
A pleasant morning of May,
I sat on the gallows-tree all alone,
A-chanting a merry lay,—
To think how the pest had spared my life,
To sing with the larks that day!—

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
It made me crow to see his old duds
All abroad in the wind, like flags:—
So up he came to the timbers' foot
And pitch'd down his greasy bags.—

Good Lord! how blythe the old beggar was!
At pulling out his scraps,—
The very sight of his broken orts
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:
"Come down," says he, "you Newgate-bird,
And have a taste of my snaps!"——

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Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
I slided, and by him stood;
But I wish'd myself on the gallows again
When I smelt that beggar's food,—
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust;—
"Oh!" quoth he, "the heavens are good!"

Then after this grace he cast him down:
Says I, "You'll get sweeter air
A pace or two off, on the windward side,"—
For the felons' bones lay there—
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
And offer'd them part of his fare.

"I never harm'd *them*, and they won't harm me;
Let the proud and the rich be cravens!"
I did not like that strange beggar man,
He look'd so up at the heavens.
Anon he shook out his empty old poke;
"There's the crumbs," saith he, "for the ravens!

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look;
But while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took:
Quoth he, "Though I gather the green water-cress,
My drink is not of the brook!"

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram;
Oh, it came of a dainty cask!
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
"Your leave, good Sir, I must ask;
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sups at my flask!"

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And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath!

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
"Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother.

"I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I pass'd from town to town
The folks were all stone-asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap!"

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An it were not for that beggar man
I'd be the King of the earth,—
But I promised myself, an hour should come
To make him rue his birth!—

So down we sat and boused again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When, just as the gentle west-wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry;
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar man,
"Till these horrible dogs go by!"

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And, lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!—
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight,
Anon, saith he, "let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozie barn for to-night!"

With that, he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West;
So we fared that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best;—

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when we came where their masters lay,
The rats leapt out of the beds:—
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

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But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knock'd at every gate :
It made me curse to hear how he whined,
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate !

So *he* turn'd right and *I* turn'd left,
As if we had never met ;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let ;
And for three brave holidays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a properer vest ;
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast,—
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest !—

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass ;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass ;—
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And browsed on the new-come grass.—

When lo ! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing !—
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King ;
So he stept right up before my gate
And danced me a saucy fling !

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Heaven mend us all!—but, within my mind,
I had kill'd him then and there;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws!
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes;
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,—
And never was one of the sloths;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind and airing his rags!

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So there he hung and there I stood,
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth :
Quoth I, now I shall thrive !
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive !

My conscience began to gnaw my heart,
Before the day was done,
For the other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun !—
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one !

So I went and cut his body down,
To bury it decentlie ;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me !
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bay'd me up the tree !

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean-brim ;—
But when the wild dogs trotted away
Their jaws were bloody and grim !

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord !
But the beggar man, where was he ?—
There was nought of him but some ribbons of rags
Below the gallows' tree !—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me !—

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I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone!

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguiled;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child!

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dream,
At night, to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience, within my breast,
Is like a stinging adder;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder!

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas! in vain,
My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there is not another man alive,
In the world, to pull my legs!

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THE BALLAD OF SALLY BROWN, AND BEN THE CARPENTER.*

I HAVE never been vainer of any verses than of my part in the following Ballad. Dr. Watts, amongst evangelical nurses, has an enviable renown, and Campbell's Ballads enjoy a snug genteel popularity. "Sally Brown" has been favoured, perhaps, with as wide a patronage as the Moral Songs, though its circle may not have been of so select a class as the friends of "Hohenlinden." But I do not desire to see it amongst what are called Elegant Extracts. The lamented Emery, drest as Tom Tug, sang it at his last mortal benefit at Covent Garden; and, ever since, it has been a great favourite with the watermen of Thames, who time their oars to it, as the wherry-men of Venice time theirs to the lines of Tasso. With the watermen, it went naturally to Vauxhall; and, overland, to Sadler's Wells. The Guards—not the mail coach, but the Life Guards—picked it out from a fluttering hundred of others—all going to one air—against the dead wall at Knightsbridge. Cheap Printers of Shoe Lane and Cow-cross (all pirates!) disputed about the copyright, and published their own editions; and in the mean time, the Author, to have made bread of his song, (it was poor old Homer's hard ancient case!) must have sung it about the street. Such is the lot of Literature! the profits of "Sally Brown" were divided by the Balladmongers: it has cost, but has never brought me, a half-penny.

* This ballad originally appeared in a "Lion's Head" in the "London," but I have allowed it to remain with "Whims and Oddities," for the sake of the introductory remarks.

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FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew ;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright :
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

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A waterman came up to her,
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;"
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"O! would I were a mermaid now
For then I'd follow him;
But Oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

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"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

A FAIRY TALE.

On Hounslow heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood;
The walls of white, the window-shutters green;—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
(Tho' now at rest)

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On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.
Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnish'd, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace,—unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r!

But, tired of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day!
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer N—U—E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school-breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began, as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,

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Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted, in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-waggons,
And magic-fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,--
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons;
When, as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horn'd, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels,
Or Durham feed,
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—

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When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;
Or whether
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble:
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the sage
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse,—who could?—two tales at once,
And being huff'd
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft,
Bang'd-to the door,
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—
The monster gave a roar,
And bolting off with speed, increased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again!

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper:
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,

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And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach,—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd, till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing;
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,
There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
No house!
The change was quite amazing;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explain'd the horrid mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
"Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

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"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG,"

Seems, at first sight, an unreasonable demand. May I profess no tenderness for Belinda without vowing an attachment to Shock? Must I feel an equal warmth towards my bosom friend and his greyhound? Some country gentlemen keep a pack of dogs. Am I expected to divide my personal regard for my Lord D. amongst all his celebrated fox-hounds?

I may be constitutionally averse to the whole canine species; I have been bitten, perhaps, in my infancy by a mastiff, or pinned by a bull-dog. There are harrowing tales on record of hydrophobia, of human barkings, and inhuman smotherings. A dog may be my bugbear. Again, there are differences in taste. One man may like to have his hand licked all over by a grateful spaniel; but I would not have *my* extremity served so—even by the human tongue.

But the proverb, so arrogant and absolute in spirit, becomes harmless in its common application. The terms are seldom enforced, except by persons that a gentleman is not likely to embrace in his affection—rat-catchers, butchers and bull-baiters, tinkers and blind mendicants, beldames and witches. A slaughterman's tulip-eared puppy is as likely to engage one's liking as his chuckle-headed master. When a courtier makes friends with a drover, he will not be likely to object to a sheep-dog as a third party in the alliance.

"Love me," says Mother Sawyer, "love my dog."

Who careth to dote on either a witch or her familiar? The proverb thus loses half of its oppression; in other cases, it may become a pleasant fiction, an agreeable confession. I forget what pretty Countess it was, who made confession of

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her tenderness for a certain sea-captain, by her abundant caresses of his Esquimaux wolf-dog. The shame of the avowal became milder (as the virulence of the small-pox is abated after passing through the constitution of a cow) by its transmission through the animal.

In like manner, a formal young Quaker and Quakeress—perfect strangers to each other, and who might otherwise have sat mum-chance together for many hours—fell suddenly to romping, merely through the maiden's playfulness with Obadiah's terrier. The dog broke the ice of formality,—and, as a third party, took off the painful awkwardness of self-introduction.

Sir Ulic Mackilligut, when he wished to break handsomely with Mistress Tabitha Bramble, kicked her cur. The dog broke the force of the affront, and the knight's gallantry was spared the reproach of a direct confession of disgust towards the spinster; as the lady took the aversion to herself only as the brute's ally.

My stepmother Hubbard and myself were not on visiting terms for many years. Not, we flattered ourselves, through any hatred or uncharitableness, disgraceful between relations, but from a constitutional antipathy on the one side, and a doting affection on the other—to a dog. My breach of duty and decent respect was softened down into my dread of hydrophobia: my second-hand parent even persuaded herself that I was jealous of her regard for Bijou. It was a comfortable self-delusion on both sides,—but the scapegoat died, and then, having no reasonable reason to excuse my visits, we came to an open rupture. There was no hope of another favourite. My stepmother had no general affection for the race, but only for that particular cur. It was one of those incongruous attachments, not accountable to reason, but seemingly predestined by fate. The dog was no keepsake

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—no favourite of a dear deceased friend;—ugly as the brute was, she loved him for his own sake,—not for any fondness and fidelity, for he was the most ungrateful dog, under kindness, that I ever knew,—not for his vigilance, for he was never wakeful. He was not useful, like a turnspit; nor accomplished, for he could not dance. He had not personal beauty even, to make him a welcome object; and yet, if my relation had been requested to display her jewels, she would have pointed to the dog, and have answered, in the very spirit of Cornelia,—"There is my Bijou."

Conceive, Reader, under this endearing title, a hideous dwarf-mongrel, half pug and half terrier, with a face like a frog's—his goggle-eyes squeezing out of his head:—a body like a barrel-churn, on four short bandy legs,—as if, in his puppyhood, he had been ill-nursed,—terminating in a tail like a rabbit's. There is only one sound in nature similar to his barking:—to hear his voice, you would have looked, not for a dog, but for a duck. He was fat, and scant of breath. It might have been said, that he was stuffed alive;—but his loving mistress, in mournful anticipation of his death, kept a handsome glass case to hold his mummy. She intended, like Queen Constance, to "stuff out his vacant garment with his form;"—to have him ever before her, "in his habit as he lived;"—but that hope was never realized.

In those days there were dog-stealers, as well as slave-dealers,—the kidnapping of the canine, as of the Negro victim, being attributable to his skin.

One evening, Bijou disappeared. A fruitless search was made for him at all his accustomed haunts,—but at daybreak the next morning,—stripped naked of his skin,—with a mock paper frill,—and the stump of a tobacco-pipe, stuck in his nether jaw,—he was discovered, set upright against a post!

My stepmother's grief was ungovernable. Tears, which

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she had not wasted on her deceased step-children, were shed then. In her first transport, a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of the murderers, but in vain.

The remains of Bijou, such as they were, she caused to be deposited under the lawn.

I forget what popular poet was gratified with ten guineas for writing his epitaph; but it was in the measure of the "Pleasures of Hope."

A DREAM.

In the figure above,*—(a medley of human faces, wherein certain features belong in common to different visages, the eyebrow of one, for instance, forming the mouth of another,)—I have tried to typify a common characteristic of dreams, namely, the entanglement of divers ideas, to the waking mind distinct or incongruous, but, by the confusion of sleep, inseparably ravelled up, and knotted into Gordian intricacies. For, as the equivocal feature in the emblem belongs indifferently to either countenance, but is appropriated by the head that happens to be presently the object of contemplation; so, in a dream, two separate notions will naturally involve some convertible incident, that becomes, by turns, a symptom of both in general, or of either in particular. Thus are begotten the most extravagant associations of thoughts and images,—unnatural connexions, like those marriages of forbidden relationships, where mothers become cousin to their own sons or daughters, and quite as bewildering as such genealogical embarrassments.

I had a dismal dream once, of this nature, that will serve

* See "Hood's Own," Second Series, p. 422.

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well for an illustration, and which originated in the failure of my first, and last, attempt as a dramatic writer. Many of my readers, if I were to name the piece in question, would remember its signal condemnation. As soon as the Tragedy of my Tragedy was completed, I got into a coach, and rode home. My nerves were quivering with shame and mortification. I tried to compose myself over "Paradise Lost," but it failed to soothe me. I flung myself into bed, and at length slept—but the disaster of the night still haunted my dreams; I was again in the accursed theatre, but with a difference. It was a compound of the Drury-Lane Building and Pandemonium. There were the old shining green pillars, on either side of the stage, but above, a sublimer dome than ever overhung mortal playhouse. The wonted families were in keeping of the forespoken seats, but the first companies they admitted were new and strange to the place. The first and second tiers,

"With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

showed like those purgatorial circles sung of by the ancient Florentine. Satan was in the stage-box. The pit, dismally associated with its bottomless namesake, was peopled with fiends. Mehu scowled from the critic's seat. Belial, flushed with wine, led on with shout and cat-call the uproar of the one-shilling infernals. My hair stood upright with dread and horror; I had an appalling sense, that more than my dramatic welfare was at stake—that it was to be not a purely literary ordeal. An alarming figure, sometimes a newspaper reporter, sometimes a devil, so prevaricating are the communications of sleep, was sitting, with his note-book, at my side. My play began. As it proceeded, sounds indescribable arose from the infernal auditory, increasing till the end of the first act. The familiar cry of "Choose any oranges!" was then intermingled

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with the murmurings of demons. The tumult grew with the progress of the play. The last act passed in dumb show, the horned monsters bellowing, throughout, like the wild bulls of Basan. Prongs and flesh-hooks showered upon the stage. Mrs. Siddons—the human nature thus jumbling with the diabolical—was struck by a brimstone ball. Her lofty brother, robed in imperial purple, came forward towards the orchestra to remonstrate, and was received like the Arch-devil in the Poem :

> "he hears
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal hiss, the sound
> Of public scorn."

He bowed to the sense of the house, and withdrew. My doom was sealed ; the recording devil noted down my sentence. A suffocating vapour, now smelling of sulphur, and now of gas, issued from the unquenchable stage-lamps. The flames of the Catalonian Castle, burning in the back scene, in compliance with the catastrophe of the piece, blazed up with horrible import. My flesh crept all over me. I thought of the everlasting torments, and at the next moment, of the morrow's paragraphs. I shrunk from the comments of the Morning Post, and the hot marl of Malebolge. The sins of authorship had confounded themselves, inextricably, with the mortal sins of the law. I could not disentangle my own from my play's perdition. I was damned : but whether spiritually or dramatically, the twilight intelligence of a dream was not clear enough to determine.

Another sample, wherein the preliminaries of the dream involved one portion, and implicitly forbade the other half of the conclusion, was more whimsical. It occurred when I was on the eve of marriage—a season, when, if lovers sleep sparingly, they dream profusely. A very brief slumber

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sufficed to carry me in the night-coach to Bognor. It had been concerted, between Honoria and myself, that we should pass the honeymoon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensable look-out upon the sea. I chose one accordingly; a pretty villa, with bow-windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook, on her part, to promote the comforts of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far, the nocturnal faculty had served me truly. A day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly; but, alas! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea view secured, the rent agreed upon,—when every thing was plausible, consistent, and rational,—the incoherent fancy crept in and confounded all,—by marrying me to the old woman of the house!

A large proportion of my dreams have, like the preceding, an origin more or less remote in some actual occurrence. But, from all my observation and experience, the popular notion is a mistaken one, that our dreams take their subject and colour from the business or meditations of the day. It is true that sleep frequently gives back real images and actions, like a mirror; but the reflection returns at a longer interval. It extracts from pages of some standing, like the "Retrospective Review." The mind, released from its connexion with external associations, flies off, gladly, to novel speculations. The soul does not carry its tasks out of school. The novel, read upon the pillow, is of no more influence than the bride-cake laid beneath it. The charms of Di Vernon have faded, with me, into a vision of Dr. Faustus; the bridal dance and festivities, into a chace by a mad bullock.

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The sleeper, like the felon, at the putting on of the night-cap, is about to be turned off from the affairs of this world. The material scaffold sinks under him; he drops—as it is expressively called—asleep; and the spirit is transported, we know not whither!

I should like to know that, by any earnest application of thought, we could impress its subject upon the midnight blank. It would be worth a day's devotion to Milton,—"from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,"—to obtain but one glorious vision from the "Paradise Lost;" to Spenser, to purchase but one magical reflection—a Fata Morgana—of the "Faery Queen!" I have heard it affirmed, indeed, by a gentleman, an especial advocate of Early Rising, that he could procure whatever dream he wished; but I disbelieve it, or he would pass far more hours than he does in bed. If it were possible, by any process, to bespeak the night's entertainment, the theatres, for me, might close their uninviting doors. Who would care to sit at the miserable parodies of "Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello,"—to say nothing of the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer Night's Phantasy,"—that could command the representation of either of those noble dramas, with all the sublime personations, the magnificent scenery, and awful reality of a dream?

For horrible fancies, merely, nightmares and incubi, there is a recipe extant, that is currently attributed to the late Mr. Fuseli. I mean a supper of raw pork; but, as I never slept after it, I cannot speak as to the effect.

Opium I have never tried, and, therefore, have never experienced such magnificent visions as are described by its eloquent historian. I have never been buried for ages under pyramids; and yet, methinks, have suffered agonies as intense as *his* could be, from the commonplace inflictions. For example, a night spent in the counting of interminable numbers,

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—an Inquisitorial penance—everlasting tedium—the Mind's treadmill!

Another writer, in recording his horrible dreams, describes himself to have been sometimes an animal pursued by hounds; sometimes a bird, torn in pieces by eagles. They are flat contradictions of my Theory of Dreams. Such Ovidian Metamorphoses never yet entered into my experience. I never translate myself. I must know the taste of rape and hempseed, and have cleansed my gizzard with small gravel, before even fancy can turn me into a bird. I must have another nowl upon my shoulders, ere I can feel a longing for "a bottle of chopt hay, or your good dried oats." My own habits and prejudices, all the symptoms of my identity, cling to me in my dreams. It never happened to me to fancy myself a child or a woman, dwarf or giant, stone-blind, or deprived of any sense.

And here, the latter part of the sentence reminds me of an intereresting question, on this subject, that has greatly puzzled me, and of which I should be glad to obtain a satisfactory solution, viz.:—How does a blind man dream? I mean a person with the opaque crystal from his birth. He is defective in that very faculty, which, of all others, is most active in those night passages, thence emphatically called Visions. He has had no acquaintance with external images, and has, therefore, none of those transparent pictures, that, like the slides of a magic lantern, pass before the mind's eye, and are projected by the inward spiritual light upon the utter blank. His imagination must be like an imperfect kaleidoscope, totally unfurnished with those parti-coloured fragments, whereof the complete instrument makes such interminable combinations. It is difficult to conceive such a man's dream.

Is it a still benighted wandering—a pitch-dark night progress—made known to him by the consciousness of the remaining

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senses? Is he still pulled through the universal blank, by an invisible power, as it were, at the nether end of the string? —regaled, sometimes, with celestial voluntaries and unknown mysterious fragrances, answering to our romantic flights; at other times, with homely voices and more familiar odours; here, of rank-smelling cheeses; there, of pungent pickles or aromatic drugs, hinting his progress through a metropolitan street. Does he over again enjoy the grateful roundness of those substantial droppings from the invisible passenger,—palpable deposits of an abstract benevolence,—or, in his nightmares, suffer anew those painful concussions and corporeal buffetings, from that (to him) obscure evil principle, the Parish Beadle?

This question I am happily enabled to resolve, through the information of the oldest of those blind Tobits that stand in fresco against Bunhill Wall; the same who made that notable comparison, of scarlet, to the sound of a trumpet. As I understood him, harmony, with the gravel-blind, is prismatic as well as chromatic. To use his own illustration, a wall-eyed man has a *palette* in his ear, as well as in his mouth. Some stone-blinds, indeed,—dull dogs,—without any *ear* for colour, profess to distinguish the different hues and shades by the touch; but *that*, he said, was a slovenly, uncertain method, and in the chief article of Paintings not allowed to be exercised.

On my expressing some natural surprise at the aptitude of his celebrated comparison,—a miraculously close likening, to my mind, of the known to the unknown,—he told me, the instance was nothing, for the least discriminative among them could distinguish the scarlet colour of the mail guards' liveries, by the sound of their horns: but there were others, so acute their faculty! that they could tell the very features and complexion of their relatives and familiars, by the mere tone of their voices. I was much gratified with this explana-

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tion; for I confess, hitherto, I was always extremely puzzled by that narrative in the "Tatler," of a young gentleman's behaviour after the operation of couching, and especially at the wonderful promptness with which he distinguished his father from his mother—his mistress from her maid. But it appears that the blind are not so blind as they have been esteemed in the vulgar notion. What they cannot get in one way they obtain in another: they, in fact, realize what the author of Hudibras has ridiculed as a fiction, for they set up

> "communities of senses,
> To chop and change intelligences.
> As Rosicrucian Virtuosis
> Can *see with ears*—and hear with noses."

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Alack! 'tis melancholy theme to think
How Learning doth in rugged states abide,
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,
In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied;
Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,
Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,
But with one lonely priest compell'd to hide,
In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,
In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilreen!

This College looketh South and West alsoe,
Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
Crazy and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
Thorough transparent holes in every pane,
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again
With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach,

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To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto the breach,"—
Outside and in, tho' broke, yet so he mendeth each.

And in the midst a little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With painted letters, red as blood I wis,
Thus written, "Children taken in to Gate:"
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And soe win academical degree;
But some are bred for service of the sea,
Howbeit, their store of learning is but small,
For mickle waste he counteth it would be
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,
Only to be knocked off by ruthless cannon ball.

Six babes he sways,—some little and some big,
Divided into classes six;—alsoe,
He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
That in the College fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below,—
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

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Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls.
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread:
Large, as a dome for learning, seems his head,
And like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways:
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baize,

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue;
His nose,—it is a coral to the view;
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain dew;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
As Spencer had, ere he composed his Tales;

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But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,
So that the wind his airy breast assails;
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee;
Thence further down the native red prevails,
Of his own naked fleecy hosierie:—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pie.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map,—
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet-brown,
Besides some blots, standing for country-town;
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide;
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied?

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon,
Within his visage, like an almanack—
His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon;
But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing, that infant show'rs will follow soon,
And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat
"Corduroy Colloquy,"—or "Ki, Kæ, Kod,"—
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
More sodden, tho' already made of sod,
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—

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Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.

But surely the just sky will never wink
At men who take delight in childish throe,
And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink
Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe;
Such bloody Pedagogues, when they shall know,
By useless birches, that forlorn recess,
Which is no holiday, in Pit below,
Will hell not seem design'd for their distress—
A melancholy place, that is all bottomlesse?

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use
Of needful discipline, in due degree.
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce,
Whene'er the twig untrain'd grows up a tree,
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
And Learning's help be used for infamie,
By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,
In murder'd English write Rock's murderous commands.

But ah! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,
All sudden fluttering from the brandish'd arm,
And cackling chorus with the human scream;
Meanwhile, the scourge plies that unkindly seam
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,
Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,

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That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to win.

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries;—
Alas! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,
Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
Dreaming he sees his home—his Phelim's smile;
Ah me? that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while!

Ah! who can paint that hard and heavy time,
When first the scholar 'lists in learning's train,
And mounts her rugged steep, enforced to climb,
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,
From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,
Wherein, alas! no sugar'd juices dwell?
For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain,
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well!

Anon a third,—for his delicious root,
Late ravish'd from his tooth by elder chit,
So soon is human violence afoot,
So hardly is the harmless biter bit!
Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
And mouthing face, derides the small one's moan,
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,
Alack,—mischance comes seldomtimes alone,
But aye the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

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For lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald head, that is already sore,—
(Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's rub)
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
That still with backward fist he strives to dry;
Washing with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky.

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,
And with his natural untender knack,
By new distress, bids former grievance cease,
Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,
That sets the mournful visage all awrack;
Yet soon the childish countenance will shine
Even as thorough storms the soonest slack,
For grief and beef in adverse ways incline,
This keeps, and that decays, when duly soak'd in brine.

Now all is hush'd, and, with a look profound,
The Dominie lays ope the learned page;
(So be it called, although he doth expound
Without a book) both Greek and Latin sage;
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
How Romulus was bred in savage wood,
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage;
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
But watered it, alas! with warm fraternal blood.

Anon he turns to that Homeric war,
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;

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And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,
Dragged mighty Hector with a bloody crown:
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,
In garb of Greece most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with colly, wand'ring up and down:
Because, at once, in seven cities born;
And so, of parish rights, was, all his days, forlorn.

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,
Of gods defunct, and all their pedigrees,
But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows
How Plato wise, and clear-eyed Socrates,
Confess'd not to those heathen hes and shes;
But thro' the clouds of the Olympic cope
Beheld St. Peter, with his holy keys,
And own'd their love was naught, and bow'd to Pope,
Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope.

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,
To new philosophies, that still are green,
And shows what rail-roads have been track'd to guide
The wheels of great political machine;
If English corn should grow abroad, I ween,
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet;
How many pigs be born to each spalpeen;
And ah! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,—
With twenty souls alive, to one square sod of peat!

Here, he makes end; and all the fry of youth,
That stood around with serious look intense,
Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,
Which they had open'd to his eloquence,
As if their hearing were a threefold sense.

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But now the current of his words is done,
And whether any fruits shall spring from thence,
In future time, with any mother's son!—
It is a thing, God wot! that can be told by none.

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore;
The cheerful Pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, "Begone!" unto the imps,—and four
Snatch their two hats and struggle for the door,—
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blithe and boisterous,—but leave two more,
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask.

Like sportive Elfins, on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,
So soothly kind is Erin to her own!
And one, at Hare-and-Hound, plays all alone,—
For Phelim's gone to tend his step-dame's cow;
Ah! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone!
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow!

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe;
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow:
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,

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Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,
With that crisp curly herb, call'd Kale in Aberdeen.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Link'd each to each by labour, like a bee;
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bow'rs;—
Would there were many more such wights as he,
To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis; for, alack! at each
There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,
But wears a floury head, and talks in flow'ry speech!

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms:
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—"They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden Members quite,
As represent my legs!"

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Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off !

"Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform !"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave !

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now !"

"Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs,
In Badajos's *breaches !*"

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

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"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

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[The following poems appeared in annuals and elsewhere as specified in the notes.]

THE WATER LADY.*

Alas, the moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!—
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

I staid awhile, to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

I staid a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore in place of red
The bloom of water, tender blue,†
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

And still I staid a little more,
Alas! she never comes again!
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

* From the "Forget-me-Not" for 1826.

† A little water-colour sketch by Severn (given to my mother by Keats) probably suggested these lines. The nymph's complexion is of a pale blue (instead of ordinary flesh tint), as here described.

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I know my life will fade away,
I know that I must vainly pine,
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine!

AUTUMN.*

The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gather'd up gold,
And now he is dying;—
Old Age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe,
The harvest is heaping;—
But some that have sow'd
Have no riches for reaping;—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;—
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,
The red sun is sinking,
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;—
Here's enow for sad thinking!

* From "Friendship's Offering," 1826.

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I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.*

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

* From "Friendship's Offering," 1826.

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I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

DEATH'S RAMBLE.*

One day the dreary old King of Death
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
His body was lean and lank,
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own.

* This originally appeared in the "Literary Gazette." Mr. Jerdan, to whom I am much indebted for help in this edition, tells me that it was suggested by an argument relative to the authorship of the "Devil's Walk," mentioned accidentally in connection with Holbein's "Dance of Death."

The poem was subsequently published separately, with coloured illustrations, by Hullmandel.

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The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh
(For the man was a coffin-maker)
To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church :
Quoth he, "We shall not differ."
And he let them alone, like figures of stone,
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother ;
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal ;
Said Death, "He may keep his breath, for his sleep
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach
So slow, that his fare grew sick ;
But he let him stray on his tedious way,
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
In the spirit of his fraternity ;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further ;
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murther !

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Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum;
But he let them be—for he knew that the "fee"
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust;
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he mark'd him out for slaughter;
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump!

[The next poem is from the "New Monthly Magazine," then edited by Campbell. The friendship spoken of between my father and the beast is no fable. I have often heard him speak of it.]

ADDRESS TO MR. CROSS, OF EXETER CHANGE,

ON THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

Oh, Mr. Cross,
Permit a sorry stranger to draw near,
And shed a tear
(I've shed my shilling) for thy recent loss!
I've been a visitor
Of old—a sort of a Buffon inquisitor

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Of thy menagerie, and knew the beast,
That is deceased.
I was the Damon of the gentle giant,
And oft have been,
Like Mr. Kean,
Tenderly fondled by his trunk compliant.
Whenever I approached, the kindly brute
Flapped his prodigious ears, and bent his knees—
It makes me freeze
To think of it. No chums could better suit,
Exchanging grateful looks for grateful fruit,—
For so our former dearness was begun,—
I bribed him with an apple, and beguiled
The beast of his affection like a child;
And well he loved me till his life was done
(Except when he was wild).
It makes me blush for human friends—but none
I have so truly kept or cheaply won.

Here is his pen!
The casket—but the jewel is away;
The den is rifled of its denizen,—
Ah, well a day!
This fresh free air breathes nothing of his grossness,
And sets me sighing even for its closeness.
This light one-story,
Where like a cloud I used to feast my eyes on
The grandeur of his Titan-like horizon,
Tells a dark tale of its departed glory;—
The very beasts lament the change like me.
The shaggy Bison
Leaneth his head dejected on his knee;
The Hyæna's laugh is hushed; the Monkeys pout;

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The Wild Cat frets in a complaining whine;
The Panther paces restlessly about,
To walk her sorrow out;
The Lions in a deeper bass repine;
The Kang'roo wrings its sorry short forepaws;
Shrieks come from the Macaws;
The old bald Vulture shakes his naked head,
And pineth for the dead;
The Boa writhes into a double knot;
The Keeper groans,
Whilst sawing bones,
And looks askance at the deserted spot;
Brutal and rational lament his loss,
The flower of the beastly family;—
Poor Mrs. Cross
Sheds frequent tears into her daily tea,
And weakens her Bohea.

Oh, Mr. Cross, how little it gives birth
To grief when human greatness goes to earth;
How few lament for Czars,—
But, oh, the universal heart o'erflowed
At his "high mass,"
Lighted by gas,
When like Mark Antony the keeper showed
The Elephantine scars.
Reporters' eyes
Were of an egg-like size;
Men that had never wept for murdered Marrs,*
Hard-hearted editors with iron faces,

* The Marr family murdered by Williams. See De Quincy's "Murder as a Fine Art."

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Their sluices all unclosed,—
And discomposed
Compositors went fretting to their cases,
That grief has left its traces;
The poor old Beef-eater has gone much greyer,
With sheer regret;
And the Gazette
Seems the least trouble of the beasts' Purveyor.

And I too weep! a dozen of great men
I could have spared without a single tear;
But, then,
They are renewable from year to year.
Fresh gents would rise though Gent resigned the pen;
I should not wholly
Despair for six months of another C****, †
Nor, though F********* lay on his small bier,
Be melancholy.
But when will such an elephant appear?
Though Penley were destroyed at Drury-lane,
His like might come again;
Fate might supply,
A second Powell if the first should die;
Another Bennet if the sire were snatched;
Barnes—might be matched;
And Time fill up the gap
Were Parsloe laid upon the green earth's lap;
Even Claremont might be equalled,—I could hope
(All human greatness is, alas, so puny!)
For other Egertons—another Pope,
But not another Chunee!

† Probably "Croly"—the "F." I am at a loss to discover.

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Well! he is dead!
And there's a gap in Nature of eleven
Feet high by seven—
Five living tons!—and I remain nine stone
Of skin and bone!
It is enough to make me shake my head
And dream of the grave's brink—
'Tis worse to think
How like the Beast's the sorry life *I've* led!—
A sort of show
Of my poor public self and my sagacity,
To profit the rapacity
Of certain folks in Paternoster Row,
A slavish toil to win an upper story—
And a hard glory
Of wooden beams about my weary brow!
Oh, Mr. C.!
If ever you behold me twirl my pen
To earn a public supper, that is, eat
In the bare street,—
Or turn about their literary den—
Shoot *me!*

[I suspect from its internal evidence that the following poem was written somewhere about this time.]

THE POET'S PORTION.

—♦—

What is a mine—a treasury—a dower—
A magic talisman of mighty power?

A poet's wide possession of the earth.
He has th' enjoyment of a flower's birth

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Before its budding—ere the first red streaks,
And Winter cannot rob him of their cheeks.

Look—if his dawn be not as other men's!
Twenty bright flushes—ere another kens
The first of sunlight is abroad—he sees
Its golden 'lection of the topmost trees,
And opes the splendid fissures of the morn.

When do his fruits delay, when doth his corn
Linger for harvesting? Before the leaf
Is commonly abroad, in his pil'd sheaf
The flagging poppies lose their ancient flame.

No sweet there is, no pleasure I can name,
But he will sip it first—before the lees.
'Tis his to taste rich honey,—ere the bees
Are busy with the brooms. He may forestall
June's rosy advent for his coronal;
Before th' expectant buds upon the bough,
Twining his thoughts to bloom upon his brow.

Oh! blest to see the flower in its seed,
Before its leafy presence; for indeed
Leaves are but wings on which the summer flies,
And each thing perishable fades and dies,
Escap'd in thought; but his rich thinkings be
Like overflows of immortality:
So that what there is steep'd shall perish never,
But live and bloom, and be a joy for ever.

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[I cannot trace the first appearance of this Ode, but I think there can be little doubt of its being my father's.]

ODE TO THE LATE LORD MAYOR,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "VISIT TO OXFORD."*

"Now, Night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Settle's numbers one day more."
POPE—*On the Lord Mayor's Show.*

O WORTHY MAYOR!—I mean to say Ex-Mayor!
Chief Luddite of the ancient town of Lud!
Incumbent of the City's easy chair!—
Conservator of Thames from mud to mud!
Great river-bank director!
And dam-inspector!
Great guardian of small sprats that swim the flood!
Lord of the scarlet gown and furry cap!
King of Mogg's map!
Keeper of Gates that long have "gone their gait!"
Warder of London stone and London Log!
Thou first and greatest of the civic great,
Magog or Gog!—

O Honorable Ven——
(Forgive this little liberty between us),
Augusta's first Augustus!—Friend of men
Who wield the pen!
Dillon's Mæcenas!

* See the published work of the Rev. Mr. Dillon, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, who, in his zealous endeavour to stamp immortality upon the civic expedition to Oxford, has outrun every production in the annals of burlesque, even the long renowned "Voyage from Paris to St. Cloud." It was entitled "The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford in the month of July, 1826, written by the desire of the party by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty."

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Patron of learning where she ne'er did dwell,
Where literature seldom finds abettors,
Where few—except the postman and his bell—
Encourage the *bell-lettres!*—
Well hast thou done, Right Honorable Sir—
Seeing that years are such devouring ogresses,
And thou hast made some little journeying stir,—
To get a Nichols to record thy Progresses!

Wordsworth once wrote a trifle of the sort;
But for diversion,
For truth—for nature—everything in short—
I own I do prefer thy own "Excursion."
The stately story
Of Oxford glory—
The Thames romance—yet nothing of a fiction—
Like thine own stream it flows along the page—
"Strong, without rage,"
In diction worthy of thy jurisdiction!
To future ages thou wilt seem to be
A second Parry;
For thou didst carry
Thy navigation to a fellow crisis.
He penetrated to a Frozen Sea,
And thou—to where the Thames is turned to *Isis!* *

I like thy setting out!
Thy coachman and thy coachmaid boxed together! †

* The Chaplain doubts the correctness of the Thames being *turned into* the Isis at Oxford: of course he is right—according to the course of the river, it must be the Isis that is turned into the Thames.

† "As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away."—*Visit.*

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I like thy Jarvey's serious face—in doubt
Of "four fine animals"—no Cobbetts either! *
I like the slow state pace—the pace allowed
The best for dignity †—and for a crowd,
And very July weather,
So hot that it let off the Hounslow powder! ‡
I like the She-Mayor's proffer of a seat
To poor Miss Magnay, fried to a white heat; §
'Tis well it didn't chance to be Miss *Crowder!*

I like the steeples with their weathercocks on,
Discerned about the hour of three, P. M.;
I like thy party's entrance into Oxon,
For oxen soon to enter into *them!*
I like the ensuing banquet better far,
Although an act of cruelty began it;—
For why—before the dinner at the *Star*—
Why was the poor Town-clerk sent off to *plan it?*

I like your learned rambles not amiss,
Especially at Bodley's, where ye tarried
The longest—doubtless because Atkins carried
Letters (of course from Ignorance) to Bliss! ||

* "The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried."—*Visit.*

† "The carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of real greatness."

‡ "On approaching Hounslow, there was seen at some distance a huge volume of dark smoke." The Chaplain thought it was only a blowing up for rain, but it turned out to be the spontaneous combustion of a powder-mill.

§ "The Lady Mayoress, observing that they (the Magnays) must be somewhat crowded in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat."

|| "The Rev. Dr. Bliss, of St. John's College, the Registrar of the University, to whom Mr. Alderman Atkins had letters of introduction."—Page 32.

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The other Halls were scrambled through more hastily;
But I like this—
I like the Aldermen who stopped to drink
Of Maudlin's "classic water" very tastily,*
Although I think—what I am loth to think—
Except to Dillon, it has proved no Castaly!

I like to find thee finally afloat;
I like thy being barged and Water-Bailiff'd,
Who gave thee *a* lift
To thy state-galley in his own state-boat.
I like thy small sixpennyworths of largess
Thrown to the urchins at the City's charges;
I like the sun upon thy breezy fanners,
Ten splendid scarlet silken stately banners!
Thy gilded bark shines out quite transcendental!
I like dear Dillon still,
Who quotes from "Cooper's Hill,"
And Birch, the cookly Birch, grown sentimental;†
I like to note his civic mind expanding
And quoting Denham, in the watery dock
Of Iffley lock—
Plainly no Locke upon the Understanding!
I like thy civic deed
At Runnymede,
Where ancient Britons came in arms to barter
Their lives for right—Ah, did not Waithman grow
Half mad to show

* "The buttery was next visited, in which some of the party tasted the classic water."—Page 57.

† "Mr. Alderman Birch here called to the recollection of the party the beautiful lines of Sir John Denham on the river Thames:—'Tho' deep yet clear,' &c."—Page 90.

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Where his renowned forefathers came to bleed—
And freeborn *Magnay* triumph at his *Charter?*
I like full well thy ceremonious setting
The justice-sword (no doubt it wanted whetting!)
On London Stone; but I don't like the waving
Thy banner over it,* for I must own
Flag over stone
Reads like a most superfluous piece of paving!

I like thy Cliefden treat; but I'm not going
To run the civic story through and through,
But leave thy barge to Pater Noster Row-ing,
My plaudit to renew.—
Well hast thou done, Right Honorable rover,
To leave this lasting record of thy reign,
A reign, alas! that very soon is "over
And gone," according to the Rydal strain!
'Tis piteous how a mayor
Slips through his chair.
I say it with a meaning reverential,
But let him be rich, lordly, wise, sentential,
Still he must seem a thing inconsequential—
A melancholy truth one cannot smother;
For why? 'tis very clear
He comes in at one *year*,
To go out by the other!
This is their Lordships' universal order!—
But thou shalt teach them to preserve a name—
Make future Chaplains chroniclers of fame!
And every Lord Mayor his own Recorder!

* "It was also a part of the ceremony, which, though important, is simple, that the City banner should wave over the stone."—Page 144.

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1827.

[In this year appeared the Second Series of "Whims and Oddities," dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. It ran to a third edition—as will be seen by the following Prefaces.]

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND SERIES.

In the absence of better fiddles, I have ventured to come forward again with my little kit of fancies. I trust it will not be found an unworthy sequel to my first performance; indeed, I have done my best, in the New Series, innocently to imitate a practice that prevails abroad in duelling—I mean, that of the Seconds giving Satisfaction.

The kind indulgence that welcomed my Volume heretofore, prevents me from reiterating the same apologies. The Public have learned, by this time, from my rude designs, that I am no great artist, and from my text, that I am no great author, but humbly equivocating, bat-like, between the two kinds;—though proud to partake in any characteristic of either. As for the first particular, my hope persuades me that my illustrations cannot have degenerated, so ably as I have been seconded by Mr. Edward Willis, who, like the humane Walter, has befriended my offspring in the Wood.

In the literary part I have to plead guilty, as usual, to

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some verbal misdemeanors; for which, I must leave my defence to Dean Swift, and the other great European and Oriental Pundits. Let me suggest, however, that a pun is somewhat like a cherry: though there may be a slight outward indication of partition—of duplicity of meaning—yet no gentleman need make two bites at it against his own pleasure. To accommodate certain readers, notwithstanding, I have refrained from putting the majority in italics. It is not every one, I am aware, that can Toler-ate a pun like my Lord Norbury.

ADDRESS TO THE THIRD EDITION.

It is not usual to have more than one grace before meat, one prologue before a play—one address before a work,—Cerberus and myself are perhaps the only persons who have had three prefaces. I thought, indeed, that I had said my last in the last impression, but a new Edition being called for, I came forward for a new exit, after the fashion of Mr. Romeo Coates—a Gentleman, notorious, like Autumn, for taking a great many leaves at his departure.

As a literary parent, I am highly gratified to find that the elder volume of Whims and Oddities does not get snubbed, as happens with a first child, at the birth of a second; but that the Old and New Series obtain fresh favour and friends for each other, and are likely to walk hand in hand like smiling brothers, towards posterity.

Whether a third volume will transpire is a secret still "warranted undrawn" even to myself;—there is, I am aware, a kind of nonsense indispensable,—or *sine qua non*-sense—that always comes in welcomely to relieve the serious discussions of graver authors, and I flatter myself that my per-

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formances may be of this nature; but having parted with so many of my vagaries, I am doubtful whether the next November may not find me sobered down into a political economist.

[In 1832 the two Series were republished, together with a fresh Address.]

PREFACE.

When I last made my best bow in this book, I imagined that the public, to use a nautical phrase, had "parted from their best bower;" but it was an agreeable mistake. The First and Second Series, being now, like Colman's "Two Single Gentlemen rolled into one," a request is made to me to furnish the two-act piece with a new prologue. Possibly, as I have declared the near relationship of this work to the Comic Annual, the publisher wishes, by this unusual number of Prefaces, to connect it also with the Odes and *Addresses*. At all events, I accede to his humour, in spite of a reasonable fear that, at this rate, my Sayings will soon exceed my Doings.

To tell the truth, an Author does not much disrelish the call for these "more last words;" and I confess at once that I affix this preliminary postscript, with some pride and pleasure. A modern book, like a modern race-horse, is apt to be reckoned aged at six years old; and an Olympiad and half have nearly elapsed since the birth of my first editions. It is pleasant, therefore, to find, that what was done in black and white has not become quite grey in the interval;—to say nothing of the comfort, at such an advanced age, of still finding friends in public, as well as in private, to put up with one's Whims and Oddities.

Seriously, I feel very grateful for the kindness which has

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exhausted three impressions of this work, and now invites another. Come what may, this little book will now leave four imprints behind it,—and a horse could do no more.

T. Hood.

Winchmore Hill, *January*, 1832.

BIANCA'S DREAM.

A VENETIAN STORY.

Bianca!—fair Bianca!—who could dwell
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days?
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze;
Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,
That he could light his link at in a minute.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame;
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,
And beaux were turn'd to flambeaux where she came;
All hearts indeed were conquer'd but her own,
Which none could ever temper down or tame:
In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,
She might have written over it,—"From Flints."

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,
At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex
An amorous gentle with a needless frown;

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Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,
And Love at casements climbeth up and down,
Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind,
Some have considered a Venetian blind.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,
Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailor,
To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought
With each new moon his hatter and his tailor;
In vain the richest padusoy he bought,
And went in bran new beaver to assail her—
As if to show that Love had made him *smart*
All over—and not merely round his heart.

In vain he labour'd thro' the sylvan park
Bianca haunted in—that where she came,
Her learned eyes in wandering might mark
The twisted cypher of her maiden name,
Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark:
No one was touch'd or troubled by his flame,
Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow
In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,
And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,
And sang in quavers how his heart was split,
Constant beneath her lattice with each eve;
She mock'd his wooing with her wicked wit,
And slash'd his suit so that it match'd his sleeve,
Till he grew silent at the vesper star,
And quite despairing, hamstring'd his guitar.

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Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet,
But his was red within him, like the core
Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat;
And oft he long'd internally to pour
His flames and glowing lava at her feet,
But when his burnings he began to spout,
She stopp'd his mouth,—and put the *crater* out.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,
So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton-key
Suspended at death's door—so pale—and then
He turn'd as nervous as an aspen tree;
The life of man is three-score years and ten,
But he was perishing at twenty-three,
For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,
"It could not shorten his poor life—much longer.'

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,
Nor relish'd any kind of mirth below;
Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,
Love had become his universal foe,
Salt in his sugar—nightmare in his bed,
At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
Of Hope,—made up his mind to cut her girth!

For hapless lovers always died of old,
Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud;
So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told,
The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood;

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And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,
Drown'd her salt tear-drops in a salter flood,
Their fame still breathing, tho' their death be past,
For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

So Julio went to drown,—when life was dull,
But took his corks, and merely had a bath;
And once, he pull'd a trigger at his skull,
But merely broke a window in his wrath;
And once, his hopeless being to annul,
He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath—
A line so ample, 'twas a query whether
'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust
His sorrows through—'tis horrible to die!
And come down with our little all of dust,
That Dun of all the duns to satisfy;
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
In Death's most dreary spunging-house to lie,
Where even all our personals must go
To pay the debt of Nature that we owe!

So Julio lived:—'twas nothing but a pet
He took at life—a momentary spite;
Besides, he hoped that Time would some day get
The better of Love's flame, however bright;
A thing that Time has never compass'd yet,
For Love, we know, is an immortal light;
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always in,—for none have found it out.

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Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd—'twas once when Night
Along the darken'd plain began to creep,
Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,
Altho' in skin as sooty as a sweep :
The flow'rs had shut their eyes—the zephyr light
Was gone, for it had rock'd the leaves to sleep,
And all the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds.

Lone in her chamber sate the dark-eyed maid,
By easy stages jaunting through her prayers,
But list'ning side-long to a serenade,
That robb'd the saints a little of their shares ;
For Julio underneath the lattice play'd
His Deh Vieni, and such amorous airs,
Born only underneath Italian skies,
Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter—
Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
With all the common tropes wherewith in metre
The hackney poets "overcharge their fair."
Her shape was like Diana's, but completer ;
Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare :
Cupid, alas ! was cruel Sagittarius,
Julio—the weeping water-man Aquarius.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,
'Twas very natural indeed to go—
What if she did postpone one little pray'r—
To ask her mirror "if it was not so ?"

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'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,
Reflecting her at once from top to toe :
And there she gazed upon that glossy track,
That show'd her front face though it "gave her back."

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,
By that dear page where first the woman reads :
That Julio was no flatt'rer, none at all,
She told herself—and then she told her beads ;
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall
Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds ;
For Sleep had crept and kiss'd her unawares,
Just at the half-way milestone of her pray'rs.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,
Till her bow'd head upon her hand reposed ;
But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,
That fair reflection, tho' her eyes were closed,
A beauty bright as it was wont to be,
A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed :
'Tis very natural, some people say,
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

Still shone her face—yet not, alas ! the same,
But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,
And sadder thoughts, with sadder changes came—
Her eyes resign'd their light, her lips their bloom,
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,
Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum:
There was a throbbing at her heart within,
For, oh ! there was a shooting in her chin.

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And lo! upon her sad desponding brow,
The cruel trenches of besieging age,
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show
Her place was booking for the seventh stage;
And where her raven tresses used to flow,
Some locks that Time had left her in his rage,
And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,
A compound (like our Psalms) of Tête and Braidy.

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,
And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,
Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex:
Witness those pensioners call'd In and Out,
Who all day watching first and second rater,
Quaintly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made
Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow;
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,
And twisted all awry her "winsome marrow."
In truth it was a change!—she had obey'd
The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her
Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,
And she had ample reason for her trouble;
For what sad maiden can endure to seem
Set in for singleness, though growing double?

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The fancy madden'd her ; but now the dream,
  Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,
Burst,—but still left some fragments of its size,
That, like the soapsuds, smarted in her eyes.

And here—just here—as she began to heed
  The real world, her clock chimed out its score ;
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
  That cried the hour from one to twenty-four ;
The works moreover standing in some need
  Of workmanship, it struck some dozen more ;
A warning voice that clench'd Bianca's fears,
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,
  By twenty she had quite renounced the veil ;
She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,
  And thirty made her very sad and pale,
To paint that ruin where her charms would run ;
  At forty all the maid began to fail,
And thought no higher, as the late dream cross'd her,
Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

And so Bianca changed ;—the next sweet even,
  With Julio in a black Venetian bark,
Row'd slow and stealthily—the hour, eleven,
  Just sounding from the tower of old St. Mark ;
She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heav'n,
  Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark
That veil'd her blushing cheek,—for Julio brought her,
Of course, to break the ice upon the water.

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But what a puzzle is one's serious mind
To open ;—oysters, when the ice is thick,
Are not so difficult and disinclined ;
And Julio felt the declaration stick
About his throat in a most awful kind ;
However, he contrived by bits to pick
His trouble forth,—much like a rotten cork
Groped from a long-neck'd bottle with a fork.

But love is still the quickest of all readers ;
And Julio spent besides those signs profuse,
That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,
In help of language, are so apt to use :—
Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,
Nods, shrugs, and bends,—Bianca could not choose
But soften to his suit with more facility,
He told his story with so much agility.

"Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,"
(So he began at last to speak or quote ;)
"Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,"
(For passion takes this figurative note ;)
"Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier ;
Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote ;
My lily be, and I will be thy river ;
Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver."

This, with more tender logic of the kind,
He pour'd into her small and shell-like ear,
That timidly against his lips inclined ;
Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere

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That even now began to steal behind
A dewy vapour, which was lingering near,
Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,
Just like a virgin putting on the veil :—

Bidding adieu to all her sparks—the stars,
That erst had woo'd and worshipp'd in her train,
Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars—
Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.
Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,
Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,
But turn'd to Julio at the dark eclipse,
With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

He took the hint full speedily, and back'd
By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,
Bestow'd a something on her cheek that smack'd
(Though quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness ;
That made her think all other kisses lack'd
Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness :
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring
The pretty fingers all instead of one ;
Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
About her waist that had been clasp'd by none ;
Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
Since cold description would but be outrun ;
For bliss and Irish watches have the power,
In twenty minutes, to lose half an hour !

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A TRUE STORY.

Of all our pains, since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf,
But lets its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself;
In fact, of any grave attack
On victuals there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seem'd a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possess'd a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot;
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warm'd it on the hob,
Why then they only twitch'd the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never kill'd him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,

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It had an universal sting ;
One touch of that ecstatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump
Just like a puppet on a string ;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers !*

One way there is, that has been judged
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudged
To lose his tooth and money both ;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
It's paying for a blank at last :
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek.
Oh ! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking
And loud—although he held his jaw.
Many a tug he gave his gum,
And tooth, but still it would not come ;
Though tied by string to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best
By draw'rs, although he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He join'd a score of mouths in waiting,

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Like his, to have their troubles out.
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rush'd,
While eyes and mouth together gush'd;
At last arrived our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat prepared to learn
How teeth are charm'd to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations
Alone can guess the sort of ache
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touch'd a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One chord seem'd wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes:
"Bone of his bone," he felt of course,
As husbands do in such divorce.
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And lo! the cause of all this work
Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
Had not so numb'd his miser-wit,

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But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding;
So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, "Let's finish, if you please."—
"How, finish! why it's out!"—"Oh! no—
I'm none of your beforehand tippers,
'Tis you are out, to argue so;
My tooth is in my head no doubt,
But as you say you pull'd it out,
Of course it's there—between your nippers."
"Zounds! sir, d'ye think I'd sell the truth
To get a fee? no, wretch, I scorn it."
But Hunks still ask'd to see the tooth,
And swore by gum! he had not drawn it.
His end obtain'd, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favour of his wit,
How well a dentist had been bit
By one old stump, and that a loose one!

The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the frailest thing on earth:
Alas! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke,
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!
Hunks had not whistled half a mile
When, planted right against the stile,
There stood his foeman, Mike Maloney,
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
That help'd to reap our miser's corn,
But had not help'd to reap his money,

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A fact that Hunks remember'd quickly ;
His whistle all at once was quell'd,
And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks, prepared for Mike's attacking,
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking.
However, Mike began to stickle
In word before he used the sickle ;
But mercy was not long attendant :
From words at last he took to blows
And aim'd a cut at Hunks's nose,
That made it what some folks are not—
A Member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Maloney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper ;
There lay the sever'd nose, alas !
Beside the daisies on the grass,
"Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,
According to the poet's lay :
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter !
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,

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With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.

In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decocter;
Thus Hunks was forced to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learnëd man hot,—
"What! Hunks again within my door!
I'll pull his nose;" quoth Hunks, "You cannot."

The doctor look'd and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
"O! hum—ha—yes—I understand."
But then arose a long demur,
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapp'd upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job,
His tools, a chestful, or a drawerful,
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb;
But never patient in his funks
Look'd half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepared for some infernal revel:

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His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box,
His fury seem'd above controlling,
He bellow'd like a hunted ox:
"Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup;
I have thee by the nose—it's now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser liked the scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;
The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seem'd quite to turn him topsy turvy;
He utter'd prayers, and groans, and curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all *reverses!*
In fancy he beheld his snout
Turn'd upward like a pitcher's spout;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.
And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather—"
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough

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To cause a very serious flinching;
In short, he paid and had the feature
Replaced as it was meant by nature;
For though by this 'twas cold to handle,
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
And white just like an end of candle,
The doctor deem'd and proved it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead;
So, fix'd by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandaged up and muffled.
The chair unfasten'd, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled;
And as he went these words he snuffled—
"Well, this *is* 'paying through the nose.'"

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."—Rogers.

Come, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

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Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Through the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Heads or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish game!

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin indeed—
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

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Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that "pepper-and-salt"
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he wore!"

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot?
Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove,
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

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A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE'S some is born with their straight legs by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nursed,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs:
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.—
'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hertfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well—I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!

Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so

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I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!
My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
Though I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And wasn't she trimendous slack in stays!
We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
Well—I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am!—all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my burth though howsomdever,

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Because the yarn, you see, kept getting tauter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rather shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder?

Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Though sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
"Hollo!" says I, "come underneath her quarter!"—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

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[The following appeared in the "Literary Gazette."]

ELEGY ON DAVID LAING, ESQ.*

BLACKSMITH AND JOINER (WITHOUT LICENSE) AT GRETNA GREEN.

—♦—

Ah me! what causes such complaining breath,
Such female moans, and flooding tears to flow?
It is to chide with stern, remorseless Death,
For laying Laing low!
From Prospect House there comes a sound of woe—
A shrill and persevering loud lament,
Echoed by Mrs. J.'s Establishment
"For Six Young Ladies,
In a retired and healthy part of Kent."
All weeping, Mr. L—— gone down to Hades!
Thoughtful of grates, and convents, and the veil!
Surrey takes up the tale,
And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones
With the two parlour-boarders and th' apprentice—
So universal this mis-timed event is—
Are joining sobs and groans!
The shock confounds all hymeneal planners
And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviours:
The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
And utter sighs like paviours!
Down—down through Devon and the distant shires
Travels the news of Death's remorseless crime;
And in all hearts, at once, all hope expires
Of *matches* against time!

* On the 3rd inst., died in Springfield, near Gretna Green, David Laing, aged seventy-two, who had for thirty-five years officiated as high-priest at Gretna Green. He caught cold on his way to Lancaster, to give evidence on the trial of the Wakefields, from the effects of which he never recovered. —*Newspapers, July*, 1827. See "Ode to Gibbon Wakefield," p. 443.

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Along the northern route
The road is water'd by postilions' eyes;
The topboot paces pensively about,
And yellow jackets are all strained with sighs;
There is a sound of grieving at the Ship,
And sorry hands are wringing at the Bell,
In aid of David's knell.
The postboy's heart is cracking—not his whip—
To gaze upon those useless empty collars
His way-worn horses seem so glad to slip—
And think upon the dollars
That used to urge his gallop—quicker! quicker!
All hope is fled,
For Laing is dead—
Vicar of Wakefield—Edward Gibbon's vicar!
The barristers shed tears
Enough to feed a snipe (snipes live on suction),
To think in after years
No suits will come of Gretna Green abduction,
Nor knaves inveigle
Young heiresses in marriage scrapes or legal.
The dull reporters
Look truly sad and seriously solemn
To lose the future column
On Hymen-Smithy and its fond resorters!
But grave Miss Daulby and the teaching brood
Rejoice at quenching the clandestine flambeau—
That never real beau of flesh and blood
Will henceforth lure young ladies from their *Chambaud*.

Sleep—David Laing—sleep
In peace, though angry governesses spurn thee!

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Over thy grave a thousand maidens weep,
And honest postboys mourn thee!
Sleep, David!—safely and serenely sleep,
Be-wept of many a learnëd legal eye!
To see the mould above thee in a heap
Drowns many a lid that heretofore was dry!—
Especially of those that, plunging deep
In love, would "ride and tie!"—
Had I command, thou shouldst have gone thy ways
In chaise and pair—and lain in Père-la-Chaise!

[The next, a Sonnet, appeared in the "Literary Souvenir" in 1827. My father's high estimate of "Immortal Will's" writing will be seen from an Essay in the "New Monthly" for 1842, and "The Plea of the Fairies."]

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKSPEARE.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Hues of all flow'rs, that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,—
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,—
Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honour glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold!—
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus-hill have bloom'd elate;
Now they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turn'd to clay, whereof they were create;
But god Apollo hath them all enroll'd,
And blazon'd on the very clouds of Fate!

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[The following Poem also appeared in the "Literary Souvenir" for this year, together with the Ballad which comes after it.]

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Oh, when I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind!—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
  A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
  And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
  With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
  And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
  My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
  Will never soar so high!

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My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro;—
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship 's an endless task,
My head 's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh:—
On this I will not dwell and hang,—
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the playground tree!
All things I loved are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

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Oh for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
  Well ink'd with black and red ;
The crownless hat, ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
  Repose upon my head !

Oh for the riband round the neck !
The careless dogs'-ears apt to deck
  My book and collar both !
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
  A boy of larger growth ?

Oh for that small, small beer anew !
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
  That wash'd my sweet meals down ;
The master even !—and that small Turk
That fagg'd me !—worse is now my work—
  A fag for all the town !

Oh for the lessons learn'd by heart !
Ay, though the very birch's smart
  Should mark those hours again ;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
  Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed !
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
  By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun !
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd
  Exactly like Miss Brown !

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The *omne bene*—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home—
  Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
  Without the silver pen!

Then "home, sweet home!" the crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the loud approach—
  The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats, almost sweeter still,
  No 'satis' to the 'jams!'—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind!

BALLAD.

It was not in the Winter
  Our loving lot was cast;
It was the Time of Roses,—
  We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

That churlish season never frown'd
  On early lovers yet:—
Oh, no—the world was newly crown'd
  With flowers when first we met!

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'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast;
It was the Time of Roses,—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd.—

What else could peer thy glowing cheek,
That tears began to stud?
And when I ask'd the like of Love,
You snatch'd a damask bud;

And oped it to the dainty core,
Still glowing to the last.—
It was the Time of Roses,
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

[This Poem is also from the "Literary Souvenir." Tom Woodgate, of Hastings, was no ideal personage, but a regular old salt, with whom my father, ever passionately fond of the sea, had spent many a pleasant hour on the waters.]

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE,

OF HASTINGS.

Tom;—are you still within this land
Of livers—still on Hastings' sand,
Or roaming on the waves?
Or has some billow o'er you rolled,
Jealous that earth should lap so bold
A seaman in her graves?

On land the rushlight lives of men
Go out but slowly; nine in ten,

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By tedious long decline—
Not so the jolly sailor sinks,
Who founders in the wave, and drinks
The apoplectic brine!

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster-bed—
I hope 'tis far from truth!—
With periwinkle eyes;—your bone
Beset with mussels, not your own,
And corals at your tooth!

Still does the Chance pursue the chance
The main affords—the Aidant dance
In safety on the tide?
Still flies that sign of my good-will*
A little *bunting* thing—but still
To thee a flag of pride?

Does that hard, honest hand now clasp
The tiller in its careful grasp—
With every summer breeze
When ladies sail, in lady-fear—
Or, tug the oar, a gondolier
On smooth Macadam seas?

Or are you where the flounders keep,
Some dozen briny fathoms deep,
Where sand and shells abound—
With some old Triton on your chest,
And twelve grave mermen for a 'quest,
To find that you are—drown'd?

* My father made Woodgate a present, in the shape of a small flag.

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Swift is the wave, and apt to bring
A sudden doom—perchance I sing
A mere funereal strain;
You have endured the utter strife—
And are—the same in death or life—
A good man 'in the main'!

Oh, no—I hope the old brown eye
Still watches ebb, and flood, and sky;
That still the brown old shoes
Are sucking brine up—pumps indeed!—
Your tooth still full of ocean weed,
Or Indian—which you choose.

I like you, Tom! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise,
No puff at honour's cost;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
You, somehow, never cross'd!

Mayhap we ne'er shall meet again,
Except on that Pacific main,
Beyond this planet's brink;
Yet, as we erst have braved the weather,
Still may we float awhile together,
As comrades on this ink!

Many a scudding gale we've had
Together, and, my gallant lad,
Some perils we have pass'd;
When huge and black the wave career'd,
And oft the giant surge appear'd
The master of our mast;—

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'Twas thy example taught me how
To climb the billow's hoary brow,
Or cleave the raging heap—
To bound along the ocean wild,
With danger—only as a child
The waters rock'd to sleep.

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,
To see the hissing wave in might
Come rampant like a snake!
To leap his horrid crest, and feast
One's eyes upon the briny beast,
Left couchant in the wake!

The simple shepherd's love is still
To bask upon a sunny hill,
The herdsman roams the vale—
With both their fancies I agree;
Be mine the swelling, scooping sea,
That is both hill and dale!

I yearn for that brisk spray—I yearn
To feel the wave from stem to stern
Uplift the plunging keel;
That merry step we used to dance
On board the Aidant or the Chance,
The ocean "toe and heel."

I long to feel the steady gale
That fills the broad distended sail—
The seas on either hand!
My thought, like any hollow shell,
Keeps mocking at my ear the swell
Of waves against the land.

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It is no fable—that old strain
Of syrens!—so the witching main
  Is singing—and I sigh!
My heart is all at once inclined
To seaward—and I seem to find
  The waters in my eye!

Methinks I see the shining beach;
The merry waves, each after each,
  Rebounding o'er the flints;
I spy the grim preventive spy!
The jolly boatmen standing nigh!
  The maids in morning chintz!

And there they float—the sailing craft!
The sail is up—the wind abaft—
  The ballast trim and neat.
Alas! 'tis all a dream—a lie!
A printer's imp is standing by,
  To haul my mizen sheet!

My tiller dwindles to a pen—
My craft is that of bookish men—
  My sail—let Longman tell!
Adieu, the wave, the wind, the spray!
Men—maidens—chintzes—fade away!
  Tom Woodgate, fare thee well!

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[This appears in "Friendship's Offering" for 1827, as also do the poem entitled "Flowers," and the Ballad which follows it.]

TIME, HOPE, AND MEMORY.

I HEARD a gentle maiden, in the spring,
Set her sweet sighs to music, and thus sing:
"Fly through the world, and I will follow thee,
Only for looks that may turn back on me;

"Only for roses that your chance may throw—
Though wither'd—I will wear them on my brow,
To be a thoughtful fragrance to my brain,—
Warm'd with such love, that they will bloom again.

"Thy love before thee, I must tread behind,
Kissing thy foot-prints, though to me unkind;
But trust not all her fondness, though it seem,
Lest thy true love should rest on a false dream.

"Her face is smiling, and her voice is sweet;
But smiles betray, and music sings deceit;
And words speak false;—yet, if they welcome prove,
I'll be their echo, and repeat their love.

"Only if waken'd to sad truth, at last,
The bitterness to come, and sweetness past;
When thou art vext, then turn again, and see
Thou hast loved Hope, but Memory loved thee."

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FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie
Whose head is turn'd by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betroth'd to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

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BALLAD.

She's up and gone, the graceless girl,
And robb'd my failing years!
My blood before was thin and cold
But now 'tis turn'd to tears;—
My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand,
She might have stay'd a little yet,
And led me by the hand!

Aye, call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill:
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
And plover's answer shrill;
My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk a waste
That widen'd when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been,
But never one like mine;
Her meat was served on plates of gold,
Her drink was rosy wine;
But now she'll share the robin's food,
And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
To meet her father's will!

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[This Poem appears in the "Forget-Me-Not."]

RUTH.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright,

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

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[In this year my father published the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," not a very successful venture at the time. Most of the minor pieces contained in it had appeared before. It was ushered in by the following dedication.]

TO CHARLES LAMB

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK my literary fortune that I am not reduced, like many better wits, to barter dedications, for the hope or promise of patronage, with some nominally great man; but that where true affection points, and honest respect, I am free to gratify my head and heart by a sincere inscription. An intimacy and dearness, worthy of a much earlier date than our acquaintance can refer to, direct me at once to your name: and with this acknowledgment of your ever kind feeling towards me, I desire to record a respect and admiration for you as a writer, which no one acquainted with our literature, save Elia himself, will think disproportionate or misplaced. If I had not these better reasons to govern me, I should be guided to the same selection by your intense yet critical relish for the works of our great Dramatist, and for that favourite play in particular which has furnished the subject of my verses.

It is my design, in the following Poem, to celebrate by an allegory, that immortality which Shakspeare has conferred on the Fairy mythology by his "Midsummer Night's Dream." But for him, those pretty children of our childhood would leave barely their names to our maturer years; they belong, as the mites upon the plum, to the bloom of fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of Time: but the Poet has made this most perishable part of the mind's creation equal to the most enduring; he has so intertwined the Elfins with human sympathies, and linked them by so many delightful associations with the productions of nature, that they are as real to the mind's eye, as their green magical circles to the outer sense.

It would have been a pity for such a race to go extinct, even though they were but as the butterflies that hover about the leaves and blossoms of the visible world.

I am, my dear Friend,
Yours most truly,
T. HOOD.

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THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

'Twas in that mellow season of the year
When the hot sun singes the yellow leaves
Till they be gold,—and with a broader sphere
The Moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves;
When more abundantly the spider weaves,
And the cold wind breathes from a chillier clime;—
That forth I fared, on one of those still eves,
Touch'd with the dewy sadness of the time,
To think how the bright months had spent their prime,

So that, wherever I address'd my way,
I seem'd to track the melancholy feet
Of him that is the Father of Decay,
And spoils at once the sour weed and the sweet;—
Wherefore regretfully I made retreat
To some unwasted regions of my brain,
Charm'd with the light of summer and the heat,
And bade that bounteous season bloom again,
And sprout fresh flowers in mine own domain.

It was a shady and sequester'd scene,
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,
Planted with his own laurels ever green,
And roses that for endless summer blow;
And there were fountain springs to overflow
Their marble basins,—and cool green arcades
Of tall o'erarching sycamores, to throw

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Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades,—
With timid coneys cropping the green blades.

And there were crystal pools, peopled with fish,
Argent and gold ; and some of Tyrian skin,
Some crimson-barr'd ;—and ever at a wish
They rose obsequious till the wave grew thin
As glass upon their backs, and then dived in,
Quenching their ardent scales in watery gloom ;
Whilst others with fresh hues row'd forth to win
My changeable regard,—for so we doom
Things born of thought to vanish or to bloom.

And there were many birds of many dyes,
From tree to tree still faring to and fro,
And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes,
And gorgeous pheasants with their golden glow,
Like Iris just bedabbled in her bow,
Besides some vocalists without a name,
That oft on fairy errands come and go,
With accents magical ;—and all were tame,
And peckëd at my hand where'er I came.

And for my sylvan company, in lieu
Of Pampinea with her lively peers,
Sate Queen Titania with her pretty crew,
All in their liveries quaint, with elfin gears,
For she was gracious to my childish years,
And made me free of her enchanted round ;
Wherefore this dreamy scene she still endears,
And plants her court upon a verdant mound,
Fenced with umbrageous woods and groves profound.

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"Ah me," she cries, "was ever moonlight seen
So clear and tender for our midnight trips?
Go some one forth, and with a trump convene
My lieges all!"—Away the goblin skips
A pace or two apart, and deftly strips
The ruddy skin from a sweet rose's cheek,
Then blows the shuddering leaf between his lips,
Making it utter forth a shrill small shriek,
Like a fray'd bird in the grey owlet's beak.

And lo! upon my fix'd delighted ken
Appear'd the loyal Fays.—Some by degrees
Crept from the primrose buds that open'd then,
And some from bell-shaped blossoms like the bees,
Some from the dewy meads, and rushy leas,
Flew up like chafers when the rustics pass;
Some from the rivers, others from tall trees
Dropp'd, like shed blossoms, silent to the grass,
Spirits and elfins small, of every class.

Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,
Fresh dripping from a cloud—some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright Moon, had wash'd her car,
And still bedew'd it with a various stain:
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar.

But Oberon, that night elsewhere exiled,
Was absent, whether some distemper'd spleen

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Kept him and his fair mate unreconciled,
Or warfare with the Gnome (whose race had been
Sometime obnoxious), kept him from his queen,
And made her now peruse the starry skies
Prophetical, with such an absent mien;
Howbeit, the tears stole often to her eyes,
And oft the Moon was incensed with her sighs—

Which made the elves sport drearily, and soon
Their hushing dances languish'd to a stand,
Like midnight leaves, when, as the Zephyrs swoon,
All on their drooping stems they sink unfann'd,—
So into silence droop'd the fairy band,
To see their empress dear so pale and still
Crowding her softly round on either hand,
As pale as frosty snowdrops, and as chill,
To whom the sceptred dame reveals her ill.

"Alas," quoth she, "ye know our fairy lives
Are leased upon the fickle faith of men;
Not measured out against Fate's mortal knives,
Like human gossamers,—we perish when
We fade and are forgot in worldly ken,—
Though poesy has thus prolong'd our date,
Thanks be to the sweet Bard's auspicious pen
That rescued us so long!—howbeit of late
I feel some dark misgivings of our fate.

"And this dull day my melancholy sleep
Hath been so thronged with images of woe,
That even now I cannot choose but weep
To think this was some sad prophetic show
Of future horror to befall us so,—

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Of mortal wreck and uttermost distress,—
Yea, our poor empire's fall and overthrow,—
For this was my long vision's dreadful stress,
And when I waked my trouble was not less.

"Whenever to the clouds I tried to seek,
Such leaden weight dragg'd these Icarian wings,
My faithless wand was wavering and weak,
And slimy toads had trespass'd in our rings—
The birds refused to sing for me—all things
Disown'd their old allegiance to our spells;
The rude bees prick'd me with their rebel stings;
And, when I pass'd, the valley-lily's bells
Rang out, methought, most melancholy knells.

"And ever on the faint and flagging air
A doleful spirit with a dreary note
Cried in my fearful ear, 'Prepare! prepare!'
Which soon I knew came from a raven's throat,
Perch'd on a cypress-bough not far remote,—
A cursed bird, too crafty to be shot,
That alway cometh with his soot-black coat
To make hearts dreary:—for he is a blot
Upon the book of life, as well ye wot!—

"Wherefore some while I bribed him to be mute,
With bitter acorns stuffing his foul maw,
Which barely I appeased, when some fresh bruit
Startled me all aheap!—and soon I saw
The horridest shape that ever raised my awe,—
A monstrous giant, very huge and tall,
Such as in elder times, devoid of law,

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With wicked might grieved the primeval ball,
And this was sure the deadliest of them all!

"Gaunt was he as a wolf of Languedoc,
With bloody jaws, and frost upon his crown;
So from his barren poll one hoary lock
Over his wrinkled front fell far adown,
Well nigh to where his frosty brows did frown
Like jaggëd icicles at cottage eaves;
And for his coronal he wore some brown
And bristled ears gather'd from Ceres' sheaves,
Entwined with certain sere and russet leaves.

"And lo! upon a mast rear'd far aloft,
He bore a very bright and crescent blade,
The which he waved so dreadfully, and oft,
In meditative spite, that, sore dismay'd,
I crept into an acorn-cup for shade;
Meanwhile the horrid effigy went by:
I trow his look was dreadful, for it made
The trembling birds betake them to the sky,
For every leaf was lifted by his sigh.

"And ever, as he sigh'd, his foggy breath
Blurr'd out the landscape like a flight of smoke:
Thence knew I this was either dreary Death
Or Time, who leads all creatures to his stroke.
Ah wretched me!"—Here, even as she spoke,
The melancholy Shape came gliding in,
And lean'd his back against an antique oak,
Folding his wings, that were so fine and thin,
They scarce were seen against the Dryad's skin.

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Then what a fear seized all the little rout !
Look how a flock of panic'd sheep will stare—
And huddle close—and start—and wheel about,
Watching the roaming mongrel here and there,—
So did that sudden Apparition scare
All close aheap those small affrighted things ;
Nor sought they now the safety of the air,
As if some leaden spell withheld their wings ;
But who can fly that ancientest of Kings ?

Whom now the Queen, with a forestalling tear
And previous sigh, beginneth to entreat,
Bidding him spare, for love, her lieges dear :
" Alas ! " quoth she, " is there no nodding wheat
Ripe for thy crooked weapon, and more meet,—
Or wither'd leaves to ravish from the tree,—
Or crumbling battlements for thy defeat ?
Think but what vaunting monuments there be
Builded in spite and mockery of thee.

" O fret away the fabric walls of Fame,
And grind down marble Cæsars with the dust :
Make tombs inscriptionless—raze each high name,
And waste old armours of renown with rust :
Do all of this, and thy revenge is just :
Make such decays the trophies of thy prime,
And check Ambition's overweening lust,
That dares exterminating war with Time,—
But we are guiltless of that lofty crime.

" Frail feeble sprites !—the children of a dream !
Leased on the sufferance of fickle men,

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Like motes dependent on the sunny beam,
Living but in the sun's indulgent ken,
And when that light withdraws, withdrawing then ;—
So do we flutter in the glance of youth
And fervid fancy,—and so perish when
The eye of faith grows agëd ;—in sad truth,
Feeling thy sway, O Time ! though not thy tooth !

"Where be those old divinities forlorn,
That dwelt in trees, or haunted in a stream ?
Alas ! their memories are dimm'd and torn,
Like the remainder tatters of a dream :
So will it fare with our poor thrones, I deem ;—
For us the same dark trench Oblivion delves,
That holds the wastes of every human scheme.
O spare us then,—and these our pretty elves,—
We soon, alas ! shall perish of ourselves !"

Now as she ended, with a sigh, to name
Those old Olympians, scatter'd by the whirl
Of Fortune's giddy wheel and brought to shame,
Methought a scornful and malignant curl
Show'd on the lips of that malicious churl,
To think what noble havocs he had made ;
So that I fear'd he all at once would hurl
The harmless fairies into endless shade,—
Howbeit he stopp'd awhile to whet his blade.

Pity it was to hear the elfins' wail
Rise up in concert from their mingled dread
Pity it was to see them, all so pale,
Gaze on the grass as for a dying bed ;—
But Puck was seated on a spider's thread.

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That hung between two branches of a briar,
And 'gan to swing and gambol, heels o'er head,
Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,
For him no present grief could long inspire.

Meanwhile the Queen with many piteous drops,
Falling like tiny sparks full fast and free,
Bedews a pathway from her throne ;—and stops
Before the foot of her arch enemy,
And with her little arms enfolds his knee,
That shows more grisly from that fair embrace ;
But she will ne'er depart. "Alas!" quoth she,
"My painful fingers I will here enlace
Till I have gain'd your pity for our race.

"What have we ever done to earn this grudge,
And hate—(if not too humble for thy hating?)—
Look o'er our labours and our lives, and judge
If there be any ills of our creating ;
For we are very kindly creatures, dating
With nature's charities still sweet and bland :—
O think this murder worthy of debating!"
Herewith she makes a signal with her hand,
To beckon some one from the Fairy band.

Anon I saw one of those elfin things,
Clad all in white like any chorister,
Come fluttering forth on his melodious wings,
That made soft music at each little stir,
But something louder than a bee's demur
Before he lights upon a bunch of broom,
And thus 'gan he with Saturn to confer,—

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And O his voice was sweet, touch'd with the gloom
Of that sad theme that argued of his doom!

Quoth he, "We make all melodies our care,
That no false discords may offend the Sun,
Music's great master—tuning everywhere
All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one
Duly to place and season, so that none
May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn
The shrill sweet lark; and when the day is done,
Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn,
That singeth with her breast against a thorn.

"We gather in loud choirs the twittering race,
That make a chorus with their single note;
And tend on new-fledged birds in every place,
That duly they may get their tunes by rote;
And oft, like echoes, answering remote,
We hide in thickets from the feather'd throng,
And strain in rivalship each throbbing throat,
Singing in shrill responses all day long,
Whilst the glad truant listens to our song.

"Wherefore, great King of Years, as thou dost love
The raining music from a morning cloud,
When vanish'd larks are carolling above,
To wake Apollo with their pipings loud;—
If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud
The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,
Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd,
And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell
Whene'er thou listenest to Philomel."

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Then Saturn thus :—"Sweet is the merry lark,
That carols in man's ear so clear and strong ;
And youth must love to listen in the dark
That tuneful elegy of Tereus' wrong ;
But I have heard that ancient strain too long,
For sweet is sweet but when a little strange,
And I grow weary for some newer song ;
For wherefore had I wings, unless to range
Through all things mutable, from change to change ?

"But wouldst thou hear the melodies of Time,
Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll
Over hush'd cities, and the midnight chime
Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep bells toll
Like a last knell over the dead world's soul,
Saying, 'Time shall be final of all things,
Whose late, last voice must elegise the whole,'—
O then I clap aloft my brave broad wings,
And make the wide air tremble while it rings !"

Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meek address,
Saying, "We be the handmaids of the Spring;
In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress,
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing.
We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming,
And count the leafy tributes that they owe—
As, so much to the earth—so much to fling
In showers to the brook—so much to go
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them grow.

"The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green ;

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Pansies, and those veil'd nuns, meek violets,
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen;
And golden daffodils, pluck'd for May's Queen;
And lonely harebells, quaking on the heath;
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,
Whose tuneful voice, turn'd fragrance in his breath,
Kiss'd by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

"The widow'd primrose weeping to the moon
And saffron crocus in whose chalice bright
A cool libation hoarded for the noon
Is kept—and she that purifies the light,
The virgin lily, faithful to her white,
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame;
And the most dainty rose, Aurora's spright,
Our every godchild, by whatever name—
Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same!"

Then that old Mower stamp'd his heel, and struck
His hurtful scythe against the harmless ground,
Saying, "Ye foolish imps, when am I stuck
With gaudy buds, or like a wooer crown'd
With flow'ry chaplets, save when they are found
Wither'd?—Whenever have I pluck'd a rose,
Except to scatter its vain leaves around?
For so all gloss of beauty I oppose,
And bring decay on every flow'r that blows.

"Or when am I so wroth as when I view
The wanton pride of Summer;—how she decks
The birthday world with blossoms ever-new,
As if Time had not lived, and heap'd great wrecks
Of years on years?—O then I bravely vex

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And catch the gay Months in their gaudy plight,
And slay them with the wreaths about their necks,
Like foolish heifers in the holy rite,
And raise great trophies to my ancient might."

Then saith another, "We are kindly things,
And like her offspring nestle with the dove,—
Witness these hearts embroider'd on our wings,
To show our constant patronage of love :—
We sit at even, in sweet bow'rs above
Lovers, and shake rich odours on the air,
To mingle with their sighs ; and still remove
The startling owl, and bid the bat forbear
Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

"And we are near the mother when she sits
Beside her infant in its wicker bed ;
And we are in the fairy scene that flits
Across its tender brain: sweet dreams we shed,
And whilst the little merry soul is fled
Away, to sport with our young elves, the while
We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,
And tickle the soft lips until they smile,
So that their careful parents they beguile.

"O then, if ever thou hast breathed a vow
At Love's dear portal, or at pale moon-rise
Crush'd the dear curl on a regardful brow,
That did not frown thee from thy honey prize—
If ever thy sweet son sat on thy thighs,
And wooed thee from thy careful thoughts within
To watch the harmless beauty of his eyes,

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Or glad thy fingers on his smooth soft skin,
For Love's dear sake, let us thy pity win!"

Then Saturn fiercely thus:—"What joy have I
In tender babes, that have devour'd mine own,
Whenever to the light I heard them cry,
Till foolish Rhea cheated me with stone?
Whereon, till now, is my great hunger shown,
In monstrous dint of my enormous tooth;
And—but the peopled world is too full grown
For hunger's edge—I would consume all youth
At one great meal, without delay or ruth!

"For I am well nigh crazed and wild to hear
How boastful fathers taunt me with their breed,
Saying, 'We shall not die nor disappear,
But, in these other selves, ourselves succeed
Ev'n as ripe flowers pass into their seed
Only to be renew'd from prime to prime,'
All of which boastings I am forced to read,
Besides a thousand challenges to Time,
Which bragging lovers have compiled in rhyme.

"Wherefore, when they are sweetly met o' nights,
There will I steal and with my hurried hand
Startle them suddenly from their delights
Before the next encounter hath been plann'd,
Ravishing hours in little minutes spann'd;
But when they say farewell, and grieve apart,
Then like a leaden statue I will stand,
Meanwhile their many tears encrust my dart,
And with a ragged edge cut heart from heart."

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Then next a merry Woodsman, clad in green,
Stept vanward from his mates, that idly stood
Each at his proper ease, as they had been
Nursed in the liberty of old Shérwood,
And wore the livery of Robin Hood,
Who wont in forest shades to dine and sup,—
So came this chief right frankly, and made good
His haunch against his axe, and thus spoke up,
Doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup :—

"We be small foresters and gay, who tend
On trees, and all their furniture of green,
Training the young boughs airily to bend,
And show blue snatches of the sky between ;—
Or knit more close intricacies, to screen
Birds' crafty dwellings, as may hide them best,
But most the timid blackbird's—she that, seen,
Will bear black poisonous berries to her nest,
Lest man should cage the darlings of her breast.

"We bend each tree in proper attitude,
And founting willows train in silvery falls ;
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,
And verdant aisles leading to Dryads' halls,
Or deep recesses where the Echo calls ;—
We shape all plumy trees against the sky,
And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals,—
When sometimes, as our tiny hatchets ply,
Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh.

"Sometimes we scoop the squirrel's hollow cell,
And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,

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That haply some lone musing wight may spell
Dainty Aminta,—Gentle Rosalind,—
Or chastest Laura,—sweetly call'd to mind
In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ;—
And sometimes we enrich grey stems with twined
And vagrant ivy,—or rich moss, whose brown
Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.

"And, lastly, for mirth's sake and Christmas cheer,
We bear the seedling berries, for increase,
To graft the Druid oaks, from year to year,
Careful that mistletoe may never cease ;—
Wherefore, if thou dost prize the shady peace
Of sombre forests, or to see light break
Through sylvan cloisters, and in spring release
Thy spirit amongst leaves from careful ake,
Spare us our lives for the Green Dryad's sake."

Then Saturn, with a frown :—"Go forth, and fell
Oak for your coffins, and thenceforth lay by
Your axes for the rust, and bid farewell
To all sweet birds, and the blue peeps of sky
Through tangled branches, for ye shall not spy
The next green generation of the tree ;
But hence with the dead leaves, whene'er they fly,—
Which in the bleak air I would rather see,
Than flights of the most tuneful birds that be.

"For I dislike all prime, and verdant pets,
Ivy except, that on the aged wall
Preys with its worm-like roots, and daily frets
The crumbled tower it seems to league withal,
King-like, worn down by its own coronal :—

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Neither in forest haunts love I to won,
Before the golden plumage 'gins to fall,
And leaves the brown bleak limbs with few leaves on,
Or bare—like Nature in her skeleton.

"For then sit I amongst the crooked boughs,
Wooing dull Memory with kindred sighs;
And there in rustling nuptials we espouse,
Smit by the sadness in each other's eyes;—
But Hope must have green bowers and blue skies,
And must be courted with the gauds of Spring;
Whilst Youth leans god-like on her lap, and cries,
'What shall we always do, but love and sing?'—
And Time is reckon'd a discarded thing."

Here in my dream it made me fret to see
How Puck, the antic, all this dreary while
Had blithely jested with calamity,
With mis-timed mirth mocking the doleful style
Of his sad comrades, till it raised my bile
To see him so reflect their grief aside,
Turning their solemn looks to half a smile—
Like a straight stick shown crooked in the tide;—
But soon a novel advocate I spied.

Quoth he—"We teach all natures to fulfil
Their fore-appointed crafts, and instincts meet,—
The bee's sweet alchemy,—the spider's skill,—
The pismire's care to garner up his wheat,—
And rustic masonry to swallows fleet,—
The lapwing's cunning to preserve her nest,—
But most, that lesser pelican, the sweet

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And shrilly ruddock, with its bleeding breast,
Its tender pity of poor babes distrest.

"Sometimes we cast our shapes, and in sleek skins
Delve with the timid mole, that aptly delves
From our example ; so the spider spins,
And eke the silk-worm, pattern'd by ourselves :
Sometimes we travail on the summer shelves
Of early bees, and busy toils commence,
Watch'd of wise men, that know not we are elves,
But gaze and marvel at our stretch of sense,
And praise our human-like intelligence.

"Wherefore, by thy delight in that old tale,
And plaintive dirges the late robins sing,
What time the leaves are scatter'd by the gale,
Mindful of that old forest burying ;—
As thou dost love to watch each tiny thing,
For whom our craft most curiously contrives,
If thou hast caught a bee upon the wing,
To take his honey-bag,—spare us our lives,
And we will pay the ransom in full hives."

"Now by my glass," quoth Time, "ye do offend
In teaching the brown bees that careful lore,
And frugal ants, whose millions would have end,
But they lay up for need a timely store,
And travail with the seasons evermore ;
Whereas Great Mammoth long hath pass'd away,
And none but I can tell what hide he wore ;
Whilst purblind men, the creatures of a day,
In riddling wonder his great bones survey."

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Then came an elf, right beauteous to behold,
Whose coat was like a brooklet that the sun
Hath all embroider'd with its crooked gold,
It was so quaintly wrought and overrun
With spangled traceries,—most meet for one
That was a warden of the pearly streams ;—
And as he stept out of the shadows dun,
His jewels sparkled in the pale moon's gleams,
And shot into the air their pointed beams.

Quoth he,—" We bear the gold and silver keys
Of bubbling springs and fountains, that below
Course thro' the veiny earth,—which when they freeze
Into hard crysolites, we bid to flow,
Creeping like subtle snakes, when, as they go,
We guide their windings to melodious falls,
At whose soft murmurings, so sweet and low,
Poets have tuned their smoothest madrigals,
To sing to ladies in their banquet-halls.

" And when the hot sun with his steadfast heat
Parches the river god,—whose dusty urn
Drips miserly, till soon his crystal feet
Against his pebbly floor wax faint and burn,
And languid fish, unpoised, grow sick and yearn,—
Then scoop we hollows in some sandy nook,
And little channels dig, wherein we turn
The thread-worn rivulet, that all forsook
The Naiad-lily, pining for her brook.

" Wherefore, by thy delight in cool green meads,
With living sapphires daintily inlaid,—

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In all soft songs of waters and their reeds,—
And all reflections in a streamlet made,
Haply of thy own love, that, disarray'd,
Kills the fair lily with a livelier white,—
By silver trouts upspringing from green shade,
And winking stars reduplicate at night,
Spare us, poor ministers to such delight."

Howbeit his pleading and his gentle looks
Moved not the spiteful Shade :—Quoth he," Your taste
Shoots wide of mine, for I despise the brooks
And slavish rivulets that run to waste
In noontide sweats, or, like poor vassals, haste
To swell the vast dominion of the sea,
In whose great presence I am held disgraced,
And neighbour'd with a king that rivals me
In ancient might and hoary majesty.

" Whereas I ruled in Chaos, and still keep
The awful secrets of that ancient dearth,
Before the briny fountains of the deep
Brimm'd up the hollow cavities of earth ;—
I saw each trickling Sea-God at his birth,
Each pearly Naiad with her oozy locks,
And infant Titans of enormous girth,
Whose huge young feet yet stumbled on the rocks,
Stunning the early world with frequent shocks.

" Where now is Titan, with his cumbrous brood,
That scared the world ?—By this sharp scythe they fell,
And half the sky was curdled with their blood :
So have all primal giants sigh'd farewell.
No wardens now by sedgy fountains dwell,

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Nor pearly Naiads. All their days are done
That strove with Time, untimely, to excel ;
Wherefore I razed their progenies, and none
But my great shadow intercepts the sun ! "

Then saith the timid Fay—" Oh, mighty Time !
Well hast thou wrought the cruel Titans' fall,
For they were stain'd with many a bloody crime :
Great giants work great wrongs,—but we are small,
For love goes lowly ;—but Oppression 's tall,
And with surpassing strides goes foremost still
Where love indeed can hardly reach at all ;
Like a poor dwarf o'erburthen'd with good will,
That labours to efface the tracks of ill,—

" Man even strives with Man, but we eschew
The guilty feud, and all fierce strifes abhor ;
Nay, we are gentle as the sweet heaven's dew
Beside the red and horrid drops of war,
Weeping the cruel hates men battle for,
Which worldly bosoms nourish in our spite :
For in the gentle breast we ne'er withdraw,
But only when all love hath taken flight,
And youth's warm gracious heart is harden'd quite.

" So are our gentle natures intertwined
With sweet humanities, and closely knit
In kindly sympathy with human kind.
Witness how we befriend, with elfin wit,
All hopeless maids and lovers,—nor omit
Magical succours unto hearts forlorn :—
We charm man's life, and do not perish it ;—

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So judge us by the helps we showed this morn,
To one who held his wretched days in scorn.

"'Twas nigh sweet Amwell ;—for the Queen had task'd
Our skill to-day amidst the silver Lea,
Whereon the noontide sun had not yet bask'd ;
Wherefore some patient man we thought to see,
Planted in moss-grown rushes to the knee,
Beside the cloudy margin cold and dim ;—
Howbeit no patient fisherman was he
That cast his sudden shadow from the brim,
Making us leave our toils to gaze on him.

"His face was ashy pale, and leaden care
Had sunk the levell'd arches of his brow,
Once bridges, for his joyous thoughts to fare
Over those melancholy springs and slow,
That from his piteous eyes began to flow,
And fell anon into the chilly stream ;
Which, as his mimick'd image show'd below,
Wrinkled his face with many a needless seam,
Making grief sadder in its own esteem.

"And lo ! upon the air we saw him stretch
His passionate arms ; and, in a wayward strain,
He 'gan to elegize that fellow wretch
That with mute gestures answer'd him again,
Saying, 'Poor slave, how long wilt thou remain
Life's sad weak captive in a prison strong,
Hoping with tears to rust away thy chain,
In bitter servitude to worldly wrong ?—
Thou wear'st that mortal livery too long !'

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"This, with more spleenful speeches and some tears,
When he had spent upon the imaged wave,
Speedily I convened my elfin peers
Under the lily-cups, that we might save
This woeful mortal from a wilful grave
By shrewd diversions of his mind's regret,
Seeing he was mere Melancholy's slave,
That sank wherever a dark cloud he met,
And straight was tangled in her secret net.

"Therefore, as still he watch'd the water's flow,
Daintily we transform'd, and with bright fins
Came glancing through the gloom ; some from below
Rose like dim fancies when a dream begins,
Snatching the light upon their purple skins ;
Then under the broad leaves made slow retire :
One like a golden galley bravely wins
Its radiant course,—another glows like fire,—
Making that wayward man our pranks admire.

"And so he banish'd thought, and quite forgot
All contemplation of that wretched face ;
And so we wiled him from that lonely spot
Along the river's brink ; till, by heaven's grace,
He met a gentle haunter of the place,
Full of sweet wisdom gather'd from the brooks,
Who there discuss'd his melancholy case
With wholesome texts learn'd from kind nature's books,
Meanwhile he newly trimm'd his lines and hooks."

Herewith the Fairy ceased. Quoth Ariel now—
"Let me remember how I saved a man,

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Whose fatal noose was fasten'd on a bough,
Intended to abridge his sad life's span ;
For haply I was by when he began
His stern soliloquy in life's dispraise,
And overheard his melancholy plan,
How he had made a vow to end his days,
And therefore follow'd him in all his ways,

"Through brake and tangled copse, for much he loathed
All populous haunts, and roam'd in forests rude,
To hide himself from man. But I had clothed
My delicate limbs with plumes, and still pursued,
Where only foxes and wild cats intrude,
Till we were come beside an ancient tree
Late blasted by a storm. Here he renew'd
His loud complaints,—choosing that spot to be
The scene of his last horrid tragedy.

"It was a wild and melancholy glen,
Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,
Push'd through the rotten sod for fear's remark ;
A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,
Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,
Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,
With many blasted oaks moss-grown and grey.

"But here upon his final desperate clause
Suddenly I pronounced so sweet a strain,
Like a pang'd nightingale, it made him pause,
Till half the frenzy of his grief was slain,
The sad remainder oozing from his brain

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In timely ecstasies of healing tears,
Which through his ardent eyes began to drain ;—
Meanwhile the deadly Fates unclosed their shears :—
So pity me and all my fated peers ! "

.

Thus Ariel ended, and was some time hush'd :
When with the hoary shape a fresh tongue pleads,
And red as rose the gentle Fairy blush'd
To read the records of her own good deeds :—
" It chanced," quoth she, " in seeking through the meads
For honied cowslips, sweetest in the morn,
Whilst yet the buds were hung with dewy beads,
And Echo answer'd to the huntsman's horn,
We found a babe left in the swarths forlorn.

" A little, sorrowful, deserted thing,
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting ;
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring ;
And too soon banish'd from a mother's petting,
To churlish nurture and the wide world's fretting,
For alien pity and unnatural care ;—
Alas ! to see how the cold dew kept wetting
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

" His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,
Lay half-way open like a rose-lipp'd shell ;
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell,
But quickly roll'd themselves to pearls, and fell,
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,
Or haply wander'd to the dimpled well,

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Which love beside his mouth had sweetly plann'd,
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

"Pity it was to see those frequent tears
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes;
There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,
As any mother's heart might leap to prize;
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies
Soften'd betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild;—
Just touch'd with thought, and yet not over wise,
They show'd the gentle spirit of a child,
Not yet by care or any craft defiled.

"Pity it was to see the ardent sun
Scorching his helpless limbs—it shone so warm;
For kindly shade or shelter he had none,
Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or storm.
Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform
Like grasshoppers, and then, with shrilly cries,
All round the infant noisily we swarm,
Haply some passing rustic to advise—
Whilst providential Heaven our care espies,

"And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,
Who, wond'ring at our loud unusual note,
Strays curiously aside, and so doth find
The orphan child laid in the grass remote,
And laps the foundling in his russet coat,
Who thence was nurtured in his kindly cot:—
But how he prosper'd let proud London quote,
How wise, how rich, and how renown'd he got,
And chief of all her citizens, I wot.

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"Witness his goodly vessels on the Thames,
Whose holds were fraught with costly merchandise,—
Jewels from Ind, and pearls for courtly dames,
And gorgeous silks that Samarcand supplies:
Witness that Royal Bourse he bade arise,
The mart of merchants from the East and West;
Whose slender summit, pointing to the skies,
Still bears, in token of his grateful breast,
The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest—

"The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest,
That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,
Makes merry chirpings in its grassy nest,
Inspirited with dew to leap and sing:—
So let us also live, eternal King!
Partakers of the green and pleasant earth:—
Pity it is to slay the meanest thing,
That, like a mote, shines in the smile of mirth:—
Enough there is of joy's decrease and dearth!

"Enough of pleasure, and delight, and beauty,
Perish'd and gone, and hasting to decay;—
Enough to sadden even thee, whose duty
Or spite it is to havoc and to slay:
Too many a lovely race razed quite away,
Hath left large gaps in life and human loving:—
Here then begin thy cruel war to stay,
And spare fresh sighs, and tears, and groans, reproving
Thy desolating hand for our removing."

Now here I heard a shrill and sudden cry,
And, looking up, I saw the antic Puck

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Grappling with Time, who clutch'd him like a fly,
Victim of his own sport,—the jester's luck!
He, whilst his fellows grieved, poor wight, had stuck
His freakish gauds upon the Ancient's brow,
And now his ear, and now his beard, would pluck;
Whereas the angry churl had snatch'd him now,
Crying, "Thou impish mischief, who art thou?"

"Alas!" quoth Puck, "a little random elf,
Born in the sport of nature, like a weed,
For simple sweet enjoyment of myself,
But for no other purpose, worth, or need;
And yet withal of a most happy breed;
And there is Robin Goodfellow besides,
My partner dear in many a prankish deed
To make dame Laughter hold her jolly sides,
Like merry mummers twain on holy tides.

"'Tis we that bob the angler's idle cork,
Till e'en the patient man breathes half a curse;
We steal the morsel from the gossip's fork,
And curdling looks with secret straws disperse,
Or stop the sneezing chanter at mid verse:
And when an infant's beauty prospers ill,
We change, some mothers say, the child at nurse:
But any graver purpose to fulfil,
We have not wit enough, and scarce the will.

"We never let the canker melancholy
To gather on our faces like a rust,
But gloss our features with some change of folly,
Taking life's fabled miseries on trust,
But only sorrowing when sorrow must:

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We ruminate no sage's solemn cud,
But own ourselves a pinch of lively dust
To frisk upon a wind,—whereas the flood
Of tears would turn us into heavy mud.

"Beshrew those sad interpreters of nature,
Who gloze her lively universal law,
As if she had not form'd our cheerful feature
To be so tickled with the slightest straw!
So let them vex their mumping mouths, and drew
The corners downward, like a wat'ry moon,
And deal in gusty sighs and rainy flaw—
We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
Or nurse November on the lap of June.

"For ours are winging sprites, like any bird,
That shun all stagnant settlements of grief;
And even in our rest our hearts are stirr'd,
Like insects settled on a dancing leaf:—
This is our small philosophy in brief,
Which thus to teach hath set me all agape:
But dost thou relish it? O hoary chief!
Unclasp thy crooked fingers from my nape,
And I will show thee many a pleasant scrape."

Then Saturn thus:—shaking his crooked blade
O'erhead, which made aloft a lightning flash
In all the fairies' eyes, dismally fray'd!
His ensuing voice came like the thunder crash—
Meanwhile the bolt shatters some pine or ash—
"Thou feeble, wanton, foolish, fickle thing!
Whom nought can frighten, sadden, or abash,—

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To hope my solemn countenance to wring
To idiot smiles!—but I will prune thy wing!

"Lo! this most awful handle of my scythe
Stood once a May-pole, with a flowery crown,
Which rustics danced around, and maidens blithe,
To wanton pipings;—but I pluck'd it down,
And robed the May Queen in a churchyard gown,
Turning her buds to rosemary and rue;
And all their merry minstrelsy did drown,
And laid each lusty leaper in the dew;—
So thou shalt fare—and every jovial crew!"

Here he lets go the struggling imp, to clutch
His mortal engine with each grisly hand,
Which frights the elfin progeny so much,
They huddle in a heap, and trembling stand
All round Titania, like the queen bee's band,
With sighs and tears and very shrieks of woe!—
Meanwhile, some moving argument I plann'd,
To make the stern Shade merciful,—when lo!
He drops his fatal scythe without a blow!

For, just at need, a timely Apparition
Steps in between, to bear the awful brunt;
Making him change his horrible position,
To marvel at this comer, brave and blunt,
That dares Time's irresistible affront,
Whose strokes have scarr'd even the gods of old;—
Whereas this seem'd a mortal, at mere hunt
For coneys, lighted by the moonshine cold,
Or stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold.

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Who, turning to the small assembled fays,
Doffs to the lily queen his courteous cap,
And holds her beauty for a while in gaze,
With bright eyes kindling at this pleasant hap;
And thence upon the fair moon's silver map,
As if in question of this magic chance,
Laid like a dream upon the green earth's lap;
And then upon old Saturn turns askance,
Exclaiming, with a glad and kindly glance:—

"Oh, these be Fancy's revellers by night!
Stealthy companions of the downy moth—
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;—
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth;—
The gnat with shrilly trump is their convener,
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

"These be the pretty genii of the flow'rs,
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew—
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,
King Oberon, and all his merry crew,
The darling puppets of Romance's view;
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves we call them,
Famous for patronage of lovers true;—
No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,
So do not thus with crabbed frowns appal them."

O what a cry was Saturn's then!—it made
The fairies quake. "What care I for their pranks,

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However they may lovers choose to aid,
Or dance their roundelays on flow'ry banks?—
Long must they dance before they earn my thanks,—
So step aside, to some far safer spot,
Whilst with my hungry scythe I mow their ranks,
And leave them in the sun, like weeds, to rot,
And with the next day's sun to be forgot."

Anon, he raised afresh his weapon keen;
But still the gracious Shade disarm'd his aim,
Stepping with brave alacrity between,
And made his sere arm powerless and tame.
His be perpetual glory, for the shame
Of hoary Saturn in that grand defeat!—
But I must tell how here Titania came
With all her kneeling lieges, to entreat
His kindly succour, in sad tones, but sweet.

Saying, "Thou seest a wretched queen before thee,
The fading power of a failing land,
Who for a kingdom kneeleth to implore thee,
Now menaced by this tyrant's spoiling hand;
No one but thee can hopefully withstand
That crooked blade, he longeth so to lift.
I pray thee blind him with his own vile sand,
Which only times all ruins by its drift,
Or prune his eagle wings that are so swift.

"Or take him by that sole and grizzled tuft,
That hangs upon his bald and barren crown;
And we will sing to see him so rebuff'd,
And lend our little mights to pull him down,
And make brave sport of his malicious frown,

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For all his boastful mockery o'er men.
For thou wast born I know for this renown,
By my most magical and inward ken,
That readeth ev'n at Fate's forestalling pen.

"Nay, by the golden lustre of thine eye,
And by thy brow's most fair and ample span,
Thought's glorious palace, framed for fancies high,
And by thy cheek thus passionately wan,
I know the signs of an immortal man,—
Nature's chief darling, and illustrious mate,
Destined to foil old Death's oblivious plan,
And shine untarnish'd by the fogs of Fate,
Time's famous rival till the final date!

"O shield us then from this usurping Time,
And we will visit thee in moonlight dreams;
And teach thee tunes, to wed unto thy rhyme,
And dance about thee in all midnight gleams,
Giving thee glimpses of our magic schemes,
Such as no mortal's eye hath ever seen;
And, for thy love to us in our extremes,
Will ever keep thy chaplet fresh and green,
Such as no poet's wreath hath ever been!

"And we'll distill thee aromatic dews,
To charm thy sense, when there shall be no flow'rs;
And flavour'd syrups in thy drinks infuse,
And teach the nightingale to haunt thy bow'rs,
And with our games divert thy weariest hours,
With all that elfin wits can e'er devise.
And, this churl dead, there'll be no hasting hours

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To rob thee of thy joys, as now joy flies :"—
Here she was stopp'd by Saturn's furious cries.

Whom, therefore, the kind Shade rebukes anew,
Saying, "Thou haggard Sin, go forth, and scoop
Thy hollow coffin in some churchyard yew,
Or make th' autumnal flow'rs turn pale, and droop ;
Or fell the bearded corn, till gleaners stoop
Under fat sheaves,—or blast the piny grove ;—
But here thou shalt not harm this pretty group,
Whose lives are not so frail and feebly wove,
But leased on Nature's loveliness and love.

"'Tis these that free the small entangled fly,
Caught in the venom'd spider's crafty snare ;—
These be the petty surgeons that apply
The healing balsams to the wounded hare,
Bedded in bloody fern, no creature's care !—
These be providers for the orphan brood,
Whose tender mother hath been slain in air,
Quitting with gaping bill her darlings' food,
Hard by the verge of her domestic wood.

"'Tis these befriend the timid trembling stag,
When, with a bursting heart beset with fears,
He feels his saving speed begin to flag ;
For then they quench the fatal taint with tears,
And prompt fresh shifts in his alarum'd ears,
So piteously they view all bloody morts ;
Or if the gunner, with his arm, appears,
Like noisy pyes and jays, with harsh reports,
They warn the wild fowl of his deadly sports.

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"For these are kindly ministers of nature,
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress;
Pretty they be, and very small of stature,—
For mercy still consorts with littleness;—
Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong;—
So do these charitable dwarfs redress
The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
To whom great malice and great might belong.

"Likewise to them are Poets much beholden
For secret favours in the midnight glooms;
Brave Spenser quaff'd out of their goblets golden,
And saw their tables spread of prompt mushrooms,
And heard their horns of honeysuckle blooms
Sounding upon the air most soothing soft,
Like humming bees busy about the brooms,—
And glanced this fair queen's witchery full oft,
And in her magic wain soar'd far aloft.

"Nay I myself, though mortal, once was nursed
By fairy gossips, friendly at my birth,
And in my childish ear glib Mab rehearsed
Her breezy travels round our planet's girth,
Telling me wonders of the moon and earth;
My gramarye at her grave lap I conn'd,
Where Puck hath been convened to make me mirth;
I have had from Queen Titania tokens fond,
And toy'd with Oberon's permitted wand.

"With figs and plums and Persian dates they fed me,
And delicate cates after my sunset meal,

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And took me by my childish hand, and led me
By craggy rocks crested with keeps of steel,
Whose awful bases deep dark woods conceal,
Staining some dead lake with their verdant dyes:
And when the West sparkled at Phœbus' wheel,
With fairy euphrasy they purged mine eyes,
To let me see their cities in the skies.

"'Twas they first school'd my young imagination
To take its flights like any new-fledged bird,
And show'd the span of winged meditation
Stretch'd wider than things grossly seen or heard.
With sweet swift Ariel how I soar'd and stirr'd
The fragrant blooms of spiritual bow'rs!
'Twas they endear'd what I have still preferr'd,
Nature's blest attributes and balmy pow'rs,
Her hills and vales and brooks, sweet birds and flow'rs!

"Wherefore with all true loyalty and duty
Will I regard them in my honouring rhyme,
With love for love, and homages to beauty,
And magic thoughts gather'd in night's cool clime,
With studious verse trancing the dragon Time,
Strong as old Merlin's necromantic spells;
So these dear monarchs of the summer's prime
Shall live unstartled by his dreadful yells,
Till shrill larks warn them to their flowery cells."

Look how a poison'd man turns livid black,
Drugg'd with a cup of deadly hellebore,
That sets his horrid features all at rack,—
So seem'd these words into the ear to pour
Of ghastly Saturn, answering with a roar

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Of mortal pain and spite and utmost rage,
Wherewith his grisly arm he raised once more,
And bade the cluster'd sinews all engage,
As if at one fell stroke to wreck an age.

Whereas the blade flash'd on the dinted ground,
Down through his steadfast foe, yet made no scar
On that immortal Shade, or death-like wound;
But Time was long benumb'd, and stood a-jar,
And then with baffled rage took flight afar,
To weep his hurt in some Cimmerian gloom,
Or meaner fames (like mine) to mock and mar,
Or sharp his scythe for royal strokes of doom,
Whetting its edge on some old Cæsar's tomb.

Howbeit he vanish'd in the forest shade,
Distantly heard as if some grumbling pard,
And, like Nymph Echo, to a sound decay'd;—
Meanwhile the fays cluster'd the gracious Bard,
The darling centre of their dear regard:
Besides of sundry dances on the green,
Never was mortal man so brightly starr'd,
Or won such pretty homages, I ween.
"Nod to him, Elves!" cries the melodious queen.

"Nod to him, Elves, and flutter round about him,
And quite enclose him with your pretty crowd,
And touch him lovingly, for that, without him,
The silk-worm now had spun our dreary shroud;—
But he hath all dispersed Death's tearful cloud,
And Time's dread effigy scared quite away:
Bow to him then, as though to me ye bow'd,

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And his dear wishes prosper and obey
Wherever love and wit can find a way!

"'Noint him with fairy dews of magic savours,
Shaken from orient buds still pearly wet,
Roses and spicy pinks,—and, of all favours,
Plant in his walks the purple violet,
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine
And honeysuckles sweet,—nor yet forget
Some pastoral flowery chaplets to entwine,
To vie the thoughts about his brow benign!

"Let no wild things astonish him or fear him,
But tell them all how mild he is of heart,
Till e'en the timid hares go frankly near him,
And eke the dappled does, yet never start;
Nor shall their fawns into the thickets dart,
Nor wrens forsake their nests among the leaves,
Nor speckled thrushes flutter far apart;—
But bid the sacred swallow haunt his eaves,
To guard his roof from lighting and from thieves.

"Or when he goes the nimble squirrel's visitor,
Let the brown hermit bring his hoarded nuts,
For, tell him, this is Nature's kind Inquisitor,—
Though man keeps cautious doors that conscience shuts,
For conscious wrong all curious quest rebuts,—
Nor yet shall bees uncase their jealous stings,
However he may watch their straw-built huts;—
So let him learn the crafts of all small things,
Which he will hint most aptly when he sings."

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Here she leaves off, and with a graceful hand
Waves thrice three splendid circles round his head ;
Which, though deserted by the radiant wand,
Wears still the glory which her waving shed,
Such as erst crown'd the old Apostle's head,
To show the thoughts, there harbour'd, were divine,
And on immortal contemplations fed :—
Goodly it was to see that glory shine
Around a brow so lofty and benign !—

Goodly it was to see the elfin brood
Contend for kisses of his gentle hand,
That had their mortal enemy withstood,
And stay'd their lives, fast ebbing with the sand.
Long while this strife engaged the pretty band ;
But now bold Chanticleer, from farm to farm,
Challenged the dawn creeping o'er eastern land,
And well the fairies knew that shrill alarm,
Which sounds the knell of every elfish charm.

And soon the rolling mist, that 'gan arise
From plashy mead and undiscover'd stream,
Earth's morning incense to the early skies,
Crept o'er the failing landscape of my dream.
Soon faded then the Phantom of my theme—
A shapeless shade, that fancy disavow'd,
And shrank to nothing in the mist extreme.
Then flew Titania,—and her little crowd,
Like flocking linnets, vanish'd in a cloud.

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HERO AND LEANDER.

TO S. T. COLERIDGE.

It is not with a hope my feeble praise
Can add one moment's honour to thy own,
That with thy mighty name I grace these lays;
I seek to glorify myself alone:
For that some precious favour thou hast shown
To my endeavour in a by-gone time,
And by this token I would have it known
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme!
It is my dear ambition now to climb
Still higher in thy thought,—if my bold pen
May thrust on contemplations more sublime.—
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when
We gain applauses from the great in name,
We seem to be partakers of *their* fame.

Oh Bards of old! what sorrows have ye sung,
And tragic stories, chronicled in stone,—
Sad Philomel restored her ravish'd tongue,
And transform'd Niobe in dumbness shown;
Sweet Sappho on her love for ever calls,
And Hero on the drown'd Leander falls!

Was it that spectacles of sadder plights
Should make our blisses relish the more high?
Then all fair dames, and maidens, and true knights,
Whose flourish'd fortunes prosper in Love's eye,
Weep here, unto a tale of ancient grief,
Traced from the course of an old bas-relief.

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There stands Abydos!—here is Sestos' steep,
Hard by the gusty margin of the sea,
Where sprinkling waves continually do leap;
And that is where those famous lovers be,
A builded gloom shot up into the grey,
As if the first tall watch-tow'r of the day.

Lo! how the lark soars upward and is gone;
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,
His voice is heard, though body there is none,
And rain-like music scatters from on high;
But Love would follow with a falcon spite,
To pluck the minstrel from his dewy height.

For Love hath framed a ditty of regrets,
Tuned to the hollow sobbings on the shore,
A vexing sense, that with like music frets,
And chimes this dismal burthen o'er and o'er,
Saying, Leander's joys are past and spent,
Like stars extinguish'd in the firmament.

For ere the golden crevices of morn
Let in those regal luxuries of light,
Which all the variable east adorn,
And hang rich fringes on the skirts of night,
Leander, weaning from sweet Hero's side,
Must leave a widow where he found a bride.

Hark! how the billows beat upon the sand!
Like pawing steeds impatient of delay;
Meanwhile their rider, ling'ring on the land,
Dallies with love, and holds farewell at bay
A too short span.—How tedious slow is grief!
But parting renders time both sad and brief.

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"Alas!" he sigh'd, "that this first glimpsing light,
Which makes the wide world tenderly appear,
Should be the burning signal for my flight,
From all the world's best image, which is here;
Whose very shadow, in my fond compare,
Shines far more bright than Beauty's self elsewhere."

Their cheeks are white as blossoms of the dark,
Whose leaves close up and show the outward pale,
And those fair mirrors where their joys did spark,
All dim and tarnish'd with a dreary veil,
No more to kindle till the night's return,
Like stars replenish'd at Joy's golden urn.

Ev'n thus they creep into the spectral grey,
That cramps the landscape in its narrow brim,
As when two shadows by old Lethe stray,
He clasping her, and she entwining him;
Like trees, wind-parted, that embrace anon,—
True love so often goes before 'tis gone.

For what rich merchant but will pause in fear,
To trust his wealth to the unsafe abyss?
So Hero dotes upon her treasure here,
And sums the loss with many an anxious kiss,
Whilst her fond eyes grow dizzy in her head,
Fear aggravating fear with shows of dread.

She thinks how many have been sunk and drown'd,
And spies their snow-white bones below the deep,
Then calls huge congregated monsters round,
And plants a rock wherever he would leap;
Anon she dwells on a fantastic dream,
Which she interprets of that fatal stream.

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Saying, "That honied fly I saw was thee,
Which lighted on a water-lily's cup,
When, lo! the flower, enamour'd of my bee,
Closed on him suddenly and lock'd him up,
And he was smother'd in her drenching dew;
Therefore this day thy drowning I shall rue."

But next, remembering her virgin fame,
She clips him in her arms and bids him go,
But seeing him break loose, repents her shame,
And plucks him back upon her bosom's snow;
And tears unfix her iced resolve again,
As steadfast frosts are thaw'd by show'rs of rain.

O for a type of parting!—Love to love
Is like the fond attraction of two spheres,
Which needs a godlike effort to remove,
And then sink down their sunny atmospheres,
In rain and darkness on each ruin'd heart,
Nor yet their melodies will sound apart.

So brave Leander sunders from his bride;
The wrenching pang disparts his soul in twain;
Half stays with her, half goes towards the tide,—
And life must ache, until they join again.
Now wouldst thou know the wideness of the wound?—
Mete every step he takes upon the ground.

And for the agony and bosom-throe,
Let it be measured by the wide vast air,
For that is infinite, and so is woe,
Since parted lovers breathe it everywhere.
Look how it heaves Leander's labouring chest,
Panting, at poise, upon a rocky crest!

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From which he leaps into the scooping brine,
That shocks his bosom with a double chill;
Because, all hours, till the slow sun's decline,
That cold divorcer will be twixt them still;
Wherefore he likens it to Styx' foul tide,
Where life grows death upon the other side.

Then sadly he confronts his two-fold toil
Against rude waves and an unwilling mind,
Wishing, alas! with the stout rower's toil,
That like a rower he might gaze behind,
And watch that lonely statue he hath left,
On her bleak summit, weeping and bereft!

Yet turning oft, he sees her troubled locks
Pursue him still the furthest that they may;
Her marble arms that overstretch the rocks,
And her pale passion'd hands that seem to pray
In dumb petition to the gods above:
Love prays devoutly when it prays for love!

Then with deep sighs he blows away the wave,
That hangs superfluous tears upon his cheek,
And bans his labour like a hopeless slave,
That, chain'd in hostile galley, faint and weak,
Plies on despairing through the restless foam,
Thoughtful of his lost love, and far-off home.

The drowsy mist before him chill and dank,
Like a dull lethargy o'erleans the sea,
When he rows on against the utter blank,
Steering as if to dim eternity,—
Like Love's frail ghost departing with the dawn;
A failing shadow in the twilight drawn.

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And soon is gone,—or nothing but a faint
And failing image in the eye of thought,
That mocks his model with an after-paint,
And stains an atom like the shape she sought;
Then with her earnest vows she hopes to fee
The old and hoary majesty of sea.

"O King of waves, and brother of high Jove,
Preserve my sumless venture there afloat;
A woman's heart, and its whole wealth of love,
Are all embark'd upon that little boat;
Nay!—but two loves, two lives, a double fate,—
A perilous voyage for so dear a freight.

"If impious mariners be stain'd with crime,
Shake not in awful rage thy hoary locks;
Lay by thy storms until another time,
Lest my frail bark be dash'd against the rocks:
O rather smooth thy deeps, that he may fly
Like Love himself, upon a seeming sky!

"Let all thy herded monsters sleep beneath,
Nor gore him with crook'd tusks, or wreathëd horns;
Let no fierce sharks destroy him with their teeth,
Nor spine-fish wound him with their venom'd thorns;
But if he faint, and timely succour lack,
Let ruthful dolphins rest him on their back.

"Let no false dimpling whirlpools suck him in,
Nor slimy quicksands smother his sweet breath;
Let no jagg'd coral tear his tender skin,
Nor mountain billows bury him in death;"—
And with that thought forestalling her own fears,
She drowned his painted image in her tears.

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By this, the climbing Sun, with rest repair'd,
Look'd through the gold embrasures of the sky,
And ask'd the drowsy world how she had fared ;—
The drowsy world shone brighten'd in reply ;
And smiling off her fogs, his slanting beam
Spied young Leander in the middle stream.

His face was pallid, but the hectic morn
Had hung a lying crimson on his cheeks,
And slanderous sparkles in his eyes forlorn ;
So death lies ambush'd in consumptive streaks ;
But inward grief was writhing o'er its task,
As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.

He thought of Hero and the lost delight,
Her last embracings, and the space between ;
He thought of Hero and the future night,
Her speechless rapture and enamour'd mien,
When, lo ! before him, scarce two galleys' space,
His thoughts confronted with another face !

Her aspect 's like a moon, divinely fair,
But makes the midnight darker that it lies on ;
'Tis so beclouded with her coal-black hair
That densely skirts her luminous horizon,
Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,
As marble lies advantaged upon jet.

She 's all too bright, too argent, and too pale,
To be a woman ;—but a woman's double,
Reflected on the wave so faint and frail,
She tops the billows like an air-blown bubble ;
Or dim creation of a morning dream,
Fair as the wave-bleach'd lily of the stream.

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The very rumour strikes his seeing dead :
Great beauty like great fear first stuns the sense :
He knows not if her lips be blue or red,
Nor of her eyes can give true evidence :
Like murder's witness swooning in the court,
His sight falls senseless by its own report.

Anon resuming, it declares her eyes
Are tint with azure, like two crystal wells
That drink the blue complexion of the skies,
Or pearls outpeeping from their silvery shells :
Her polish'd brow, it is an ample plain,
To lodge vast contemplations of the main.

Her lips might corals seem, but corals near,
Stray through her hair like blossoms on a bower ;
And o'er the weaker red still domineer,
And make it pale by tribute to more power ;
Her rounded cheeks are of still paler hue,
Touch'd by the bloom of water, tender blue.

Thus he beholds her rocking on the water,
Under the glossy umbrage of her hair,
Like pearly Amphitrite's fairest daughter,
Naiad, or Nereid, or Syren fair,
Mislodging music in her pitiless breast,
A nightingale within a falcon's nest.

They say there be such maidens in the deep,
Charming poor mariners, that all too near
By mortal lullabies fall dead asleep,
As drowsy men are poison'd through the ear ;
Therefore Leander's fears begin to urge,
This snowy swan is come to sing his dirge.

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At which he falls into a deadly chill,
And strains his eyes upon her lips apart;
Fearing each breath to feel that prelude shrill,
Pierce through his marrow, like a breath-blown dart
Shot sudden from an Indian's hollow cane,
With mortal venom fraught, and fiery pain.

Here then, poor wretch, how he begins to crowd
A thousand thoughts within a pulse's space;
There seem'd so brief a pause of life allow'd,
His mind stretch'd universal, to embrace
The whole wide world, in an extreme farewell,—
A moment's musing—but an age to tell.

For there stood Hero, widow'd at a glance,
The foreseen sum of many a tedious fact,
Pale cheeks, dim eyes, and wither'd countenance,
A wasted ruin that no wasting lack'd;
Time's tragic consequents ere time began,
A world of sorrow in a tear-drop's span.

A moment's thinking is an hour in words,—
An hour of words is little for some woes;
Too little breathing a long life affords
For love to paint itself by perfect shows;
Then let his love and grief unwrong'd lie dumb,
Whilst Fear, and that it fears, together come.

As when the crew, hard by some jutty cape,
Struck pale and panick'd by the billows' roar,
Lay by all timely measures of escape,
And let their bark go driving on the shore;
So fray'd Leander, drifting to his wreck,
Gazing on Scylla, falls upon her neck.

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For he hath all forgot the swimmer's art,
The rower's cunning, and the pilot's skill,
Letting his arms fall down in languid part,
Sway'd by the waves, and nothing by his will,
Till soon he jars against that glossy skin,
Solid like glass, though seemingly as thin.

Lo! how she startles at the warning shock,
And straightway girds him to her radiant breast,
More like his safe smooth harbour than his rock;
Poor wretch, he is so faint and toil-opprest,
He cannot loose him from his grappling foe,
Whether for love or hate, she lets not go.

His eyes are blinded with the sleety brine,
His ears are deafen'd with the wildering noise;
He asks the purpose of her fell design,
But foamy waves choke up his struggling voice;
Under the ponderous sea his body dips,
And Hero's name dies bubbling on his lips.

Look how a man is lower'd to his grave,—
A yearning hollow in the green earth's lap;
So he is sunk into the yawning wave,—
The plunging sea fills up the watery gap;
Anon he is all gone, and nothing seen
But likeness of green turf and hillocks green.

And where he swam, the constant sun lies sleeping,
Over the verdant plain that makes his bed;
And all the noisy waves go freshly leaping,
Like gamesome boys over the churchyard dead;
The light in vain keeps looking for his face:—
Now screaming sea-fowl settle in his place.

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Yet weep and watch for him, though all in vain!
Ye moaning billows, seek him as ye wander!
Ye gazing sunbeams, look for him again!
Ye winds, grow hoarse with asking for Leander!
Ye did but spare him for more cruel rape,
Sea-storm and ruin in a female shape!

She says 'tis love hath bribed her to this deed,
The glancing of his eyes did so bewitch her.
O bootless theft! unprofitable meed!
Love's treasury is sack'd, but she no richer;
The sparkles of his eyes are cold and dead,
And all his golden looks are turn'd to lead!

She holds the casket, but her simple hand
Hath spill'd its dearest jewel by the way;
She hath life's empty garment at command,
But her own death lies covert in the prey;
As if a thief should steal a tainted vest,
Some dead man's spoil, and sicken of his pest.

Now she compels him to her deeps below,
Hiding his face beneath her plenteous hair,
Which jealously she shakes all round her brow,
For dread of envy, though no eyes are there
But seals', and all brute tenants' of the deep,
Which heedless through the wave their journeys keep.

Down and still downward through the dusky green
She bore him, murmuring with joyous haste
In too rash ignorance, as he had been
Born to the texture of that watery waste;
That which she breathed and sigh'd, the emerald wave!
How could her pleasant home become his grave?

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Down and still downward through the dusky green
She bore her treasure, with a face too nigh
To mark how life was alter'd in its mien,
Or how the light grew torpid in his eye,
Or how his pearly breath, unprison'd there,
Flew up to join the universal air.

She could not miss the throbbings of his heart,
Whilst her own pulse so wanton'd in its joy;
She could not guess he struggled to depart,
And when he strove no more, the hapless boy!
She read his mortal stillness for content,
Feeling no fear where only love was meant.

Soon she alights upon her ocean-floor,
And straight unyokes her arms from her fair prize;
Then on his lovely face begins to pore,
As if to glut her soul;—her hungry eyes
Have grown so jealous of her arms' delight;
It seems she hath no other sense but sight.

But O sad marvel! O most bitter strange!
What dismal magic makes his cheek so pale?
Why will he not embrace,—why not exchange
Her kindly kisses;—wherefore not exhale
Some odorous message from life's ruby gates,
Where she his first sweet embassy awaits?

Her eyes, poor watchers, fix'd upon his looks,
Are grappled with a wonder near to grief,
As one, who pores on undecipher'd books,
Strains vain surmise, and dodges with belief;
So she keeps gazing with a mazy thought,
Framing a thousand doubts that end in nought.

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Too stern inscription for a page so young,
The dark translation of his look was death!
But death was written in an alien tongue,
And learning was not by to give it breath;
So one deep woe sleeps buried in its seal,
Which Time, untimely, hasteth to reveal.

Meanwhile she sits unconscious of her hap,
Nursing Death's marble effigy, which there
With heavy head lies pillow'd in her lap,
And elbows all unhinged;—his sleeking hair
Creeps o'er her knees, and settles where his hand
Leans with lax fingers crook'd against the sand;

And there lies spread in many an oozy trail,
Like glossy weeds hung from a chalky base,
That shows no whiter than his brow is pale;
So soon the wintry death had bleach'd his face
Into cold marble,—with blue chilly shades,
Showing wherein the freezy blood pervades.

And o'er his steadfast cheek a furrow'd pain
Hath set, and stiffen'd, like a storm in ice,
Showing by drooping lines the deadly strain
Of mortal anguish;—yet you might gaze twice
Ere Death it seem'd, and not his cousin, Sleep,
That through those creviced lids did underpeep.

But all that tender bloom about his eyes,
Is Death's own violets, which his utmost rite
It is to scatter when the red rose dies;
For blue is chilly, and akin to white:
Also he leaves some tinges on his lips,
Which he hath kiss'd with such cold frosty nips.

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"Surely," quoth she, "he sleeps, the senseless thing,
Oppress'd and faint with toiling in the stream!"
Therefore she will not mar his rest, but sing
So low, her tune shall mingle with his dream;
Meanwhile, her lily fingers tasks to twine
His uncrispt locks uncurling in the brine.

"O lovely boy!"—thus she attuned her voice,—
"Welcome, thrice welcome, to a sea-maid's home,
My love-mate thou shalt be, and true heart's choice;
How have I long'd such a twin-self should come,—
A lonely thing, till this sweet chance befel,
My heart kept sighing like a hollow shell.

"Here thou shalt live, beneath this secret dome,
An ocean-bow'r; defended by the shade
Of quiet waters, a cool emerald gloom
To lap thee all about. Nay, be not fray'd,
Those are but shady fishes that sail by
Like antic clouds across my liquid sky!

"Look how the sunbeam burns upon their scales,
And shows rich glimpses of their Tyrian skins;
They flash small lightnings from their vigorous tails,
And winking stars are kindled at their fins;
These shall divert thee in thy weariest mood,
And seek thy hand for gamesomeness and food.

"Lo! those green pretty leaves with tassel bells,
My flow'rets those, that never pine for drowth;
Myself did plant them in the dappled shells,
That drink the wave with such a rosy mouth,—
Pearls wouldst thou have beside? crystals to shine?
I had such treasures once,—now they are thine.

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"Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land,—
Is 't not a rich and wondrous melody?
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone
I heard the languages of ages gone!

"I too can sing when it shall please thy choice,
And breathe soft tunes through a melodious shell,
Though heretofore I have but set my voice
To some long sighs, grief-harmonized, to tell
How desolate I fared;—but this sweet change
Will add new notes of gladness to my range!

"Or bid me speak, and I will tell thee tales,
Which I have framed out of the noise of waves;
Ere now I have communed with senseless gales,
And held vain colloquies with barren caves;
But I could talk to thee whole days and days,
Only to word my love a thousand ways.

"But if thy lips will bless me with their speech,
Then ope, sweet oracles! and I 'll be mute;
I was born ignorant for thee to teach,
Nay all love's lore to thy dear looks impute;
Then ope thine eyes, fair teachers, by whose light
I saw to give away my heart aright!"

But cold and deaf the sullen creature lies
Over her knees, and with concealing clay,
Like hoarding Avarice, locks up his eyes,
And leaves her world impoverish'd of day;
Then at his cruel lips she bends to plead,
But there the door is closed against her need.

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Surely he sleeps,—so her false wits infer!
Alas! poor sluggard, ne'er to wake again!
Surely he sleeps, yet without any stir
That might denote a vision in his brain;
Or if he does not sleep, he feigns too long,
Twice she hath reach'd the ending of her song.

Therefore 'tis time she tells him to uncover
Those radiant jesters, and disperse her fears,
Whereby her April face is shaded over,
Like rainy clouds just ripe for showering tears;
Nay, if he will not wake, so poor she gets,
Herself must rob those lock'd-up cabinets.

With that she stoops above his brow, and bids
Her busy hands forsake his tangled hair,
And tenderly lift up those coffer-lids,
That she may gaze upon the jewels there,
Like babes that pluck an early bud apart,
To know the dainty colour of its heart.

Now, picture one, soft creeping to a bed,
Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies,
And then starts back to find the sleeper dead;
So she looks in on his uncover'd eyes,
And seeing all within so drear and dark,
Her own bright soul dies in her like a spark.

Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,
Under the swoon of holy divination:
And what had all surpass'd her simple guess,
She now resolves in this dark revelation;
Death's very mystery,—oblivious death;—
Long sleep,—deep night, and an entrancèd breath.

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Yet life, though wounded sore, not wholly slain,
Merely obscured, and not extinguish'd, lies ;
Her breath that stood at ebb, soon flows again,
Heaving her hollow breast with heavy sighs,
And light comes in and kindles up the gloom,
To light her spirit from its transient tomb.

Then like the sun, awaken'd at new dawn,
With pale bewilder'd face she peers about,
And spies blurr'd images obscurely drawn,
Uncertain shadows in a haze of doubt ;
But her true grief grows shapely by degrees,—
A perish'd creature lying on her knees.

And now she knows how that old Murther preys,
Whose quarry on her lap lies newly slain :
How he roams all abroad and grimly slays,
Like a lean tiger in Love's own domain ;
Parting fond mates,—and oft in flowery lawns
Bereaves mild mothers of their milky fawns.

O too dear knowledge ! O pernicious earning !
Foul curse engraven upon beauty's page !
Ev'n now the sorrow of that deadly learning
Ploughs up her brow, like an untimely age
And on her cheek stamps verdict of death's truth
By canker blights upon the bud of youth !

For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf,
So her cheeks' rose is perish'd by her sighs,
And withers in the sickly breath of grief ;
Whilst unacquainted rheum bedims her eyes,
Tears, virgin tears, the first that ever leapt
From those young lids, now plentifully wept.

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Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline
Drops straightway down, refusing to partake
In gross admixture with the baser brine,
But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque,
Hereafter to be worn on arms and ears;
So one maid's trophy is another's tears!

"O foul Arch-Shadow, thou old cloud of Night,"
(Thus in her frenzy she began to wail,)
"Thou blank Oblivion—Blotter-out of light,
Life's ruthless murderer, and dear love's bale!
Why hast thou left thy havoc incomplete,
Leaving me here, and slaying the more sweet?

"Lo! what a lovely ruin thou hast made!
Alas! alas! thou hast no eye to see,
And blindly slew'st him in misguided shade.
Would I had lent my doting sense to thee!
But now I turn to thee, a willing mark,
Thine arrows miss me in the aimless dark!

"O doubly cruel!—twice misdoing spite
But I will guide thee with my helping eyes,
Or—walk the wide world through, devoid of sight,—
Yet thou shalt know me by my many sighs.
Nay, then thou should'st have spared my rose, false Death,
And known Love's flow'r by smelling his sweet breath;

"Or, when thy furious rage was round him dealing,
Love should have grown from touching of his skin;
But like cold marble thou art all unfeeling,
And hast no ruddy springs of warmth within,
And being but a shape of freezing bone,
Thy touching only turn'd my love to stone!

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"And here, alas! he lies across my knees,
With cheeks still colder than the stilly wave.
The light beneath his eyelids seems to freeze;
Here then, since Love is dead and lacks a grave,
O come and dig it in my sad heart's core—
That wound will bring a balsam for its sore!

"For art thou not a sleep where sense of ill
Lies stingless, like a sense benumb'd with cold,
Healing all hurts only with sleep's good-will?
So shall I slumber, and perchance behold
My living love in dreams,—O happy night,
That lets me company his banish'd spright!

"O poppy Death!—sweet poisoner of sleep;
Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,
That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep
Out of life's coil? Look, Idol! how I hug
Thy dainty image in this strict embrace,
And kiss this clay-cold model of thy face!

"Put out, put out these sun-consuming lamps,
I do but read my sorrows by their shine;
O come and quench them with thy oozy damps,
And let my darkness intermix with thine;
Since love is blinded, wherefore should I see?
Now love is death,—death will be love to me!

"Away, away, this vain complaining breath,
It does but stir the troubles that I weep;
Let it be hush'd and quieted, sweet Death;
The wind must settle ere the wave can sleep,—
Since love is silent, I would fain be mute;
O Death, be gracious to my dying suit!"

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Thus far she pleads, but pleading nought avails her,
For Death, her sullen burthen, deigns no heed;
Then with dumb craving arms, since darkness fails her,
She prays to heaven's fair light, as if her need
Inspired her there were Gods to pity pain,
Or end it,—but she lifts her arms in vain!

Poor gilded Grief! the subtle light by this
With mazy gold creeps through her watery mine,
And, diving downward through the green abyss,
Lights up her palace with an amber shine;
There, falling on her arms,—the crystal skin
Reveals the ruby tide that fares within.

Look how the fulsome beam would hang a glory
On her dark hair, but the dark hairs repel it;
Look how the perjured glow suborns a story
On her pale lips, but lips refuse to tell it;
Grief will not swerve from grief, however told
On coral lips, or character'd in gold;

Or else, thou maid! safe anchor'd on Love's neck,
Listing the hapless doom of young Leander,
Thou would'st not shed a tear for that old wreck,
Sitting secure where no wild surges wander;
Whereas the woe moves on with tragic pace,
And shows its sad reflection in thy face.

Thus having travell'd on, and track'd the tale,
Like the due course of an old bas-relief,
Where Tragedy pursues her progress pale,
Brood here awhile upon that sea-maid's grief,
And take a deeper imprint from the frieze
Of that young Fate, with Death upon her knees.

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Then whilst the melancholy Muse withal
Resumes her music in a sadder tone,
Meanwhile the sunbeam strikes upon the wall,
Conceive that lovely siren to live on,
Ev'n as Hope whisper'd the Promethean light
Would kindle up the dead Leander's spright.

"'Tis light," she says, "that feeds the glittering stars,
And those were stars set in his heavenly brow;
But this salt cloud, this cold sea-vapour, mars
Their radiant breathing, and obscures them now;
Therefore I'll lay him in the clear blue air,
And see how these dull orbs will kindle there."

Swiftly as dolphins glide, or swifter yet,
With dead Leander in her fond arms' fold,
She cleaves the meshes of that radiant net
The sun hath twined above of liquid gold,
Nor slacks till on the margin of the land
She lays his body on the glowing sand.

There, like a pearly waif, just past the reach
Of foamy billows he lies cast. Just then,
Some listless fishers, straying down the beach,
Spy out this wonder. Thence the curious men,
Low crouching, creep into a thicket brake,
And watch her doings till their rude hearts ache.

First she begins to chafe him till she faints,
Then falls upon his mouth with kisses many,
And sometimes pauses in her own complaints
To list his breathing, but there is not any,—
Then looks into his eyes where no light dwells;
Light makes no pictures in such muddy wells.

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The hot sun parches his discover'd eyes,
The hot sun beats on his discolour'd limbs,
The sand is oozy whereupon he lies,
Soiling his fairness ;—then away she swims,
Meaning to gather him a daintier bed,
Plucking the cool fresh weeds, brown, green, and red.

But, simple-witted thief, while she dives under,
Another robs her of her amorous theft ;
The ambush'd fishermen creep forth to plunder,
And steal the unwatch'd treasure she has left ;
Only his void impression dints the sands ;
Leander is purloin'd by stealthy hands !

Lo ! how she shudders off the beaded wave,
Like Grief all over tears, and senseless falls,—
His void imprint seems hollow'd for her grave ;
Then, rising on her knees, looks round and calls
On "Hero ! Hero !" having learn'd this name
Of his last breath, she calls him by the same.

Then with her frantic hands she rends her hairs,
And casts them forth, sad keepsakes to the wind,
As if in plucking those she pluck'd her cares ;
But grief lies deeper, and remains behind
Like a barb'd arrow, rankling in her brain,
Turning her very thoughts to throbs of pain.

Anon her tangled locks are left alone,
And down upon the sand she meekly sits,
Hard by the foam, as humble as a stone,
Like an enchanted maid beside her wits,
That ponders with a look serene and tragic,
Stunn'd by the mighty mystery of magic.

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Or think of Ariadne's utter trance,
Crazed by the flight of that disloyal traitor,
Who left her gazing on the green expanse
That swallow'd up his track,—yet this would mate her,
Ev'n in the cloudy summit of her woe,
When o'er the far sea-brim she saw him go.

For even so she bows, and bends her gaze
O'er the eternal waste, as if to sum
Its waves by weary thousands all her days,
Dismally doom'd! meanwhile the billows come,
And coldly dabble with her quiet feet,
Like any bleaching stones they wont to greet.

And thence into her lap have boldly sprung,
Washing her weedy tresses to and fro,
That round her crouching knees have darkly hung
But she sits careless of waves' ebb and flow,
Like a lone beacon on a desert coast,
Showing where all her hope was wreck'd and lost.

Yet whether in the sea or vaulted sky,
She knoweth not her love's abrupt resort,
So like a shape of dreams he left her eye,
Winking with doubt. Meanwhile, the churls' report
Has throng'd the beach with many a curious face,
That peeps upon her from its hiding place.

And here a head, and there a brow half seen,
Dodges behind a rock. Here on his hands
A mariner his crumpled cheeks doth lean
Over a rugged crest. Another stands,
Holding his harmful arrow at the head,
Still check'd by human caution and strange dread.

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One stops his ears,—another close beholder
Whispers unto the next his grave surmise;
This crouches down,—and just above his shoulder
A woman's pity saddens in her eyes,
And prompts her to befriend that lonely grief,
With all sweet helps of sisterly relief.

And down the sunny beach she paces slowly,
With many doubtful pauses by the way;
Grief hath an influence so hush'd and holy,—
Making her twice attempt, ere she can lay
Her hand upon that sea-maid's shoulder white,
Which makes her startle up in wild affright.

And, like a seal, she leaps into the wave
That drowns the shrill remainder of her scream;
Anon the sea fills up the watery cave,
And seals her exit with a foamy seam,—
Leaving those baffled gazers on the beach,
Turning in uncouth wonder each to each.

Some watch, some call, some see her head emerge,
Wherever a brown weed falls through the foam;
Some point to white eruptions of the surge:—
But she is vanish'd to her shady home,
Under the deep, inscrutable,—and there
Weeps in a midnight made of her own hair.

Now here, the sighing winds, before unheard,
Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow
Till all the surface of the deep is stirr'd,
Like to the panting grief it hides below;
And heaven is cover'd with a stormy rack,
Soiling the waters with its inky black.

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The screaming fowl resigns her finny prey,
And labours shoreward with a bending wing,
Rowing against the wind her toilsome way;
Meanwhile, the curling billows chafe, and fling
Their dewy frost still further on the stones,
That answer to the wind with hollow groans.

And here and there a fisher's far-off bark
Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail,
Like a bright flame amid the waters dark,
Watch'd with the hope and fear of maidens pale;
And anxious mothers that upturn their brows,
Freighting the gusty wind with frequent vows,

For that the horrid deep has no sure path
To guide Love safe into his homely haven.
And lo! the storm grows blacker in its wrath,
O'er the dark billow brooding like a raven,
That bodes of death and widow's sorrowing,
Under the dusky covert of his wing.

And so day ended. But no vesper spark
Hung forth its heavenly sign; but sheets of flame
Play'd round the savage features of the dark,
Making night horrible. That night, there came
A weeping maiden to high Sestos' steep,
And tore her hair and gazed upon the deep.

And waved aloft her bright and ruddy torch,
Whose flame the boastful wind so rudely fann'd,
That oft it would recoil, and basely scorch
The tender covert of her sheltering hand;
Which yet, for Love's dear sake, disdain'd retire,
And, like a glorying martyr, braved the fire.

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For that was Love's own sign and beacon guide
Across the Hellespont's wide weary space,
Wherein he nightly struggled with the tide :—
Look what a red it forges on her face,
As if she blush'd at holding such a light,
Ev'n in the unseen presence of the night !

Whereas her tragic cheek is truly pale,
And colder than the rude and ruffian air
That howls into her ear a horrid tale
Of storm and wreck, and uttermost despair,
Saying, " Leander floats amid the surge,
And those are dismal waves that sing his dirge."

And hark !—a grieving voice, trembling and faint,
Blends with the hollow sobbings of the sea ;
Like the sad music of a siren's plaint,
But shriller than Leander's voice should be,
Unless the wintry death had changed its tone,—
Wherefore she thinks she hears his spirit moan.

For now, upon each brief and breathless pause,
Made by the raging winds, it plainly calls
On " Hero ! Hero ! "—whereupon she draws
Close to the dizzy brink, that ne'er appals
Her brave and constant spirit to recoil,
However the wild billows toss and toil.

" Oh ! dost thou live under the deep deep sea ?
I thought such love as thine could never die ;
If thou hast gain'd an immortality
From the kind pitying sea-god, so will I ;
And this false cruel tide that used to sever
Our hearts, shall be our common home for ever !

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"There we will sit and sport upon one billow,
And sing our ocean ditties all the day,
And lie together on the same green pillow,
That curls above us with its dewy spray;
And ever in one presence live and dwell,
Like two twin pearls within the selfsame shell."

One moment then, upon the dizzy verge
She stands;—with face upturn'd against the sky;
A moment more, upon the foamy surge
She gazes, with a calm despairing eye;
Feeling that awful pause of blood and breath,
Which life endures when it confronts with death;—

Then from the giddy steep she madly springs,
Grasping her maiden robes, that vainly kept
Panting abroad, like unavailing wings,
To save her from her death.—The sea-maid wept
And in a crystal cave her corse enshrined;
No meaner sepulchre should Hero find!

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BALLAD.

Spring it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly;
When he's forsaken,
Wither'd and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?

Love will not clip him,
Maids will not lip him,
Maud and Marian pass him by;
Youth it is sunny,
Age has no honey,—
What can an old man do but die?

June it is jolly,
Oh for its folly!
A dancing leg and a laughing eye;
Youth may be silly,
Wisdom is chilly,—
What can an old man do but die?

SONG.

FOR MUSIC.

A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

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Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipt in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But Fairies have broke their wands
And wishing has lost its power.

AUTUMN.

The Autumn skies are flush'd with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,
And painted mists that quench the sun.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms
That on the cheerless valleys fall,
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.

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BALLAD.

Sigh on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse
And Beauty's fairest queen,
Though 'tis not for my peasant lips
To soil her name between :
A king might lay his sceptre down,
But I am poor and nought,
The brow should wear a golden crown
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
Whose sudden beams surprise,
Might bid such humble hopes beware
The glancing of her eyes ;
Yet looking once, I look'd too long,
And if my love is sin,
Death follows on the heels of wrong,
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seem'd wove of lily leaves,
It was so pure and fine,—
O lofty wears, and lowly weaves,—
But hodden-grey is mine ;
And homely hose must step apart,
Where garter'd princes stand,
But may he wear my love at heart
That wins her lily hand !

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Alas! there's far from russet frieze
To silks and satin gowns,
But I doubt if God made like degrees,
In courtly hearts and clowns.
My father wrong'd a maiden's mirth,
And brought her cheeks to blame,
And all that's lordly of my birth
Is my reproach and shame!

'Tis vain to weep,—'tis vain to sigh,
'Tis vain, this idle speech,
For where her happy pearls do lie,
My tears may never reach;
Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride
May say, of what has been,
His love was nobly born and died,
Though all the rest was mean!

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak
Such love as mine to tell,
Yet had I words, I dare not speak,
So, Lady, fare thee well;
I will not wish thy better state
Was one of low degree,
But I must weep that partial fate
Made such a churl of me.

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ODE TO THE MOON.

Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!—
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow,
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild Chamois from her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climb'd,—secure from dread?
How many antique fancies have I read
Of that mild presence! and how many wrought!
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought!

What art thou like?—Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way,
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray;—
Sometimes behold thee glide,
Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars;—
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,—
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch!—

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named;

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And he, the veriest Pagan, that first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee!—
It is too late—or thou should'st have my knee—
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows!—
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild Moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,
Casting* their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone,—ay, far away and dead,—
Before Care-fretted, with a lidless eye,—†
I was thy wooer on my little bed,
Letting the early hours of rest go by,‡
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,
And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept;
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,—
Thou wert the fairies' armourer, that kept
Their burnish'd helms, and crowns, and corslets bright,
Their spears, and glittering mails;
And ever thou didst spill in winding streams
Sparkles and midnight gleams,
For fishes to new gloss their argent scales!—

Why sighs?—why creeping tears?—why claspëd hands?—
Is it to count the boy's expended dow'r?
That fairies since have broke their gifted wands?
That young Delight, like any o'erblown flow'r,

* "Sprinkling" in the MS.
† "Before Care fretted with his lidless eye—" in the MS.
‡ "And watch'd thy silver advent in the sky," in the MS.

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Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?—
Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,
Thou art a sadder dial to old Time
Than ever I have found
On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tow'r,
Motto'd with stern and melancholy rhyme.

Why should I grieve for this?—Oh I must yearn
Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,
Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,
Richly emboss'd with childhood's revelry,
With leaves and cluster'd fruits, and flow'rs eterne,—
(Eternal to the world, though not to me),
Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,
The deathless wreath, and undecay'd festoon.
When I am hearsed within,—
Less than the pallid primrose to the Moon,
That now she watches through a vapour thin.

So let it be:—Before I lived to sigh,
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,
Beautiful Orb! and so, whene'er I lie
Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.
Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,
And blessëd thy fair face, O Mother mild!
Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,
Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,
And blend their plighted shadows into one:*—
Still smile at even on the bedded child,
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand!

* I find this thought somewhat differently worded in a fragment written probably about 1824.

"I love thee, dearest, more than worlds can hold;
Clasp't hands, and parted lips, and upraised eyes,

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THE EXILE.

THE swallow with summer
Will wing o'er the seas,
The wind that I sigh to
Will visit thy trees.
The ship that it hastens
Thy ports will contain,
But me!—I must never
See England again!

There's many that weep there,
But one weeps alone,
For the tears that are falling
So far from her own;
So far from thy own, love,
We know not our pain;
If death is between us,
Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines
On the verge of the sea,
I fancy the white cliffs,
And dream upon thee;

And throbbing heart—all solitary bursts
Of widow'd passion when it sighs alone
Beneath no eye but the * * moon's—
Under whose light so often and so oft
Our plighted shades have mingled into one—
More than the passionate silence of that hour
That made us one for Memory and Hope!"

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But the cloud spreads its wings
To the blue heav'n and flies.
We never shall meet, love,
Except in the skies!

TO JANE.

Welcome, dear Heart, and a most kind good-morrow;
The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine:—
Flowers I have none to give thee,* but I borrow
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red Roses, gather'd at thy cheeks,
The white were all too happy to look white:
For love the Rose, for faith the Lily speaks;
It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright!

Dost love sweet Hyacinth? Its scented leaf
Curls manifold,—all love's delights blow double:
'Tis said this flow'ret is inscribed with grief,—
But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I pluck'd the Primrose at night's dewy noon;
Like Hope, it show'd its blossoms in the night;—
'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the Moon!
And here are Sun-flowers, amorous of light!

These golden Buttercups are April's seal,—
The Daisy-stars her constellations be:
These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,
Therefore I pluck no Daisies but for thee!

* Written on my mother's birthday, the 6th of November.

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Here 's Daisies for the morn, Primrose for gloom,
Pansies and Roses for the noontide hours :—
A wight once made a dial of their bloom,—
So may thy life be measured out by flowers !

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

Come, let us set our careful breasts,
Like Philomel, against the thorn,
To aggravate the inward grief,
That makes her accents so forlorn ;
The world has many cruel points,
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief,
In sadness to outlast the morn,—
True honour's dearth, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,
With all the piteous tales that tears
Have water'd since the world was born.

The world !—it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree ;
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weep with me !
Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds, where no clouds be ;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heaven black with misery.
Why should birds sing such merry notes,
Unless they were more blest than we ?

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No sorrow ever chokes their throats,
Except sweet nightingale; for she
Was born to pain our hearts the more
With her sad melody.
Why shines the Sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside?
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,
Mirth shall not win us back again,
Whilst man is made of his own grave,
And fairest clouds but gilded rain!

I saw my mother in her shroud,
Her cheek was cold and very pale;
And ever since I've look'd on all
As creatures doom'd to fail!
Why do buds ope except to die?
Ay, let us watch the roses wither,
And think of our loves' cheeks;
And oh! how quickly time doth fly
To bring death's winter hither!
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
Months, years, and ages, shrink to nought;
An age past is but a thought!

Ay, let us think of him awhile
That, with a coffin for a boat,
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,
And for our table choose a tomb:
There's dark enough in any skull
To charge with black a raven plume;

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And for the saddest funeral thoughts
A winding-sheet hath ample room,
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,
Hath writ the common doom.
How wide the yew-tree spreads its gloom,
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,
As if in tears it wept for them,
The many human families
That sleep around its stem!

How cold the dead have made these stones,
With natural drops kept ever wet!
Lo! here the best—the worst—the world
Doth now remember or forget,
Are in one common ruin hurl'd,
And love and hate are calmly met;
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.
Is 't not enough to vex our souls,
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet;
And sometimes at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret.
The roses bud and bloom again;
But Love may haunt the grave of Love,
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this:

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Forgive, if somewhile I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss;
As frighted Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis:
Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss—
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!

Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes;
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud
Lapp'd all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest
The ghost of the late-buried sun
Had crept into the skies.
The Moon! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;
The same fair light that shone in streams,
The fairy lamp that charm'd the lad;
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.
All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,

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Whose fragrance ends in must.
O give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy;
There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in Melancholy.

[The following extract is from a letter of L. E. L.'s to my father's very old and tried friend Mr. Jerdan, and speaks of the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies." Any memorial of the gifted poetess has a charm of its own, apart from its value as a commentary on my father's writings.]

I DO not know when I have been so delighted as I have with Mr. Hood, full of deep and natural thoughts, expressed under the most poetical images; similes as new as they are exquisite; and as for the little pieces, never were any so beautiful. The fault of the book is, that it is too fantastic for general readers; and after all, these make the popularity of the poet. He is touched with the same mania for the dainty simplenesses which are the mania of Lloyd and Lamb—an affectation of imitating the older poets, which no modern will now do. They half hold "with the strange tale devoutly true," while your modern one knows he is only "dallying, silly sooth." And as for classics, are they not the gate over which B—— C—— hangs gibbeted, and through which no bard of our times can hope to pass; There is a want of human interest, of those strong and passionate feelings, which appeal to the heart more than the fancy. Still Mr. Hood is a darling, and his book a treasure. I quite agree in the selections you have made; the "Ode to Melancholy" is as fine philosophy as it is poetry.

L. E. L.

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SONNET.

ON MISTRESS NICELY,* A PATTERN FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MRS. DAVENPORT IN HER CHARACTER AT COVENT GARDEN.

She was a woman peerless in her station,
With household virtues wedded to her name;
Spotless in linen, grass-bleached in her fame,
And pure and clear-starched in her reputation;—
Thence in my Castle of Imagination
She dwells for evermore, the dainty dame,
To keep all airy draperies from shame,
And all dream-furniture in preservation;
There walketh she with keys quite silver-bright,
In perfect hose, and shoes of seemly black,
Apron and stomacher of lily-white,
And decent order follows in her track:
The burnished plate grows lustrous in her sight,
And polished floors and tables shine her back.

SONNET.

By ev'ry sweet tradition of true hearts,
Graven by Time, in love with his own lore;
By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,
Wherein Love died to be alive the more;
Yea, by the sad impression on the shore,
Left by the drown'd Leander, to endear

* In "The School of Reform," by T. Morton.

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That coast for ever, where the billow's roar
Moaneth for pity in the Poet's ear;
By Hero's faith, and the foreboding tear
That quench'd her brand's last twinkle in its fall;
By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear
That sigh'd around her flight; I swear by all,
The world shall find such pattern in my act,
As if Love's great examples still were lack'd.

SONNET.

TO MY WIFE.

THE curse of Adam, the old curse of all,
Though I inherit in this feverish life
Of worldly toil, vain wishes, and hard strife,
And fruitless thought, in Care's eternal thrall,
Yet more sweet honey than of bitter gall
I taste, through thee, my Eva, my sweet wife.
Then what was Man's lost Paradise!—how rife
Of bliss, since love is with him in his fall!
Such as our own pure passion still might frame,
Of this fair earth, and its delightful bow'rs,
If no fell sorrow, like the serpent, came
To trail its venom o'er the sweetest flow'rs;—
But oh! as many and such tears are ours,
As only should be shed for guilt and shame!

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SONNET.

ON RECEIVING A GIFT.

Look how the golden ocean shines above
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth ;
So does the bright and blessed light of Love
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.
As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering brine,
And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed,
Ev'n so our tokens shine ; nay, they outshine
Pebbles and pearls, and gems and coral weed ;
For where be ocean waves but half so clear,
So calmly constant, and so kindly warm,
As Love's most mild and glowing atmosphere,
That hath no dregs to be upturn'd by storm ?
Thus, sweet, thy gracious gifts are gifts of price,
And more than gold to doting Avarice.

SONNET.

Love, dearest Lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye ;—
Not being but an outward phantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,—
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer,—and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that die,
Unlike the love which I would give and seek :

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Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

[A copy of "The Plea" was sent to L. E. L., whose letter of acknowledgment to my father, I give on account of the coincidence of her mention of "Fair Ines," carried away across the sea from friends upon the shore—a fate so like her own.]

My very best thanks, dear Sir: I scarcely know whether to be most grateful for your kind gift, or delighted with the gift itself. The fairies must indeed have broke their wand if you do not wake some morning and find yourself in a starry palace built by music, and filled with spirits o' the air, waiting on your wish. Or at least they ought to turn a sunflower into a chariot of gold, and carry you in triumphal procession.

I do not venture to tell you of my praise; I shall only speak of my pleasure. I have read and re-read till I believe I know half the book. As for "Fair Ines," she is indeed the "dearest of the dear!" and I do so like the "Departure of Summer;"—but I am enumerating, so with my best thanks and wishes believe me,

Very sincerely,
Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

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[The next poem is from the "New Monthly" for this year.]

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

TO THOMAS BISH, ESQ.

"The oyster-woman locked her fish up,
And trudged away to cry 'no Bish—.'"—HUDIBRAS.

My Bish, since fickle Fortune's dead,
Where throbs thy speculating head
That hatch'd such matchless stories
Of gaining, like Napoleon, all
Success on every capital,
And thirty thousand glories?

Dost thou now sit when evening comes,
Wrapt in its cold and wintry glooms,
And dream o'er faded pleasures?
See numbers rise and numbers fall,
Hear Lottery's last funereal call
O'er all her vanish'd treasures?

Thy head, distract 'twixt weal and woe
Feels the *last* Lottery like a blow
From malice—aimed at thee;
No prizes pass in decent rank,
Nothing is left thee but a blank,
And worthy Mrs. B.

Perchance at times thy wits may strive
With cards to keep the game alive,

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And mock the old arena,
By fighting Fortune at Ecarté,
Thou Charing Cross's Bonaparté
In little St. Helena.

Thou'rt out of luck—for to thy share,
Not as of old, falls blank despair;
The thought oft gives the vapours.
In some 'cursed cottage of content'
Thy baffled hopeless hours are spent
Spelling the daily papers.

No more thy name in column stares
On the lured reader unawares;
The voice of Fame is o'er!
No more it breathes thee into print;
What is Fame's breath? There's nothing in't—
The merest puff—no more!

The puff to others now belongs,
The Wrights have risen upon thy wrongs,
Rowlands to Hunts recoil!
The wheel of Fortune, now forlorn,
Turns but to grind the roasted corn,
Greased with Macassar oil.

Election chances seemed a vent
For thy desires—but Parliament
Is not so easy won.
Numbers were once to thee a treat,
But now by numbers thou wert beat,
And Rowland Stephenson.

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At Drury, too, the chance was thine;
But thou shalt in past glory shine,
  Not as the uncertain actor;
Not as the man that opens wide
The floodgate for the public tide,
  But as the Great Contractor.

And when—but Heaven protract the day—
The time is come for Life's decay,
  Prolonged shall be thy joys.
A favourite wheel shall carry thee,
And like thy darling Lottery,
  Be drawn by Blue-coat boys.

A tumulus shall cover thee
And thine. A barrow it will be,
  Sacred to thy one wheel.
And genuine tears, my Bish, from eyes
Of those who never got a prize,
  At morn and eve shall steal.

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[Mr. Jerdan gives me the following information as to this Ode, which appeared in the "Literary Gazette":—

"In August, 1827, 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, Hero and Leander, Lycus the Centaur, and other poems,' was favourably reviewed in the 'Literary Gazette.' The volume was not so fortunate in some other quarters, and Hood's revenge was addressed to the editor of the 'L. G.' in the following."]

ODE.

"I'll give him dash for dash."

JERDAN, farewell! farewell to all
Who ever prais'd me, great or small
  Your poet's course is run!
A weekly—no, an every-day
Reviewer takes my fame away,
  And I am all undone!

I cannot live an author long!
When I did write, O I did wrong
  To aim at being great;
A Diamond Poet in a pin
May twinkle on in peace, and win
  No diamond critic's hate!

No small inditer of reviews
Will analyse his tiny muse,
  Or lay his sonnets waste;
Who strives to prove that Richardson,
That calls himself a diamond one,
  Is but a bard of paste?

The smallest bird that wings the sky
May tempt some sparrow-shot, and die;

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But midges still go free!
The peace that shuns my board and bed
May settle on a lowlier head,
And dwell, "St. John, with thee!"

I aim'd at higher growth; and now
My leaves are wither'd on the bough,
I'm choked by bitter shrubs!
O Mr. F. C. W.!
What can I christen thy review
But one of "Wormwood Scrubs?"

The very man that sought me once—
(Can I so soon be grown a dunce?)
He now derides my verse;
But who, save me, will fret to find
The editor has changed his mind,—
He can't have got a worse.

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1828.

[In the "Amulet" for this year, "Town and Country" was published under the title of "An Ode in Imitation of Horace." "The Lament for the Decline of Chivalry" appeared in the "Bijou," with a quaint little heading by Stothard.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ODE.

O! WELL may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust:
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no Eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

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O! but to hear the milkmaid blithe,
Or early mower wet his scythe
The dewy meads among!—
My grass is of that sort, alas!
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue!

O! but to smell the woodbines sweet!
I think of cowslip cups—but meet
With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow-buds I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau reviewed
His periwinkles!—mine are stewed!
My rose blooms on a gown!—
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown:

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush!
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song?
Two hurdygurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
Are all my "tuneful throng."

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Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams,
And colours of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes!

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones:—
Not thus the city streamlets flow;
They make no music as they go,
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
The Arcadian herdsman used to play
Sweetly, here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwholesome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mocked,
On every hand the sense is shocked,
With objects hard to bear:
Shades—vernal shades!—where wine is sold!
And, for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

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Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
And gardens redolent of flowers
  Wherein the zephyr wons?
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more.
See Hatton's Garden bricked all o'er,
  And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
  No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks
  With brokers—not with bees.

O! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
  Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
  That endless meal of brick

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LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!—
That iron age—which some have thought
Of metal rather overwrought—
Is now all overcast!

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest?—
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest!

The bold King Arthur sleepèth sound
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such éclat!
O, Time has pluck'd the plumy brow!
And none engage at tourneys now
But those that go to law!

Grim John o'Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,
Orlando lies forlorn!—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those "early champions"—what are they
But knights without a morn?

No Percy branch now perseveres,
Like those of old, in breaking spears—

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The name is now a lie !—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye !

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick,
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace :
O, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece !

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall !
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great *Saladin*,
But only grow the small !

Our *Cressys*, too, have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff :
The only one we moderns had
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off !

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partizans,
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs ?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work ; but men
Fight now—with powder puffs.

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The curtal-axe is out of date;
The good old crossbow bends—to Fate;
'Tis gone, the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft!

The spear, the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear, is laid aside,—
O, spits now domineer!
The coat of mail is left alone,—
And where is all chain armour gone?
Go ask a Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists,
A low and vulgar art!
No mounted man is overthrown:
A tilt! it is a thing unknown—
Except upon a cart!

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his chief in steely garb,
For warding steel's appliance!
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
That bugles the "Defiance."

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
Alas! the *Casque* is out!

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No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place—
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant squire, and knight!
Our coats and custom soften;
To rise would only make you weep—
Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,
As in a safety coffin!

[The following were printed in the "Literary Gazette."]

EX POST-FACTO EPIGRAMS.

ON THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.

They say, God wot!
She died upon the spot:
But then in spots she was so rich,—
I wonder which?

ON THE REMOVAL OF A MENAGERIE.

Let Exeter Change lament its change,
Its beasts and other losses—
Another place thrives by its case,
Now *Charing* has two *Crosses*.

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["The Forget-me-not" for this year contained two poems—"The Logicians" and "Death in the Kitchen"—written respectively to illustrations by Stothard and Richter. With the former poem, the following note was sent to Mr. Ackermann :—

"Robert Street.

"My dear Sir,

"I have the pleasure of sending you "The Logicians." It being rather a crabbed subject, and myself not over well, I have been longer about it than I promised. The other subject is in progress, and you shall have it in proper *trim*, I hope, in two days.

"Yours very truly,

"R. Ackermann, Esq. "T. Hood."]

THE LOGICIANS.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Metaphysics were a large field in which to exercise the weapons logic had put into their hands."—Scriblerus.

See here two cavillers,
Would-be unravellers
Of abstruse theory and questions mystical,
In tête-à-tête,
And deep debate,
Wrangling according to forms syllogistical.

Glowing and ruddy
The light streams in upon their deep brown study,
And settles on our bald logician's skull :
But still his meditative eye looks dull
And muddy,
For he is gazing inwardly, like Plato ;
But to the world without
And things about,
His eye is blind as that of a potato :

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In fact, logicians
See but by syllogisms—taste and smell
By propositions;
And never let the common dray-horse senses
Draw inferences.
How wise his brow! how eloquent his nose!
The feature of itself is a negation!
How gravely double is his chin, that shows
Double deliberation;
His scornful lip forestalls the confutation!
O this is he that wisely with a major
And minor proves a greengage is no gauger!—
By help of ergo,
That cheese of sage will make no mite the sager,
And Taurus is no bull to toss up Virgo!—
O this is he that logically tore his
Dog into dogmas—following Aristotle—
Cut up his cat into ten categories,
And cork'd an abstract conjuror in a bottle.
O this is he that disembodied matter,
And proved that incorporeal corporations
Put nothing in no platter,
And for mock turtle only supp'd sensations!

O this is he that palpably decided,
With grave and mathematical precision
How often atoms may be subdivided
By long division;
O this is he that show'd I is not I,
And made a ghost of personal identity;
Proved "Ipse" absent by an alibi,
And frisking in some other person's entity;

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He sounded all philosophies in truth,
Whether old schemes or only supplemental :—
And had, by virtue of his wisdom-tooth,
A dental knowledge of the transcendental !

The other is a shrewd severer wight,
Sharp argument hath worn him nigh the bone :
For why ? he never let dispute alone,
A logical knight-errant,
That wrangled ever—morning, noon, and night,
From night to morn : he had no wife apparent
But Barbara Celárent !
Woe unto him he caught in a dilemma,
For on the point of his two fingers full
He took the luckless wight, and gave with them a
Most deadly toss, like any baited bull.
Woe unto him that ever dared to breathe
A sophism in his angry ear ! for *that*
He took ferociously between his teeth,
And shook it—like a terrier with a rat !—
In fact old Controversy ne'er begat
One half so cruel
And dangerous as he, in verbal duel !
No one had ever so complete a fame
As a debater ;
And for art logical his name was greater
Than Dr. Watts's name !—

Look how they sit together !
Two bitter desperate antagonists,
Licking each other with their tongues, like fists,
Merely to settle whether

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This world of ours had ever a beginning—
Whether created,
Vaguely undated,
Or Time had any finger in its spinning:
When, lo!—for they are sitting at the basement—
A hand, like that upon Belshazzar's wall,
Lets fall
A written paper through the open casement.

"O foolish wits! (thus runs the document)
To twist your brains into a double knot
On such a barren question! Be content
That there is such a fair and pleasant spot
For your enjoyment as this verdant earth.
Go eat and drink, and give your hearts to mirth,
For vainly ye contend;
Before you can decide about its birth,
The world will have an end!"

DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

"Are we not here now?" continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—"and are we not" (dropping his hat upon the ground) "gone? —In a moment!"—*Tristram Shandy.*

Trim, thou art right!—'Tis sure that I,
And all who hear thee, are to die.
The stoutest lad and wench
Must lose their places at the will
Of Death, and go at last to fill
The sexton's gloomy trench.

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The dreary grave!—O, when I think
How close we stand upon its brink,
  My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
  A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler, thou must fail,
As sinks the froth on thine own ale;
  Thy days will soon be done!
Alas! the common hours that strike,
Are knells, for life keeps wasting, like
  A cask upon the run.

Ay, hapless scullion! 'tis thy case,
Life travels at a scouring pace,
  Far swifter than thy hand.
The fast-decaying frame of man
Is but a kettle or a pan
  Time wears away with—sand!

Thou needst not, mistress cook! be told,
The meat to-morrow will be cold
  That now is fresh and hot:
E'en thus our flesh will, by and by,
Be cold as stone:—Cook, thou must die;
  There's death within the pot.

Susannah, too, my lady's maid,
Thy pretty person once must aid
  To swell the buried swarm!
The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold
No more, but grovel in the mould,
  That's not the "*mould of form!*"

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Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,
He too will feel the fiend's approach—
  The grave will pluck him down:
He must in dust and ashes lie,
And wear the churchyard livery,
  Grass green, turn'd up with brown.

How frail is our uncertain breath!
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
  Shall her "last linen" bring.
The groom will die, like all his kind;
And e'en the stable boy will find
  This life no *stable* thing.

Nay, see the household dog—even that
The earth shall take;—the very cat
  Will share the common fall;
Although she hold (the proverb saith)
A ninefold life, one single death
  Suffices for them all!

Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
  And those that tend the steeds—
All, all shall have another sort
Of *service* after this;—in short—
  The one the parson reads!

The dreary grave!—O, when I think
How close we stand upon its brink,
  My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
  A charnel full of bones!

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[I am not aware of the first appearance of this, but am inclined to give it to 1828.]

REFLECTIONS ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear!
By way of compliment and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year;
But wish me a new hat!

Although not spent in luxury and ease,
In course a longer life I won't refuse;
But while you're wishing, wish me, if you please,
A newer pair of shoes!

Nay, while new things and wishes are afloat,
I own to one that I should not rebut—
Instead of this old rent, to have a coat
With more of the New Cut!

O yes, 'tis very pleasant, though I'm poor,
To hear the steeple make that merry din;
Except I wish one bell was at the door,
To ring new trousers in.

To be alive is very nice indeed,
Although another year at last departs;
Only with twelve new months I rather need
A dozen of new shirts.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear,
By way of compliment and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year,
But wish me a new hat!

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[On the 27th of June, 1828, Grimaldi, an especial favourite *—of whom I have heard my father speak in the most affectionate terms, and the recollection of whom prompted, no doubt, many of the sketches of Clowns, struck off at odd moments, that were among my treasures as a boy—returned to the stage for one night, after a retirement of some three months or so. I believe my father wrote his retiring address, either for this occasion, or his farewell in the previous April—perhaps for both. The following paragraph appeared in the "Literary Gazette."]

GRIMALDI'S BENEFIT.

OUR immense favourite, Grimaldi—under the severe pressure of years and infirmities—is enabled, through the good feeling and prompt liberality of Mr. Price, to take a benefit at Drury Lane on Friday next;—the last of Joseph Grimaldi!—Drury's, Covent Garden's, Sadler's, everybody's Joe: the friend of Harlequin and Farley-kin—the town clown—greatest of fools—daintiest of motleys—the true *ami des enfans!*

The tricks and changes of life—sadder, alas! than those of pantomime—have made a dismal difference between the former flapping, filching, laughing, bounding antic, and the present Grimaldi. He has no spring in his foot—no mirth in his eye; the corners of his mouth droop mournfully earthward; and he stoops in the back like the weariest of Time's porters. L' Allegro has done with him, and Il Pensero claims him for

* In all his wanderings and changes there were two pictures which went with my father everywhere, and hung in his study for the time being—the one of Charles Lamb (for whom he entertained a brotherly affection), the other of Joe Grimaldi—"Everybody's Joe," as he calls him—but his Joe in particular.

I cannot even say that I have "just seen" this "Virgil of Pantomime," but so often have I heard of him as a child, so early was I set to read his life, that I can hardly persuade myself at times that I never *did* look on that laughter-provoking face—those garrulous limbs—that stentorian dumb-show, which those who have seen Grimaldi never tire of trying to describe.

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its own! It is said, besides, that his pockets are neither so large nor so well stuffed as they used to be on the stage; and it is hard to suppose fun without funds, or broad grins in narrow circumstances.

[Our recommendation of this benefit has also been pressed upon our willing mind by the following characteristic note.]

Pray publish in your 'Gazette,' that on Friday the 27th instant, this inimitable clown will take his leave of the boards, at Drury Lane Theatre, in character. After that night, the red and white features of Joe Grimaldi will belong only to tradition! Thenceforth he will be dead to his vocation, —but the pleasant recollection of his admirable fooling will still live, with childhood, with manhood, and with

T. Hood.

[The "Ode to Edward Gibbon Wakefield," who in this year was tried and convicted for the abduction of Miss Turner, probably appeared in a newspaper. The copy I possess, at all events, is a newspaper cutting.]

ODE TO EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, ESQ.

Oh, Mr. Gibbon!—
I do not mean the Chronicler of Rome;
He would have told thee loftily, that no man
In modern times may play the antique Roman,
And tear a Sabine virgin from her home:—
But Mr. Gibbon,
Thou,—with the surreptitious rib on,
What shall I say to thee, thou Jason,—nay,
What will our Wilberforce and Stephen say,
Thou cruel kidnapper of young *white* woman!
Were there no misses,—none
All on the start and ready for a run

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To Gretna Smithy—even by the mail,
That thou must go befooling
A quiet maiden at her country schooling,
And stop her lessons with an idle tale,—
Sully the happy hue
Of her calm thoughts, and trouble her sky-blue—
Spoil her embroideries, and falsely wheedle
Her pretty hand from the delightful needle,
Merely to mar her *piece*,
Planting those stitches in her maiden heart,
That only should have made Rebecca smart,
Or robed young Isaac in a silken fleece?
Was there no willing Love,
With roving eyes,
More gay than wise,
To bend with thy removal to remove?
Could'st thou not calm the doubt
Of Foote twice asked in vain, and ask her out?
There's Madame Vestris—but she has a mate,
And Paton hath as bad—
But thou might'st add
A single Cubitt to thy single state,
Take such, and welcome to more wives than Buncle,
Or gentle Olive, that Princess of No-Land,
She owns some great expectancies in Poland,
And has no follower—I mean no uncle!

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1828.

[*Continued.*]

[At the end of 1827 or beginning of 1828, undaunted by the not overwarm reception of "The Plea," my father, toward the end of the year, brought out two volumes of "National Tales," published by Mr. Ainsworth, who has himself since gained distinction as a novelist. The "National Tales" were hardly more popular than "The Plea," chiefly suffering, I imagine, in common with that poem, either from a reluctance on the part of the public to believe that one writer could produce both serious and comic works, or from a desire to extort the latter from him.]

NATIONAL TALES.

PREFACE.

It has been decided, by the learned Malthusians of our century, that there is too great an influx of new books into this reading world. An apology seems therefore to be required of me, for increasing my family in this kind; and by twin volumes, instead of the single octavos which have hitherto been my issue. But I concede not to that modern doctrine, which supposes a world on short allowance, or a generation without a ration. There is no mentionable overgrowth likely to happen in life or literature. Wholesome checks are appointed against overfecundity in any species.

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Thus the whale thins the myriads of herrings, the teeming rabbit makes Thyestean family dinners on her own offspring, and the hyenas devour themselves. Death is never backward when the human race wants hoeing; nor the Critic to thin the propagation of the press. The surplus children that would encumber the earth, are thrown back in the grave—the superfluous works, into the coffins prepared for them by the trunk-maker. Nature provides thus equally against scarcity or repletion. There are a thousand blossoms for the one fruit that ripens, and numberless buds for every prosperous flower. Those for which there is no space or sustenance drop early from the bough; and even so these leaves of mine will pass away, if there be not patronage extant and to spare, that may endow them with a longer date.

I make, therefore, no excuses for this production, since it is a venture at my own peril. The serious character of the generality of the stories, is a deviation from my former attempts, and I have received advice enough, on that account, to make me present them with some misgiving. But because I have jested elsewhere, it does not follow that I am incompetent for gravity, of which any owl is capable; or proof against melancholy, which besets even the ass. Those who can be touched by neither of these moods, rank lower indeed than both of these creatures. It is from none of the player's ambition, which has led the buffoon by a rash step into the tragic buskin, that I assume the sadder humour, but because I know from certain passages that such affections are not foreign to my nature. During my short lifetime, I have often been as "sad as night," and not like the young gentlemen of France, "merely from wantonness." It is the contrast of such leaden and golden fits that lends a double relish to our days. A life of mere laughter is like music without its bass; or a picture (conceive it) of vague unmitigated light;

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whereas the occasional melancholy, like those grand rich glooms of old Rembrandt, produces an incomparable effect and a very grateful relief.

It will flatter me, to find that these my Tales can give a hint to the dramatist—or a few hours' entertainment to any one. I confess, I have thought well enough of them to make me compose some others, which I keep at home, like the younger Benjamin, till I know the treatment of their elder brethren, whom I have sent forth (to buy corn for me) into Egypt.

> "To be too confident is as unjust
> In any work, as too much to distrust;
> Who, from the rules of study have not swerved,
> Know begg'd applauses never were deserved.
> We must submit to censure, so doth he
> Whose hours begot this issue; yet, being free,
> For his part, if he have not pleased you, then,
> In this kind he'll not trouble you again."

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

"Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve."—*Old Play.*

INSTEAD of speaking of occurrences which accidentally came under my observation, or were related to me by others, I purpose to speak of certain tragical adventures which personally concerned me; and to judge from the agitation and horror which the remembrance, at this distance of time, excites in me, the narrative shall not concede in interest to any creation of fiction and romance. My hair has changed from black to grey since those events occurred:—strange, and wild, and terrible enough for a dream, I wish I could

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believe that they had passed only on my pillow; but when I look around me, too many sad tokens are present to convince me that they were real,—for I still behold the ruins of an old calamity!

To commence, I must refer back to my youth, when having no brothers, it was my happy fortune to meet with one who, by his rare qualities and surpassing affection, made amends to me for that denial of nature. Antonio de Linares was, like myself, an orphan, and that circumstance contributed to endear him to my heart; we were both born too, on the same day; and it was one of our childish superstitions to believe, that thereby our fates were so intimately blended that on the same day we also should each descend to the grave. He was my schoolmate, my playfellow, my partner in all my little possessions; and as we grew up, he became my counsellor, my bosom friend, and adopted brother. I gave to his keeping the very keys of my heart; and with a like sweet confidence he entrusted me even with his ardent passion for my beautiful and accomplished cousin, Isabelle de ****; and many earnest deliberations we held over the certain opposition to be dreaded from her father, who was one of the proudest, as well as poorest nobles of Andalusia. Antonio had embraced the profession of arms, and his whole fortune lay at the point of his sword; yet with that he hoped to clear himself a path to glory, to wealth, and to Isabelle. The ancestors of the Condé himself had been originally ennobled and enriched by the gratitude of their sovereign, for their signal services in the field; and when I considered the splendid and warlike talents which had been evinced by my friend, I did not think that his aspirations were too lofty or too sanguine. He seemed made for war; his chief delight was to read of the exploits of our old Spanish chivalry against the Moors; and

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he lamented bitterly that an interval of profound peace allowed him no opportunity of signalizing his prowess and his valour against the infidels and enemies of Spain. All his exercises were martial; the chase and the bull-fight were his amusement, and more than once he engaged as a volunteer in expeditions against the mountain banditti, a race of men dangerous and destructive to our enemies in war, but the scourge and terror of their own country in times of peace. Often his bold and adventurous spirit led him into imminent jeopardy; but the same contempt of danger, united with his generous and humane nature, made him as often the instrument of safety to others. An occasion upon which he rescued me from drowning, confirmed in us both the opinion that our lives were mutually dependent, and at the same time put a stop to the frequent railleries I used to address to him on his wanton and unfair exposures of our joint existences. This service procured him a gracious introduction and reception at my uncle's, and gave him opportunities of enjoying the society of his beloved Isabelle: but the stern disposition of the Condé was too well known on both sides to allow of any more than the secret avowal of their passion for each other. Many tears were secretly shed by my excellent cousin over this cruel consideration, which deterred her from sharing her confidence with her parent; but at length, on his preparing for a journey to Madrid, in those days an undertaking of some peril, she resolved, by the assistance of filial duty, to overcome this fear, and to open her bosom to her father, before he departed from her, perhaps for ever.

I was present at the parting of the Condé with his daughter, which the subsequent event impressed too strongly on my memory to be ever forgotten. It has been much disputed whether persons have those special warnings, by

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dreams or omens, which some affirm they have experienced before sudden or great calamity; but it is certain that before the departure of my uncle, he was oppressed with the most gloomy forebodings. These depressions he attributed to the difficulties of the momentous lawsuit which called him to Madrid, and which, in fact, involved his title to the whole possessions of his ancestors; but Isabelle's mind interpreted this despondence as the whisper of some guardian spirit or angel; and this belief, united with the difficulty she found in making the confession that lay at her heart, made her earnestly convert these glooms into an argument against his journey.

"Surely," she said, "this melancholy which besets you is some warning from above, which it would be impious to despise; and therefore, Sir, let me entreat you to remain here, lest you sin by tempting your own fate, and make me wretched for ever."

"Nay, Isabelle," he replied gravely, "I should rather sin by mistrusting the good providence of God, which is with us in all places; with the traveller in the desert, as with the mariner on the wild ocean; notwithstanding, let me embrace you, my dear child, as though we never should meet again;" and he held her for some minutes closely pressed against his bosom.

I saw that Isabelle's heart was vainly swelling with the secret it had to deliver, and would fain have spoken for her, but she had strictly forbidden me or Antonio to utter a word on the subject, from a feeling that such an avowal should only come from her own lips. Twice, as her father prepared to mount his horse, she caught the skirts of his mantle and drew him back to the threshold; but as often as she attempted to speak the blood overflooded her pale cheeks and bosom, her throat choked, and at last she turned

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away with a despairing gesture, which was meant to say, that the avowal was impossible. The Condé was not unmoved, but he mistook the cause of her agitation, and referred it to a vague presentiment of evil, by which he was not uninfluenced himself. Twice, after solemnly blessing his daughter, he turned back; once, indeed, to repeat some trifling direction, but the second time he lingered, abstracted and thoughtful, as if internally taking a last farewell of his house and child. I had before earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany him, and now renewed my request; but the proposal seemed only to offend him, as an imputation on the courage of an old soldier, and he deigned no other reply than by immediately setting spurs to his horse. I then turned to Isabelle; she was deadly pale, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes was leaning against the pillars of the porch for support. Neither of us spoke; but we kept our eyes earnestly fixed on the lessening figure, that with a slackened pace was now ascending the opposite hill. The road was winding, and sometimes hid and sometimes gave him back to our gaze, till at last he attained a point near the summit, where we knew a sudden turn of the road would soon cover him entirely from our sight. My cousin, I saw, was overwhelmed with fear and self-reproach, and pointing to the figure, now no bigger than a raven, I said I would still overtake him, and, if she pleased, induce him to return; but she would not listen to the suggestion. Her avowal, she said, should never come to her father from any lips but her own; but she still hoped, she added with a faint smile, that he would return safely from Madrid; and then, if the law-suit should be won, he would be in such a mood, that she should not be afraid to unlock her heart to him. This answer satisfied me. The Condé was now passing behind the extreme point of the road, and it was destined to

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be the last glimpse we should ever have of him. The old man never returned.

As soon as a considerable time had elapsed more than was necessary to inform us of his arrival in the capital, we began to grow very anxious, and a letter was despatched to his Advocate with the necessary inquiries. The answer brought affliction and dismay. The Condé had never made his appearance, and the greatest anxiety prevailed amongst the lawyers engaged on his behalf for the success of their cause. Isabelle was in despair: all her tears and self-reproaches were renewed with increased bitterness, and the tenderest arguments of Antonio and myself were insufficient to subdue her alarm, or console her for what was now aggravated in her eyes to a most heinous breach of filial piety and affection. She was naturally of a religious turn, and the reproofs of her confessor not only tended to increase her despondency, but induced her to impose upon herself a voluntary and rash act of penance, that caused us the greatest affliction. It had been concerted between Antonio and myself, that we should immediately proceed by different routes in search of my uncle; and at day-break, after the receipt of the Advocate's letter, we were mounted and armed, and ready to set forth upon our anxious expedition. It only remained for us to take leave of my cousin; and as we were conscious that some considerable degree of peril was attached to our pursuit, it was on mine, and must have been to Antonio's feeling, a parting of anxious interest and importance. But the farewell was forbidden—the confessor himself informed us of a resolution which he strenuously commended, but which to us, for this once, seemed to rob his words of either reverence or authority. Isabelle, to mark her penitence for her imaginary sin, had abjured the company, and even the sight of her lover, until her father's return, and she should have reposed

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in his bosom that filial confidence which, she conceived, had been so sinfully omitted. This rash determination was confirmed by a sacred vow; and in a momentary fit of disappointment and disapprobation, which with pain I now confess, I refused to avail myself of the exception that was allowed in my favour, to receive her farewell. Antonio was loud in his murmurings; but the case admitted of no alternative, and we set forward with sad and heavy hearts, which were not at all lightened as we approached the appointed spot, where we were to diverge from each other. I was accompanied by my man-servant Juan; but Antonio had resolutely persisted in his intention of travelling alone: the general rapidity and adventurous course of his proceedings, indeed, would have made a companion an incumbrance; and he insisted that the impenetrability and consequence success of his plans had been always most insured by his being single in their execution. There was some reason in this argument. Antonio's spirits seemed to rally as he advanced to the threshold of the dangers and difficulties he was going probably to encounter; and after ardently wringing my hand, and half jestingly reminding me of the co-dependence of our lives, he dashed the spurs into his horse, and speedily galloped out of sight.

The road assigned to myself was the least arduous, but the one I thought it most likely my uncle would have taken, on account of the neighbourhood of some family connections, whither his business would most probably carry him; but only at the first of these mansions could I obtain any intelligence of his arrival. He had called there to obtain some necessary signatures, and had proceeded without any expressed intention of the route in which he was next to travel. It was conjectured, however, that he would proceed to the Chateau of * * * * another branch of the family, and to that

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point I directed my course. But here all clue was lost; and no alternative was left me, but to return to the line of the high road to Madrid. I must here pass over a part of my progress, which would consist only of tedious repetitions. Traces, imagined to be discovered, but ending in constant disappointment—hopes and fears—exertion and fatigue, make up all the history of the second day, till finally a mistaken and unknown road brought us in time to take refuge from a tempestuous night at a lonely inn on the mountains. I have called it an inn, but the portion thus occupied was only a fraction of an old deserted mansion, one wing of which had been rudely repaired and made habitable, whilst the greater part was left untenanted to its slow and picturesque decay. The contrast was striking: whilst in the windows of one end, the lights moving to and fro, the passing and repassing of shadows, and various intermitting noises and voices, denoted the occupancy; in the centre and the other extreme of the pile, silence and darkness held their desolate and absolute reign. I thought I recognised in this building the description of an ancient residence of my uncle's ancestry, but long since alienated and surrendered to the wardenship of Time. It frowned, methought, with the gloomy pride and defiance which had been recorded as the hereditary characteristics of its founders; and, but for the timely shelter it afforded, I should perhaps have bitterly denounced the appropriation of the innkeeper, which interfered so injuriously with these hallowed associations. At present, when the sky lowered, and large falling raindrops heralded a tempest, I turned without reluctance from the old quaintly-wrought portal, to the more humble porch, which held out its invitation of comfort and hospitality.

My knocking brought the host himself to the door, and he speedily introduced me to an inner room, for the smallness

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of which he apologised, adding, that I should find, however, that it was the better for being somewhat distant from the noisy carousal of his other guests. This man was a striking example of the strange marriage of inconsistences with which Nature seems sometimes to amuse herself. My arms were instinctively surrendered to the offer of his care; and, till I looked again on his face, I did not think they had been so imprudently given up. His countenance, enveloped—almost hidden, in black shaggy hair—had in it a savage, animal expression, that excited at once my fear and disgust. It was wolf-like; and as I have heard of brutes, that they are unable to endure the steady gaze of man, so his eyes were continually shifting; ever restless, yet ever watchful, though only by short and sidelong glances. They seemed to penetrate and surprise, by startling and hasty snatches, the designs and emotions you might have kept veiled from a more steadfast and determined inquisition. I am certain, I would rather have met the most fixed and unremitting gaze than his. His frame was appropriately large, yet proportioned and muscular; it seemed adapted at once for strength and activity,—to spring, to wind, to crouch, or, at need, to stiffen itself into an attitude of staunch and inflexible resistance. How came such a figure to be the habitation of such a voice? This was low, mellow, full of soft and musical inflexions, which insinuated his courtesies with a charm it was impossible to repel. If the utterance be tuned by the heart, as some have affirmed, and the characteristics of passion denote themselves in the lines of the countenance, what an irreconcilable contradiction was involved in this man! His face was infernal, demoniac—his utterance divine!

I know not if he observed the eager scrutiny with which I dwelt on these peculiarities; he hastily left me just as I had

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commenced those inquiries concerning my uncle, which my curiosity had in the first instance delayed. Perhaps he could not, or would not, reply to my questions; but they seemed to precipitate his retreat. Was it possible that he possessed any secret knowledge of the fate of the Condé? His absence had been succeeded by a momentary silence amongst the revellers without, as if he were relating to them the particulars of my inquiries. A slight glance at that boisterous company during my hasty passage through their banquet-room, had given me no very favourable opinion of their habits or character; and it was possible that the war-like defences and fastenings which I observed everywhere about me, might be as much intended for the home security of a banditti, as for a precaution against their probable vicinity. It was now too late for me to retrace my steps. Flight was impracticable: the same precautions which were used against any hostile entrance, were equally opposed to my egress; unless, indeed, I had recourse to the way by which I had entered, and which led through the common room immediately occupied by the objects of my suspicion: this would have been to draw upon myself the very consequence I dreaded. My safety for the present seemed to be most assured by a careful suppression of all tokens of distrust, till these suspicions should be more explicitly confirmed; and I should not readily forgive myself if, after incurring all the dangers of darkness and tempest and an unknown country, it should prove that my apprehensions had been acted upon without any just foundation.

These thoughts, however, were soon diverted by a new object. The innkeeper's daughter entered with refreshments, —bread merely, with a few olives; and I could not restrain Juan from addressing to her some familiarities, which were so strangely and incoherently answered, as quickly to bespeak

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my whole attention. It was then impossible to look away from her. From her features she had evidently been very handsome, with a good figure; but now she stooped in her shoulders, and had that peculiar crouching and humbled demeanour, which I have often observed in the insane. Indeed, she had altogether the manner and appearance of one under the influence of melancholy derangement. She looked, moved, spoke, like a being but half recovered from death and the grave; as if the body, indeed, was released from its cerements, but the mind had not yet escaped from its mortal thraldom. I never saw an eye so dark and so dull in woman!—it had not the least lustre or intelligence, but seemed glazed, and moved with a heaviness and languor just short of death! Her cheeks were as pale as marble, but of a cold unhealthy ashen white; and my heart ached to think that they had been bleached, most probably, by bitter and continual tears. On her neck she wore a small black crucifix, which she sometimes kissed, as if mechanically, and with a very faint semblance of devotion; and her hands were adorned with several most costly and beautiful rings; far foreign, indeed, to her station; but borne, it seemed, without any feeling of personal vanity, or even of consciousness. The world seemed to contain for her no stirring interest; her mind had stagnated like a dark pool, or had rather frozen, till it took no impression from any external object. Where she acted, it was only from the influence of habit; and when the task was done, she relapsed again into the same cold and calm indifference. Judge, then, of my astonishment,—I might say, terror, when this mysterious being, so insensible, so apparently abstracted from all earthly contemplations, began to rivet her black eyes upon mine, and to lose her accustomed apathy in an expression of some wild and inconceivable interest! What was there in me to

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arouse her from that mental trance in which she had been absorbed? I wished, with the most intense anxiety, to gain some information from her looks; and, yet at the same time, I could not confront her gaze even for an instant. Her father, who had entered, surprised at so extraordinary an emotion, hastened abruptly out; and the immediate entrance of the mother, evidently upon some feigned pretext of business, only tended to increase my inquietude.

How had I become an object of interest to these people, whom till that hour I had never seen; and with whose affairs, by any possibility, I could not have the most remote connection, unless by their implication in the fate of my uncle? This conjecture filled me with an alarm and agitation I could ill have concealed, if my remorseless observer had not been too much absorbed in her own undivined emotions, to take any notice of mine. A sensation of shame flushed over me, at being thus quelled and daunted by the mere gaze of a woman: but then it was such a look and from such a being as I can never behold again! It seemed to realise all that I had read of Circean enchantment, or of the snake-like gaze, neither to be endured nor shunned; and under this dismal spell I remained till the timely entrance of Juan. The charm, whatever it might be, was then broken; with a long shuddering sigh she turned away her eyes from me, and then left the room. What a load, at that moment, seemed removed from my heart! Her presence had oppressed me, like that of one of the mortal Fates; but now, at her going, my ebbing breath returned again, and the blood thrilled joyfully through my veins.

Juan crossed himself in amaze! he had noticed me shrinking and shuddering beneath her glance, and doubtless framed the most horrible notions of an influence which could work upon me so potently. He, too, had met with his own

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terrors, in a whispering dialogue he had partially overheard during his employment in the stable, and which served to unravel the fearful mystery that hung like a cloud over all the seeming and doings of that bewildered creature. She had loved; and it was but too plain, from the allusions of the dialogue, that the object of her affection had been a robber! He had suffered for his crimes a cruel and lingering death, of which she had been a constrained spectator,-and she had maddened over the remembrance of his agonies.

It required but little conjecture to fill up the blanks of the narrative; her manners, her apathy, the possession of those costly ornaments, were easily accounted for; and it only remained to find a solution for the wild and intense interest with which she had regarded me. This would have a natural explanation by supposing in myself some accidental resemblance to the features of her lover; and the after-course of events proved that this conjecture was well founded. There were sufficient grounds in these particulars for inquietude and alarm. From the nature of her attachment, the avocations and connections of the family must be of a very dubious character. What if my host himself should be secretly associated with some neighbouring horde of banditti, and under his ostensible occupation of innkeeper, abetted their savage and blood-thirsty designs upon the unwary traveller! Might not his very house be their lurking-place or rendezvous?—nay, might it not be provided with cellars and traps, and secret vaults, and all those atrocious contrivances which we have heard of as expressly prepared for the perpetration of outrage and murder? There was a marked wariness and reserve about the master, a mixture of fox-like caution with the ferocity of the wolf, that confirmed, rather than allayed such suspicions; and why had my arms been so officiously conveyed away, under a pretence of care and attention, but in

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reality to deprive me of even the chances of defence? All these considerations shaped themselves so reasonably, and agreed together so naturally, as to induce conviction; and looking upon myself as a victim already marked for destruction, it only remained for me to exercise all my sagacity and mental energy to extricate myself from the toils. Flight, I had resolved, was impracticable,—and if I should demand my arms, the result of such an application was obviously certain; I dared not even hint a suspicion: but why do I speak of suspicions? they were immediately to be ripened into an appalling certainty.

I had not communicated my thoughts to Juan, knowing too well his impetuous and indiscreet character; but in the meantime his own fears had been busy with him, and his depression was aggravated by the circumstance that he had not been able to procure any wine from the innkeeper, who swore that he had not so much as a flask left in his house. It would have been difficult to believe that one of his profession should be so indifferently provided; but this assertion, made in the face of all the flasks and flagons of his revellers, convinced me that he felt his own mastery over us, and was resolved to let us cost him as little as possible.

Juan was in despair; his courage was always proportioned to the wine he had taken, and feeling at this moment an urgent necessity for its assistance, he resolved to supply himself by a stolen visit to the cellar. He had shrewdly taken note of its situation during a temporary assistance rendered to the innkeeper, and made sure that by watching his opportunity he could reach it unperceived. It seemed to require no small degree of courage to venture in the dark upon such a course; but the excitement was stronger than fear could overbalance; and plucking off his boots, to prevent any noise, he set forth on his expedition. No sooner was he

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gone, than I began to perceive the danger to which such an imprudent step might subject us; but it was too late to be recalled, and I was obliged to wait in no very enviable anxiety for his return.

The interval was tediously long, or seemed so, before he made his appearance. He bore a small can: and, from his looks, had met with no serious obstacle; but whether the theft had been observed, or it happened simply by chance, the Innkeeper entered close upon his heels. There is sometimes an instinctive presence of mind inspired by the aspect of danger; and guided by this impulse, in an instant I extinguished the light as if by accident. For a time, at least, we were sheltered from discovery. The Innkeeper turned back—it was a critical moment for us,—but even in that moment the unruly spirit of drink prompted my unlucky servant to take a draught of his stolen beverage, and immediately afterwards I heard him spitting it forth again, in evident disgust with its flavour. In a few moments the Innkeeper returned with a lamp, and as soon as he was gone the liquor was eagerly inspected, and to our unspeakable horror, it had every appearance of blood! It was impossible to suppress the effect of the natural disgust which affected Juan at this loathsome discovery—he groaned aloud, he vomited violently, the Innkeeper again came in upon us, and though I attributed the illness of my servant to an internal rupture which occasioned him at times to spit up blood, it was evident that he gave no credit to the explanation. He seemed to comprehend the whole scene at a glance. In fact, the vessel, with its horrid contents, stood there to confront me, and I gave up my vain attempt in silent and absolute despair.

If we were not before devoted to death, this deadly circumstance had decided our fate. His own safety, indeed,

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would enforce upon the Innkeeper the necessity of our being sacrificed. The fellow, meanwhile, departed without uttering a syllable: but I saw in his look that his determination was sealed, and that my own must be as promptly resolved. I had before thought of one measure as a last desperate resource. This was to avail myself of the favourable interest I had excited in the daughter—to appeal to her pity—to awaken her, if possible, to a sympathy with my danger, and invoke her interference to assist my escape. Yet how could I obtain even an interview for my purpose? Strange that I should now wish so ardently for that very being whose presence had so lately seemed to me a curse. Now I listened for her voice, her step, with an impatience never equalled, perhaps, but by him for whom she had crazed. My whole hope rested on that resemblance which might attract her again to gaze on a shadow, as it were, of his image, and I was not deceived. She came again, and quietly seating herself before me, began to watch me with the same earnestness.

Poor wretch! now that I knew her history, I regarded her with nothing but tenderness and pity. Her love might have burned as bright and pure as ever was kindled in a maiden's bosom; and was she necessarily aware of the unhallowed profession of its object? He might have been brave, generous—in love, at least honoured and honourable, and compared with the wretches with whom her home associated her, even as an angel of light. Would his fate else have crushed her with that eternal sorrow? Such were my reflections on the melancholy ruin of the woman before me; and if my pity could obtain its recompence in hers I was saved!

Hope catches at straws. I saw, or fancied in her looks, an affectionate expression of sympathy and anxiety, that I

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eagerly interpreted in my own behalf; but the result belied this anticipation. It was evident that my most impassioned words produced no corresponding impression on her mind. My voice even seemed to dispel the illusion that was raised by my features, and rising up, she was going to withdraw, but that I detained her by seizing her hand.

"No, no;" she said, and made a slight effort to free herself; "you are not Andreas."

"No, my poor maiden," I said, "I am not Andreas; but am I not his image? Do I not remind you of his look, of his features?"

"Yes, yes," she replied quickly, "you *are* like my Andreas —you are like him here," and she stroked back the hair from my forehead; "but *his* hair was darker than this," and the mournful remembrance for the first time filled her dull eyes with tears.

This was an auspicious omen. Whilst I saw only her hot glazed eyes, as if the fever within had parched up every tear, I despaired of exciting her sympathy with an external interest; but now that her grief and her malady even seemed to relent in this effusion, it was a favourable moment for renewing my appeal. I addressed her in the most touching voice I could assume.

"You loved Andreas, and you say I resemble him; for his sake, will you not save me from perishing?"

Her only answer was an unconscious and wondering look.

"I know too well," I continued, "that I am to perish, and you know it likewise. Am I not to be murdered this very night?"

She made no reply; but it seemed as if she had comprehended my words. Could it be, that with that strange cunning not uncommon to insanity, she thus dissembled in order to cover her own knowledge of the murderous designs

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of her father? I resolved, at least, to proceed on this supposition, and repeated my words in a tone of certainty. This decision had its effect; or else, her reason had before been incompetent to my question.

"Yes! yes! yes!" she said, in a low hurried tone, and with a suspicious glance at the door, "it is so; he will come to you about midnight. You are the son of the old man we strangled."

Conceive how I started at these words! They literally stung my ears. It was not merely that my worst fears were verified, as regarded the fate of my uncle; for, doubtless, he was the victim—or, that I was looked upon and devoted to a bloody death as his avenger; for these announcements I was already prepared; but there was yet another and a deeper cause of horror:—"The old man that *we* strangled!" Had that wild maniac then lent her own hands to the horrid deed,—had she, perhaps, helped to bind,—to pluck down and hold the struggling victim,—to stifle his feeble cries,—nay, joined her strength even to tighten the fatal cord; or was it that she only implicated herself in the act, by the use of an equivocal expression? It might merely signify, that it was the act of some of those of the house; with whom, by habit, she included herself as a part. At the same time, I could not but remember, that even the female heart has been known to become so hardened by desperation and habitudes of crime, as to be capable of the most ferocious and remorseless cruelties. She had too, those same black eyes and locks, which I have always been accustomed to think of in connection with Jael and Judith, and all those stern-hearted women, who dipped their unfaltering hands in blood. Her brain was dizzy, her bosom was chilled, her sympathies were dead and torpid, and she might gaze on murder and all its horrors, with her wonted apathy and indifference. To what

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a being then was I going to commit my safety! To one, who from the cradle had been nursed amid scenes of bloodshed and violence; whose associates had ever been the fierce and the lawless; whose lover even had been a leader of banditti; and by his influence and example, might make even murder and cruelty lose some portion of their natural blackness and horror.

It might happen, that in these thoughts I wronged that unhappy creature; but my dismal situation predisposed me to regard everything in the most unfavourable light. I had cause for apprehension in every sound that was raised,—in every foot that stirred,—in whatever face I met,—that belonged to that horrible place. Still, my present experiment was the last, short of mere force, which I could hope would avail me; and I resumed the attempt. It seemed prudent, in order to quiet the suspicion I had excited, that I should first disclaim all connection or interest in the unfortunate victim; and I thought it not criminal, in such an extremity, to have recourse to a falsehood.

"What you say," I replied to her, "of an old man being murdered, is to me a mystery. If such an occurrence has happened, it is no doubt lamentable to some one; but as for my father, I trust, that for these many years he has been with the blessed in the presence of God. For myself, I am a traveller, and the purposes of my journey are purely mercantile. My birth-place is England,—but, alas! I shall never see it again! You tell me I am to die to-night,—that I am to perish by violence;—and have you the heart to resign me to such a horrible fate? You have power or interest to save me; let me not perish by I know not what cruelties. I have a home far away—let it not be made desolate. Let me return to my wife, and to my young children, and they shall daily bless thee at the foot of our altars!"

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I believe the necessity of the occasion inspired me with a suitable eloquence of voice and manner; for these words, untrue as they were, made a visible impression on the wild being to whom they were addressed. As I spoke of violence and cruelty she shuddered, as if moved by her own terrible associations with these words; but when I came to the mention of my wife and children, it evidently awakened her compassion; and all at once, her womanly nature burst through the sullen clouds that had held it in eclipse.

"Oh, no—no—no!" she replied, hurriedly; "You must not die—your babes will weep else, and your wife will craze. Andreas would have said thus too, but he met with no pity for all the eyes that wept for him."

She clasped her forehead for a moment with her hands, and continued:—"But I must find a way to save you. I thought, when *he* died, I could never pity any one again; but he will be glad in Heaven, that I have spared one for his sake."

A momentary pang shot through me at these touching words, when I remembered how much I had wronged her by my injurious suspicions; but the consideration of my personal safety quickly engrossed my thoughts, and I demanded eagerly to know by what means she proposed to effect my escape. She soon satisfied me that it would be a trial of my utmost fortitude. There was a secret door in the paneling of my allotted bed-chamber, which communicated with her own, and by this, an hour before midnight, she would guide me and provide for my egress from the house; but she could neither promise to procure me my horse, nor to provide for the safety of the unlucky Juan, who was destined to be lodged in a loft far distant from my apartment. It may be imagined that I listened with a very unwilling ear to this arrangement; by which, alone, unarmed, I was to await the

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uncertain coming of my preserver. What if by any accident it should be preceded by that of the assassin?—but it was idle to indulge in these doubts. There was but one chance of escape open to me; and it was for me to embrace it upon whatever terms it was offered. Accordingly, I promised to conform explicitly to the maiden's instructions, to offer no opposition to any arrangements which should be made, to stifle carefully the slightest indications of mistrust, to seal up my lips for ever in silence on these events, and, above all, to avoid any expression or movement which might give umbrage to her father; with these cautions, and kissing her crucifix in token of her sincerity, she left me.

I was alone; Juan, on some occasion, had withdrawn, and I was left to the companionship of reflections, which in such a feverish interval could not be anything but disgusting. At one time, I calculated the many chances there were against the continuance of this rational interval in the mind of a maniac; then I doubted her power of saving me, and whether the means she had proposed as existing in reality, might not be her own delusion as well as mine. I even debated with myself, whether it was not an act of moral turpitude that I should accept of deliverance without stipulating for the safety of my poor servant.

These thoughts utterly unnerved me. The ticking of the clock grew into a sensation of real and exquisite pain, as indicating the continual advances of time towards a certain crisis, with its yet uncertain catastrophe. The hour-hand was already within a few digits of ten, and kept travelling onward with my thoughts, to a point that might verge with me on eternity. The lamp was every moment consuming its little remainder of oil, to supply me, it might be, with my last of light. My days were perhaps numbered; and the blood taking its last course through my veins!

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One of these subjects of my anxiety I might have spared myself. The Innkeeper abruptly entered, and with a look and tone of seeming dissatisfaction, informed me that Juan had decamped, taking with him my arms, and whatever of my portable property he had been able to lay his hands upon. So far then, if the tale was true, he was safe; but it seemed wonderful by what means he could have eluded a vigilance which, doubtless, included him in its keeping; and still more, that at such a moment he should have chosen to rob me. A minute ago I would have staked my fortune on his honesty, and my life on his fidelity. The story was too improbable; but, on the other hand, it was but too likely that he had either been actually despatched, or else in some way removed from me, that I might not claim his company or assistance in my chamber.

There was only one person who was likely to solve these doubts, and she was absent; and I began to consider that in order to give time and scope for her promised assistance, it was necessary that I should retire. To ask in a few words to be shown to my room seemed an easy task: but when I glanced on the dark scowling features of my chamberlain, harshly and vividly marked by the strong light and shade, as he bent over the lamp, even those few words were beyond my utterance. To meet such a visage, in the dead of night, thrusting apart one's curtains, would be a sufficient warning for death! The ruffian seemed to understand and anticipate my unexpressed desire, and taking up the lamp, proposed to conduct me to my chamber. I nodded assent, and he began to lead the way in the same deep silence. A mutual and conscious antipathy seemed to keep us from speaking.

Our way led through several dark, narrow passages, and through one or two small rooms, which I lost no time in reconnoitring. The accumulated cobwebs which hung from

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all the angles of the ceilings, the old dingy furnitures, and the visible neglect of cleanliness, gave them an aspect of dreariness that chilled me to the very soul. As I passed through them, I fancied that on the dusty floors I could trace the stains of blood; the walls seemed spotted and splashed with the same hue; the rude hands of my host-guide even seemed tinged with it. As though I had gazed on the sun, a crimson blot hovered before me wherever I looked, and imbued all objects with this horrible colour. Every moving shadow, projected by the lamp on the walls, seemed to be the passing spectre of some one who had here been murdered, sometimes confronting me at a door, sometimes looking down upon me from the ceiling, or echoing me, step by step, up the old, crazy stairs; still following me, indeed, whithersoever I went, as if conscious of our approaching fellowship!

At last I was informed that I stood in my allotted chamber. I instantly and mechanically cast my eyes towards the window, and a moment's glance sufficed to show me that it was strongly grated. This movement did not escape the vigilant eye of my companion.

"Well, Senor," he said, "what dost think, have I not bravely barricaded my château?"

I could make no answer. There was a look and tone of triumph and malicious irony, accompanying the question, that would not have suffered me to speak calmly. The ruffian had secured his victim, and looked upon me, no doubt, as a spider does upon its prey, which it has in-meshed, and leaves to be destroyed at its leisure. Fortunately, I recollected his daughter's caution, and subdued my emotion in his presence; but my heart sank within me at his exit, as I heard the door lock behind him, and felt myself his prisoner. All the horrible narratives I had read or heard

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related of midnight assassinations, of travellers murdered in such very abodes as this, thronged into my memory with a vivid and hideous fidelity to their wild and horrible details. A fearful curiosity led me towards the bed; a presentiment that it would afford me some unequivocal confirmation of these fears; and I turned over the pillow, with a shuddering conviction that on the under side I should be startled with stains of blood. It was, however, fair, snow-white indeed; and the sheets and coverlet were of the same innocent colour.

I then recollected the secret panel. It was natural that I should be eager to verify its existence, but with the strictest inspection I could make, I was unable to discover any trace of it. Panels indeed opened upon me from every side; but it was only to usher forth hideous phantoms of armed ruffians, with brandished daggers, that vanished again on a moment's scrutiny: and as these panels were only creations of my imagination, so that one for which I sought had no existence, I doubted not, but in the bewildered brain of a maniac.

Thus then, my last avenue to escape was utterly annihilated, and I had no hope left but in such a despairing resistance as I might make by help of the mere bones and sinews with which God had provided me. The whole furniture of the chamber would not afford me an effective weapon, and a thousand times I cursed myself that I had not sooner adopted this desperate resolution, while such rude arms as a fire-place could supply me with were within my reach. There was now nothing left for me but to die; and Antonio would have another victim to avenge. Alas! would he ever know how or where I had perished; or that I had even passed the boundaries of death! I should fall unheard, unseen, unwept, and my unsoothed spirit would walk unavenged, with those shadows I had fancied wandering. The reflection maddened me. My brain whirled dizzily round; my brow seemed

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parched by the fever of my thoughts, and hastening to the window, I threw open a little wicket for air: a grateful gush of wind immediately entered; but the lamp with which I had been making my fruitless search, was still in my hand and that gust extinguished it.

Darkness was now added to all my other evils. There was no moon or a single star; the night was intensely obscure, and groping my way back to the bed, I cast myself upon it in an agony of despair. I cannot describe the dreadful storm of passions that shook me: fear, anguish, horror, self-reproach, made up the terrible chaos; and then came rage, and I vowed, if ever I survived, to visit my tormentors with a bloody and fierce retribution. I have said that the room was utterly dark, but imagination peopled it with terrific images; and kept my eyes straining upon the gloom, with an attention painfully intense. Shadows blacker even than the night, seemed to pass and repass before me; the curtains were grasped and withdrawn; visionary arms, furnished with glancing steel, were uplifted and descended again into obscurity. Every sense was assailed; the silence was interrupted by audible breathings—slow, cautious footsteps stirred across the floor—imagined hands travelled stealthily over the bedclothes, as if in feeling for my face. Then I heard distant shrieks, and recognised the voice of Juan in piteous and gradually stifled intercession; sometimes the bed seemed descending under me, as if into some yawning vault or cellar; and at others, faint fumes of sulphur would seem to issue from the floor, as if designed to suffocate me, without affording me even the poor chance of resistance.

At length a sound came, which my ear readily distinguished, by its distinctness, from the mere suggestions of fear: it was the cautious unlocking and opening of the door. My eyes turning instantly in that direction, were eagerly dis-

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tended, but there was not a glimmer of light even accompanied the entrance of my unknown visitor: but it was a man's foot. A boiling noise rushed through my ears, and my tongue and throat were parched with a sudden and stifling thirst. The power of utterance and of motion seemed at once to desert me; my heart panted as though it were grown too large for my body, and the weight of twenty mountains lay piled upon my breast. To lie still, however, was to be lost. By a violent exertion of the will, I flung myself out of the bed, furthest from the door; and scarcely had I set foot upon the ground, when I heard something strike against the opposite side. Immediately afterwards a heavy blow was given—a second—a third; the stabs themselves, as well as the sound, seemed to fall upon my very heart. A cold sweat rushed out upon my forehead. I felt sick, my limbs bowed, and I could barely keep myself from falling. It was certain that my absence would be promptly discovered: that a search would instantly commence, and my only chance was, by listening intensely for his footsteps, to discern the course and elude the approaches of my foe.

I could hear him grasp the pillows, and the rustling of the bed-clothes as he turned them over in his search. For a minute all was then deeply, painfully silent. I could fancy him stealing towards me, and almost supposed the warmth of his breath against my face. I expected every instant to feel myself seized, I knew not where, in his grasp, and my flesh was ready to shrink all over from his touch. Such an interval had now elapsed as I judged would suffice for him to traverse the bed; and in fact the next moment his foot struck against the wainscot close beside me, followed by a long hasty sweep of his arm along the wall—it seemed to pass over my head. Then all was still again, as if he paused to listen; meanwhile I strode away, silently as death, in the

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direction of the opposite side of the chamber. Then I paused: but I had suppressed my breath so long, that involuntarily it escaped from me in a long deep sigh, and I was forced again to change my station. There was not a particle of light; but in shifting cautiously round, I espied a bright spot or crevice in the wall: upon this spot I resolved to keep my eyes steadily fixed, judging that by this means I should be warned of the approach of any opaque body, by its intercepting the light. On a sudden, it was obscured; but I have reason to believe it was by some unconscious movement of my own, for just as I retired backwards, from the approach, as I conceived, of my enemy, I was suddenly seized from behind. The crisis was come, and all my fears were consummated: I was in the arms of the assassin!

A fierce and desperate struggle instantly commenced, which, from its nature, could be but of short duration. I was defenceless, but my adversary was armed; and, wherever he might aim his dagger, I was disabled, by the utter darkness, from warding off the blow. The salvation of my life depended only on the strength and presence of mind I might bring to the conflict. A momentary relaxation of his hold indicated that my foe was about to make use of his weapon; and my immediate impulse was to grasp him so closely round the body, as to deprive him of the advantage. My antagonist was fearfully powerful, and struggled violently to free himself from my arms; but an acquaintance with wrestling and athletic sports, acquired in my youth, and still more the strong love of life, enabled me to grapple with him and maintain my hold. I was safe, indeed, only so long as I could restrain him from the use of his steel. Our arms were firmly locked in each other, our chests closely pressed together, and it seemed that strength at least was fairly matched with strength.

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From a dogged shame, perhaps, or whatever cause, the ruffian did not deign to summon any other to his aid, but endeavoured, singly and silently, to accomplish his bloody task. Not a word, in fact, was uttered on either part—not a breathing space even was allowed by our brief and desperate struggle. Many violent efforts were made by the wretch to disengage himself, in the course of which we were often forced against the wall, or hung balanced on straining sinews, ready to fall headlong on the floor. At last, by one of these furious exertions, we were dashed against the wall, and the paneling giving way to our weight, we were precipitated with a fearful crash, but still clinging to each other, down a considerable descent. On touching the ground, however, the violence of the shock separated us. The ruffian, fortunately, had fallen undermost, which stunned him, and gave me time to spring upon my feet.

A moment's glance round told me that we had fallen through the secret panel, spoken of by the maniac, into her own chamber; but my eyes were too soon riveted by one object, to take any further note of the place. It was her—that wild, strange being herself, just risen from her chair at this thundering intrusion, drowsy and bewildered, as if from a calm and profound sleep. She that was to watch, to snatch me from the dagger itself, had forgotten and slept over the appointment that involved my very existence!

But this was no time for wonder or reproach. My late assailant was lying prostrate before me, and his masterless weapon was readily to be seized and appropriated to my own defence. I might have killed him, but a moment's reflection showed me that his single death, whilst it might exasperate his fellows, could tend but little to my safety. This was yet but a present and temporary security; a respite, not a reprieve, from the fate that impended over me. It was im-

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portant, therefore, to learn, if possible, from that bewildered creature, the means which should have led to my escape from the house; and if she was still willing and competent to become my guide. The first step had been accidentally accomplished; but here it seemed that my progress was to find its termination. All the past, except that horrible and distant part of it over which she brooded, had utterly lapsed again from her memory, like words traced upon water. The examination only lasted for a moment, but it sufficed to convince me of this unwelcome result. What then, indeed, could have been expected from the uncertain and intermitting intelligences of a maniac? I wondered how I could have built up a single hope on so slippery a foundation.

It was now too late to arraign my folly or bewail its consequence; a few minutes would recal the robber to consciousness, and those were all that would allow me to seek, or avail myself of any passage for retreat. Although no other entrance was immediately apparent, it was obvious that this chamber must have some other one, than the panel by which I had so unexpectedly arrived; and this conclusion proved to be correct.

There was a trap-door, in one corner, for communication with beneath. To espy it—to grasp the ring—to raise it up—were the transactions of an instant; but no sooner was it thrown open, than my ears were assailed by a sudden uproar of sounds from below. The noise seemed at first to be the mere Bacchanalian riot of a drunken banditti; but a continued attention made me interpret differently of the tumult, which now seemed to partake less of the mirth of carousal, than of the violence and voices of some serious affray. The distance of the sounds, which came from the further part of the house, precluded an accurate judgment of their nature. Had the banditti quarrelled amongst them-

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selves, and proceeded to blows? The disorder and distraction incident to such a tumult could not but be highly favourable to my purpose; and I was just on the point of stepping through the aperture, when the ruffian behind me, as if aroused by the uproar, sprang upon his feet, rushed past me with a speed that seemed to be urged by alarm, and bounded through the trap-door. The room beneath was in darkness, so that I was unable to distinguish his course, which his intimate knowledge of the place, nevertheless, enabled him to pursue with ease and certainty.

As soon as his footsteps were unheard, I followed, with less speed and celerity. I might, indeed, have possessed myself of the lamp which stood upon the table, but a light would infallibly have betrayed me, and I continued to grope my way in darkness and ignorance to the lower chamber. An influx of sound, to the left, denoted an open door, and directing my course to that quarter, I found that it led into a narrow passage. As yet I had seen no light; but now a cool gush of air seemed to promise that a few steps onward I should meet with a window. It proved to be only a loophole. The noise as I advanced had meanwhile become more and more violent, and was now even accompanied by irregular discharges of pistols. My vicinity to the scene of contest made me hesitate. I could even distinguish voices, and partially understood the blasphemies and imprecations that were most loudly uttered. I had before attributed this tumult to a brawling contention amongst the inmates themselves, but now the indications seemed to be those of a more serious strife. The discharges of fire-arms were almost incessant, and the shouts and cries were like the cheers of onset and battle, of fury and anguish. The banditti had doubtless been tracked and assaulted in their den; and it became necessary to consider what course in such a case it

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was the most prudent for me to adopt. Should I seek for some place of concealment, and there await the issue of a contest, which would most probably terminate in favour of justice?—or ought I not rather to hasten and lend all my energies to the cause? I still held in my hand the dagger, of which I had possessed myself; but could it be hoped that, thus imperfectly armed, if armed it might be called, my feeble aid could essentially contribute to such a victory?

The decision was as suddenly as unexpectedly resolved. A familiar voice, which I could not mistake, though loud and raving far above its natural pitch, amidst a clamour of fifty others—struck on my ear; and no other call was necessary to precipitate my steps towards the scene of action. I had yet to traverse some passages, which the increase of light enabled me to do more readily. The smoke, the din, the flashing reflections along the walls, now told me that I was close upon the strife; and in a few moments, on turning an abrupt angle, I had it in all its confusion before me.

The first and nearest object that struck me was the figure of the Innkeeper himself, apparently in the act of reloading his piece. His back was towards me, but I could not mistake his tall and muscular frame. On hearing a step behind him, he turned hastily round, discharged a pistol at my head, and then disappeared in the thickest of the tumult. The ball, however, only whizzed past my ear; but not harmless, for immediately afterwards I felt some one reel against me from behind, clasp me for an instant by the shoulders, and then roll downwards to the floor. The noise, and the exciting interest which hurried me hither had hindered me from perceiving that I was followed, and I turned eagerly round to ascertain who had become the victim of the mis-directed shot. It was the ruffian's own daughter; the unhappy maniac herself, whose shattered brain had thus received from

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his hand the last pang it was destined to endure; a single groan was all that the poor wretch had uttered. I felt an inexpressible shock at this horrid catastrophe. I was stained with her blood, particles of her brain even adhered to my clothes; and I was glad to escape from the horror excited by the harrowing spectacle, by plunging into the chaos before me. Further than of a few moments, during which, however, I had exchanged and parried a number of blows and thrusts, I have no recollection. A spent ball on the rebound struck me directly on the forehead, and laid me insensible under foot, amidst the dying and the dead.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on a bed—the same, by a strange coincidence, that I had already occupied; but the faces around me, though warlike, were friendly. My first eager inquiries, as soon as I could speak, were for my friend Antonio, for it was indeed his voice that I had recognised amidst the conflict, but I could obtain no direct answer. Sad and silent looks, sighs and tears, only made up the terrible response. He was then slain! Nothing but death indeed would have kept him at such a moment from my pillow. It availed nothing to me that the victory had been won, that their wretched adversaries were all prisoners or destroyed; at such a price, a thousand of such victories would have been dearly purchased. If I could have felt any consolation in his death, it would have been to learn that his arm had first amply avenged in blood the murder of the Condé—that the Innkeeper had been cleft by him to the heart—that numbers of the robbers had perished by his heroic hand: but I only replied to the tidings with tears for my friend, and regrets that I had not died with him. How cruelly, by his going before me, had the sweet belief of our youth been falsified! Was it possible that I had survived perhaps to see the grass grow over his head; and to walk

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alone upon the earth, when he should be nothing but a little dust? Why had I been spared? others could convey to Isabelle the afflicting intelligence that she had no longer a father or a lover; and in such an overwhelming dispensation, she could well forego the poor and unavailing consolations of a friend.

Such were my natural and desponding feelings, on contemplating the loss of my beloved friend;—but new and indispensable duties recalled the energies of my mind, and diverted me from a grief which would else have consumed me. The last sacred rites remained to be performed for the dead; and although the fate of the Condé might readily be divined, it was necessary to establish its certainty by the discovery of his remains. The prisoners who were questioned on this point maintained an obstinate silence; and the researches of the military had hitherto been unavailing, except to one poor wretch, whom they rescued from extreme suffering and probable death.

I have related the disappearance of my servant Juan, and my suspicions as to the cause of his absence were found to have verged nearly on the truth. He had saved himself, it appeared, from immediate danger, by a feigned compliance with the invitations of the banditti to enrol himself in their numbers; but as a precaution or a probation, he had been bound hand and foot, and consigned to a garret, till I should have been first disposed of. The poor fellow was dreadfully cramped in his limbs by the tightness of the ligatures, and was nearly half dead with cold and affright, when he was thus opportunely discovered; but no sooner had he revived, and comprehended the object of our search, than his memory supplied us with a clue:—the wine-barrels! The house had been narrowly investigated; but these cellars, by some hasty omission, had been overlooked.

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I resolved to lead this new inquisition myself. Juan's sickening and disgustful recollections, which now pointed his suspicions, would not let him be present at the examination; but he directed us by such minute particulars, that we had no difficulty in finding our way to the spot. There were other traces, had they been necessary for our guidance: stains of blood were seen on descending the stairs and across the floor, till they terminated at a large barrel or tun, which stood first of a range of several others, on the opposite side of the cellar. Here then stood the vessel that contained the object of our search. My firm conviction that it was so made me see, as through the wood itself, the mutilated appearance which I had conceived of my ill-fated uncle. The horrible picture overcame me;—and whilst I involuntarily turned aside, the mangled quarters of a human body, and finally the dissevered head, were drawn forth from the infernal receptacle! As soon as I dared turn my eyes, they fell upon the fearful spectacle; but I looked in vain for the lineaments I had expected to meet. The remains were those of a middle-aged man; the features were quite unknown to me; but a profusion of long black hair told me at a glance, that this was not the head of the aged Condé. Neither could this belong to the old man who had been alluded to by the maniac as having been strangled. Our search must, therefore, be extended.

The neighbouring barrel, from its sound, was empty, and the next likewise; but the third, and last one, on being struck, gave indications of being occupied; perhaps, by contents as horrible as those of the first. It was, however, only half filled with water. There was still a smaller cellar, communicating with the outer one by a narrow arched passage; but, on examination, it proved to have been applied to its original and legitimate purpose, for it contained a

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considerable quantity of wine. Every recess, every nook was carefully inspected; the floors in particular were minutely examined, but they supplied no appearance of having been recently disturbed.

This unsuccessful result almost begat a doubt in me whether, indeed, this place had been the theatre of the imputed tragedy; my strongest belief had been founded on the words of the maniac, in allusion to the old man who had been strangled; but her story pointed to no determinate period of time, and might refer to an occurrence of many years back. Surely the police and the military, Antonio certainly, had been led hither by some more perfect information. I had neglected, hitherto, to possess myself of the particulars which led to their attack on the house; but the answers to my inquiries tended in no way to throw any light upon the fate of the Condé. Antonio, in his progress through the mountains, had fallen in with a party of the provincial militia, who were scouring the country in pursuit of the predatory bands that infested it; and the capture of a wounded robber had furnished them with the particulars which led to their attack upon the inn. The dying wretch had been eagerly interrogated by Antonio, as to his knowledge of the transactions of his fellows; but though he could obtain no intelligence of the Condé, his impetuous spirit made him readily unite himself with an expedition against a class of men, to whom he confidently attributed the old nobleman's mysterious disappearance. The mournful sequel I have related. His vengeance was amply but dearly sated on the Innkeeper and his bloodthirsty associates;—but the fate of my uncle remained as doubtful as ever.

The discovery was reserved for chance. One of the troopers, in shifting some litter in the stables, remarked that the earth and stones beneath appeared to have been recently

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turned up: the fact was immediately communicated to his officer, and I was summoned to be present at this new investigation. The men had already begun to dig when I arrived, and some soiled fragments of clothes which they turned up, already assured them of the nature and the nearness of the deposit. A few moments' more labour sufficed to lay it bare; and then, by the torchlight, I instantly recognised the grey hairs and the features of him of whom we were in search. All that remained of my uncle lay before me! The starting and blood-distended eyes, the gaping mouth, the blackness of the face, and a livid mark round the neck, confirmed the tale of the maniac as to the cruel mode of his death. May I never gaze on such an object again!

Hitherto, the excitement, the labour, the uncertainty of the search had sustained me; but now a violent re-action took place, a reflux of all the horrors I had witnessed and endured rushed over me like a flood; and for some time I raved in a state of high delirium. I was again laid in bed, and in the interval of my repose, preparations were made for our departure. The bodies of the slain robbers and militiamen were promptly interred, and after securing all the portable effects of any value, which the soldiers were allowed to appropriate as a spoil, the house was ordered to be fired, as affording too eligible a refuge and rendezvous for such desperate associations. At my earnest request, a separate grave had been provided for the remains of the unfortunate maniac, which were committed to the earth with all the decencies that our limited time and means could afford. The spot had been chosen at the foot of a tall pine, in the rear of the house, and a small cross carved in the bark of the tree was the only memorial of this ill-starred girl.

These cares, speedily executed, occupied till day-break, and just at sunrise we commenced our march. A horse, left

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masterless by the death of one of the troopers, was assigned to me; two others were more mournfully occupied by the bodies of Antonio and the Condé, each covered with a coarse sheet; and the captive robbers followed, bound, with their faces backward, upon the Innkeeper's mules. The Innkeeper's wife was amongst the prisoners, and her loud lamentations, breaking out afresh at every few paces, prevailed even over the boisterous merriment of the troopers and the low-muttered imprecations of the banditti. When, from the rear, I looked upon this wild procession, in the cold grey light of the morning winding down the mountains, that warlike escort, those two horses, with their funereal burthens, the fierce, scowling faces of the prisoners, confronting me; and then turned back, and distinguished the tall pine-tree, and saw the dense column of smoke soaring upward from those ancient ruins, as from some altar dedicated to Vengeance, the whole past appeared to me like a dream! My mind, stunned by the magnitude and number of events which had been crowded into a single night's space, refused to believe that so bounded a period had sufficed for such disproportionate effects; but recalled again and again every scene and every fact,—as if to be convinced by the vividness of the repetitions, and the fidelity of the details—of a foregone reality. I could not banish or divert these thoughts: all the former horrors were freshly dramatised before me; the images of the Innkeeper, of the maniac, of Juan, of Antonio, were successively conjured up, and acted their parts anew, till all was finally wound up in the consummation that riveted my eyes on those two melancholy burthens before me.

But I will not dwell here on those objects as I did then. An hour or two after sunrise we entered a town, where we delivered up to justice those miserable wretches, who were

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afterwards to be seen impaled and blackening in the sun throughout the province. And here also my own progress, for three long months, was destined to be impeded. Other lips than mine conveyed to Isabelle the dismal tidings with which I was charged; other hands than mine assisted in paying to the dead their last pious dues. Excessive fatigue, grief, horror, and a neglected wound, generated a raging fever, from which, with difficulty, and by slow degrees, I recovered,—alas! only to find myself an alien on the earth, without one tie to attach me to the life I had so unwillingly regained!

* * * *

I have only to speak of the fate of one more person connected with this history. In the Convent of St. ***, at Madrid, there is one, who, by the peculiar sweetness of her disposition, and the superior sanctity of her life, has obtained the love and veneration of all her pure sisterhood. She is called sister Isabelle. The lines of an early and acute sorrow are deeply engraven on her brow, but her life is placid and serene, as it is holy and saint-like; and her eyes will neither weep, nor her bosom heave a sigh, but when she recurs to the memorials of this melancholy story. She is now nearly ripe for heaven; and may her bliss there be as endless and perfect, as here it was troubled and fearfully hurried to its close!

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THE MIRACLE OF THE HOLY HERMIT.

"There's cold meat in the cave."—CYMBELINE.

IN my younger days, there was much talk of an old Hermit of great sanctity, who lived in a rocky cave near Naples. He had a very reverend grey beard, which reached down to his middle, where his body, looking like a pismire's, was almost cut in two by the tightness of a stout leathern girdle, which he wore probably to restrain his hunger during his long and frequent abstinences. His nails, besides, had grown long and crooked like the talons of a bird; his arms and legs were bare, and his brown garments very coarse and ragged. He never tasted flesh, but fed upon herbs and roots, and drank nothing but water; nor ever lodged anywhere, winter or summer, but in his bleak rocky cavern; above all, it was his painful custom to stand for hours together with his arms extended in imitation of the holy cross, by way of penance and mortification for the sins of his body.

After many years spent in these austerities, he fell ill, towards the autumn, of a mortal disease, whereupon he was constantly visited by certain Benedictines and Cordeliers, who had convents in the neighbourhood; not so much as a work of charity and mercy, as that they were anxious to obtain his body, for they made sure that many notable miracles might be wrought at his tomb. Accordingly, they hovered about his death-bed of leaves, like so many ravens when they scent a prey, but more jealous of each other, till the pious Hermit's last breath at length took flight towards the skies.

As soon as he was dead, the two friars who were watching him, ran each to their several convents to report the event. The Cordelier, being swiftest of foot, was the first to arrive

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with his tidings, when he found his brethren just sitting down to their noontide meal; whereas, when the Benedictines heard the news, they were at prayers, which gave them the advantage. Cutting the service short, therefore, with an abrupt amen, they ran instantly in a body to the cave; but before they could well fetch their breath again, the Cordeliers also came up, finishing their dinner as they ran, and both parties ranged themselves about the dead Hermit. Father Gometa, a Cordelier, and a very portly man, then stepping in front of his fraternity, addressed them as follows:

"My dear brethren, we are too late, as you see, to receive the passing breath of the holy man; he is quite dead and cold. Put your victuals out of your hands, therefore, and with all due reverence assist me to carry these saintly relics to our convent, that they may repose amongst his fellow Cordeliers."

The Benedictines murmuring at this expression; "Yea," added he, "I may truly call him a Cordelier, and a rigid one; witness his leathern girdle, which, for want of a rope, he hath belted round his middle, almost to the cutting asunder of his holy body. Take up, I say these precious relics;" whereupon his followers, obeying his commands, and the Benedictines resisting them, there arose a lively struggle, as if between so many Greeks and Trojans, over the dead body. The two fraternities, however, being equally matched in strength, they seemed more likely to dismember the Hermit, than to carry him off on either side, wherefore Father Gometa, by dint of entreaties and struggling, procured a truce. "It was a shameful thing," he told them, "for servants of the Prince of Peace, as they were, to mingle in such an affray; and besides, that the country people being likely to witness it, the scandal of such a broil would do more harm to them, jointly, than the possession of the body could

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be a benefit to either of their orders. The religious men of both sides, concurring in the prudence of this advice, they left a friar, on either part, to take charge of the dead body, and then adjourned, by common consent, to the house of the Benedictines.

The chapel being very large and convenient for the purpose, they went thither to carry on the debate; and, surely, such a strange kind of service had never been performed before within its walls. Father Gometa, standing beside a painted window which made his face of all manner of hues, began in a pompous discourse to assert the claims of his convent; but Friar John quickly interrupted him; and another brother contradicting Friar John, all the monks, Benedictines as well as Cordeliers, were soon talking furiously together, at the same moment. Their Babel-arguments, therefore, were balanced against each other. At last, brother Geronimo, who had a shrill voice like a parrot's, leaped upon a bench, and called out for a hearing; and, moreover, clapping two large missals together, in the manner of a pair of castanets, he dinned the other noise-mongers into a temporary silence. As soon as they were quiet—"This squabble," said he, "may easily be adjusted. As for the hermit's body, let those have it, of whatever order, who have ministered to the good man's soul, and given him the extreme unction."

At this proposal there was a general silence throughout the chapel; till Father Gometa, feeling what a scandal it would be if such a man had died without the last sacrament, affirmed that he had given to him the wafer; and Father Philippo, on behalf of the Benedictines, declared that he had performed the same office. Thus, that seemed to have been superfluously repeated, which, in truth, had been altogether omitted. Wherefore Geronimo, at his wit's end, proposed that the

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superiors should draw lots, and had actually cut a slip or two out of the margin of his psalter for the purpose; but Father Gometa relied too much on his own subtlety, to refer the issue to mere chance. In this extremity, a certain Capuchin happening to be present, they besought him, as a neutral man and impartial, to lead them to some decision: and after a little thinking, he was so fortunate as to bring them to an acceptable method of arbitration.

The matter being thus arranged, the Cordeliers returned to their own convent, where, as soon as they arrived, Father Gometa assembled them all in the refectory, and spoke to them in these words:

"You have heard it settled, my brethren, that the claims of our several convents are to be determined by propinquity to the cave. Now I know that our crafty rivals will omit no artifice that may show their house to be the nearest; wherefore, not to be wilfully duped, I am resolved to make a proper subtraction from our own measurements. I foresee, notwithstanding, that this measuring bout will lead to no accommodation; for the reckonings on both sides being false, will certainly beget a fresh cavil. Go, therefore, some of you, very warily, and bring hither the blessed body of the hermit, which, by God's grace, will save a great deal of indecent dissension, and then the Benedictines may measure as unfairly as they please."

The brethren approving of this design, chose out four of the stoutest, amongst whom was Friar Francis, to proceed on this expedition; and in the meantime, the event fell out as the superior had predicted. The adverse measurers, encountering on their task, began to wrangle; and after belabouring each other with their rods, returned with complaints to their separate convents; but Friar Francis, with his comrades, proceeded prosperously to the cave, where they

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found the dead body of the hermit, but neither of the truant friars who had been appointed to keep watch.

Taking the carcase, therefore, without any obstruction, on their shoulders, they began to wend homewards very merrily, till coming to a bye-place in the middle of a wood, they agreed to set down their burthen awhile, and refresh themselves after their labours. One of the friars, however, of weaker nerves than the rest, objected to the companionship of the dead hermit, who with his long white beard and his ragged garments, which stirred now and then in the wind, was in truth a very awful object. Dragging him aside, therefore, into a dark solitary thicket, they returned to sit down on the grass; and pulling out their flasks, which contained some very passable wine, they began to enjoy themselves without stint or hindrance.

The last level rays of the setting sun were beginning to shoot through the horizontal boughs, tinging the trunks, which at noon are all shady and obscure, with a flaming gold; but the merry friars thought it prudent to wait till nightfall, before they ventured with their charge beyond the friendly shelter of the wood. As soon, therefore, as it was so safely dark that they could barely distinguish each other, they returned to the thicket for the body; but to their horrible dismay, the dead hermit had vanished, nobody knew whither, leaving them only a handful of his grey beard as a legacy, with a remnant or two of his tattered garments. At this discovery, the friars were in despair, and some of them began to weep, dreading to go back to the convent; but Friar Francis, being in a jolly mood, put them in better heart.

"Why, what a whimpering is this," said he, "about a dead body? The good father, as you know, was no fop, and did not smell over purely; for which reason, doubtless,

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some hungry devil of a wolf has relieved us from the labour of bearing him any farther. There is no such heretic as your wolf is, who would not be likely to boggle at his great piety, though I marvel he did not object to his meagreness. I tell you, take courage, then, and trust to me to clear you, who have brought you out of fifty such scrapes."

The friars knowing that he spoke reasonably, soon comforted themselves; and running back to the convent, they repaired, all trembling, into the presence of the superior.

Father Gometa, inquiring eagerly if they had brought the body, Friar Francis answered boldly, that they had not; "But here," said he, "is a part of his most reverend beard, and also his mantle, which, like Elisha, he dropped upon us as he ascended into heaven; for as the pious Elisha was translated into the skies, even so was the holy hermit, excepting these precious relics—being torn out of our arms, as it were by a whirlwind." Anon, appealing to his comrades, to confirm his fabrication, they declared that it happened with them even as he related; and moreover, that a bright and glorious light shining upon them, as it did upon Saul and his company, when they journeyed to Damascus, had so bewildered them, that they had not yet recovered their perfect senses.

In this plausible manner, the friars got themselves dismissed without any penance; but Father Gometa discredited the story at the bottom of his heart, and went to bed in great trouble of mind, not doubting that they had lost the body by some negligence, and that on the morrow it would be found in the possession of his rivals, the Benedictines. The latter, however, proving as disconcerted as he was, he took comfort, and causing the story to be set down at large in the records of the convent, and subscribed with the names of the four friars, he had it read publicly on the next Sunday from

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the pulpit, with an exhibition of the beard and the mantle, which procured a great deal of wonder and reverence amongst the congregation.

The Benedictines at first were vexed at the credit which was thus lost to their own convent; but being afterwards pacified with a portion of the grey hairs and a shred or two of the brown cloth, they joined in the propagation of the story; and the country people believe to this day in the miracle of the holy hermit.

THE WIDOW OF GALICIA.

"Sirs, behold in me
A wretched fraction of divided love,
A widow much deject;
Whose life is but a sorry ell of crape,
Ev'n cut it when you list."—*Old Play.*

THERE lived in the Province of Galicia a lady so perfectly beautiful, that she was called by travellers, and by all indeed who beheld her, the Flower of Spain. It too frequently happens that such handsome women are but as beautiful weeds, useless or even noxious; whereas with her excelling charms, she possessed all those virtues which should properly inhabit in so lovely a person. She had therefore many wooers, but especially a certain old Knight of Castille (bulky in person, and with hideously coarse features), who, as he was exceedingly wealthy, made the most tempting offers to induce her to become his mistress, and failing in that object by reason of her strict virtue, he proposed to espouse her. But she, despising him as a bad and brutal man, which was his character, let fall the blessing of her affection on a young gentleman of small estate but good

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reputation in the province, and being speedily married, they lived together for three years very happily. Notwithstanding this, the abominable Knight did not cease to persecute her, till being rudely checked by her husband, and threatened with his vengeance, he desisted for a season.

It happened at the end of the third year of their marriage, that her husband being unhappily murdered on his return from Madrid, whither he had been called by a lawsuit, she was left without protection, and from the failure of the cause much straitened, besides, in her means of living. This time, therefore, the Knight thought favourable to renew his importunities, and neither respecting the sacredness of her grief, nor her forlorn state, he molested her so continually, that if it had not been for the love of her fatherless child, she would have been content to die. For if the Knight was odious before, he was now thrice hateful from his undisguised brutality, and above all execrable in her eyes from a suspicion that he had procured the assassination of her dear husband. She was obliged, however, to confine this belief to her own bosom, for her persecutor was rich and powerful, and wanted not the means, and scarcely the will, to crush her. Many families had thus suffered by his malignity, and therefore she only awaited the arrangement of certain private affairs, to withdraw secretly, with her scanty maintenance, into some remote village. There she hoped to be free from her inhuman suitor; but she was delivered from this trouble in the meantime by his death, yet in so terrible a manner, as made it more grievous to her than his life had ever been.

It wanted, at this event, but a few days of the time when the lady proposed to remove to her country-lodging, taking with her a maid who was called Maria; for since the reduction of her fortune, she had retained but this one servant. Now, it happened, that this woman going one day to her

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lady's closet, which was in her bed-chamber,—so soon as she had opened the door, there tumbled forward the dead body of a man; and the police being summoned by her shrieks, they soon recognised the corpse to be that of the old Castilian Knight, though the countenance was so blackened and disfigured as to seem scarcely human. It was sufficiently evident, that he had perished by poison; whereupon the unhappy lady, being interrogated, was unable to give any account of the matter; and in spite of her fair reputation, and although she appealed to God in behalf of her innocence, she was thrown into the common gaol along with other reputed murderers.

The criminal addresses of the deceased Knight being generally known, many persons who believed in her guilt, still pitied her, and excused the cruelty of the deed on account of the persecution she had suffered from that wicked man:—but these were the most charitable of her judges. The violent death of her husband, which before had been only attributed to robbers, was now assigned by scandalous persons to her own act; and the whole province was shocked that a lady of her fair seeming, and of such unblemished character, should have brought so heavy a disgrace upon her sex and upon human nature.

At her trial, therefore, the court was crowded to excess; and some few generous persons were not without a hope of her acquittal; but the same facts, as before, being proved upon oath, and the lady still producing no justification, but only asserting her innocence, there remained no reasonable cause for doubting of her guilt. The Public Advocate then began to plead, as his painful duty commanded him, for her condemnation;—he urged the facts of her acquaintance and bad terms with the murdered knight; and moreover, certain expressions of hatred which she had been heard to utter

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against him. The very scene and manner of his destruction, he said, spoke to her undoubted prejudice,—the first a private closet in her own bed-chamber,—and the last by poison, which was likely to be employed by a woman, rather than any weapon of violence. Afterwards, he interpreted to the same conclusion, the abrupt flight of the waiting-maid, who, like a guilty and fearful accomplice, had disappeared when her mistress was arrested; and, finally, he recalled the still mysterious fate of her late husband; so that all who heard him began to bend their brows solemnly, and some reproachfully, on the unhappy object of his discourse. Still she upheld herself, firmly and calmly, only from time to time lifting her eyes towards Heaven; but when she heard the death of her dear husband touched upon, and in a manner that laid his blood to her charge, she stood forward, and placing her right hand on the head of her son, cried :—

"So witness God, if ever I shed his father's blood, so may this, his dear child, shed mine in vengeance."

Then sinking down from exhaustion, and the child weeping bitterly over her, the beholders were again touched with compassion, almost to the doubting of her guilt; but the evidence being so strong against her, she was immediately condemned by the Court.

It was the custom in those days for a woman who had committed murder, to be first strangled by the hangman, and then burnt to ashes in the midst of the market-place; but before this horrible sentence could be pronounced on the lady, a fresh witness was moved by the grace of God to come forward in her behalf. This was the waiting-woman, Maria, who hitherto had remained disguised in the body of the Court; but now, being touched with remorse at her lady's unmerited distresses, she stood up on one of the benches,

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and called out earnestly to be allowed to make her confession. She then related, that she herself had been prevailed upon, by several great sums of money, and still more by the artful and seducing promises of the dead Knight, to secrete him in a closet in her lady's chamber; but that of the cause of his death she knew nothing, except that upon a shelf she had placed some sweet cakes, mixed with arsenic, to poison the rats, and that the Knight being rather gluttonous, might have eaten of them in the dark, and so died.

At this probable explanation, the people all shouted one shout, and the lady's innocence being acknowledged, the sentence was ordered to be reversed; but she reviving a little at the noise, and being told of this providence, only clasped her hands; and then, in a few words, commending her son to the guardianship of good men, and saying that she could never survive the shame of her unworthy reproach, she ended with a deep sigh, and expired upon the spot.

THE GOLDEN CUP AND THE DISH OF SILVER.

—♦—

"*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us?

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the Devil into."—*Merchant of Venice.*

EVERY one knows what a dog's life the miserable Jews lead all over the world, but especially amongst the Turks, who plunder them of their riches, and slay them on the most frivolous pretences. Thus, if they acquire any wealth, they are obliged to hide it in holes and corners, and to snatch their scanty enjoyments by stealth, in recompence of the buffets and contumely of their turbaned oppressors.

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In this manner lived Yussuf, a Hebrew of great wealth and wisdom, but, outwardly, a poor beggarly druggist, inhabiting, with his wife, Anna, one of the meanest houses in Constantinople. The curse of his nation had often fallen bitterly upon his head; his great skill in medicine procuring him some uncertain favour from the Turks, but, on the failure of his remedies, a tenfold proportion of ill-usage and contempt. In such cases, a hundred blows on the soles of his feet were his common payment; whereas on the happiest cures, he was often dismissed with empty hands and some epithet of disgrace.

As he was sitting one day at his humble door, thinking over these miseries, a Janizary came up to him, and commanded Yussuf to go with him to his Aga, or captain, whose palace was close at hand. Yussuf's gold immediately weighed heavy at his heart, as the cause of this summons; however, he arose obediently, and followed the soldier to the Aga, who was sitting cross-legged on a handsome carpet, with his long pipe in his mouth. The Jew, casting himself on his knees, with his face to the floor, began, like his brethren, to plead poverty in excuse for the shabbiness of his appearance; but the Aga, interrupting him, proceeded to compliment him in a flattering strain on his reputation for wisdom, which he said had made him desirous of his conversation. He then ordered the banquet to be brought in; whereupon the slaves put down before them some wine, in a golden cup, and some pork, in a dish of silver; both of which were forbidden things, and therefore made the Jew wonder very much at suc an entertainment. The Aga then pointing to the refreshments addressed him as follows:—

"Yussuf, they say you are a very wise and learned man, and have studied deeper than any one the mysteries of nature. I have sent for you, therefore, to resolve me on cer-

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tain doubts concerning this flesh and this liquor before us; the pork being as abominable to your religion, as the wine is unto ours. But I am especially curious to know the reasons why your prophet should have forbidden a meat, which by report of the Christians is both savoury and wholesome; wherefore I will have you to proceed first with that argument; and, in order that you may not discuss it negligently, I am resolved, in case you fail to justify the prohibition, that you shall empty the silver dish before you stir from the place. Nevertheless, to show you that I am equally candid, I promise, if you shall thereafter prove to me the unreasonableness of the injunction against wine, I will drink off this golden goblet as frankly before we part."

The terrified Jew understood very readily the purpose of this trial; however, after a secret prayer to Moses, he began in the best way he could to plead against the abominable dish that was steaming under his nostrils. He failed, notwithstanding, to convince the sceptical Aga, who, therefore, commanded him to eat up the pork, and then begin his discourse in favour of the wine.

The sad Jew, at this order, endeavoured to move the obdurate Turk by his tears; but the Aga was resolute, and drawing his crooked cimetar, declared, "that if Yussuf did not instantly fall to, he would smite his head from his shoulders."

It was time, at this threat, for Yussuf to commend his soul unto Heaven, for in Turkey the Jews wear their heads very loosely; however, by dint of fresh tears and supplications he obtained a respite of three days, to consider if he could not bring forward any further arguments.

As soon as the audience was over, Yussuf returned disconsolately to his house, and informed his wife Anna of what had passed between him and the Aga. The poor woman

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foresaw clearly how the matter would end; for it was aimed only at the confiscation of their riches. She advised Yussuf, therefore, instead of racking his wits for fresh arguments, to carry a bag of gold to the Aga, who condescended to receive his reasons; and after another brief discourse, to grant him a respite of three days longer. In the same manner, Yussuf procured a further interval, but somewhat dearer; so that in despair at losing his money at this rate, he returned for the fourth time to the palace.

The Aga and Yussuf being seated as before, with the mess of pork and the wine between them, the Turk asked if he had brought any fresh arguments. The doctor replied, "Alas! he had already discussed the subject so often, that his reasons were quite exhausted;" whereupon the flashing cimetar leaping quickly out of its scabbard, the trembling Hebrew plucked the loathsome dish towards him, and with many struggles began to eat.

It cost him a thousand wry faces to swallow the first morsel; and from the laughter that came from behind a silken screen, they were observed by more mockers beside the Aga, who took such a cruel pleasure in the amusement of his women, that Yussuf was compelled to proceed even to the licking of the dish. He was then suffered to depart, without wasting any logic upon the cup of wine, which after his loathsome meal he would have been quite happy to discuss.

I guess not how the Jew consoled himself besides for his involuntary sin, but he bitterly cursed the cruel Aga and all his wives, who could not amuse their indolent lives with their dancing-girls and tale-tellers, but made merry at the expense of his soul. His wife joined heartily in his imprecations; and both putting ashes on their heads, they mourned and cursed together till the sunset. There came no Janizary,

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however, on the morrow, as they expected; but on the eighth day, Yussuf was summoned again to the Aga.

The Jew at this message began to weep, making sure, in his mind, that a fresh dish of pork was prepared for him; however, he repaired obediently to the palace, where he was told, that the favourite lady of the harem was indisposed, and the Aga commanded him to prescribe for her. Now, the Turks are very jealous of their mistresses, and disdain especially to expose them to the eyes of infidels, of whom the Jews are held the most vile;—wherefore, when Yussuf begged to see his patient, she was allowed to be brought forth only in a long white veil, that reached down to her feet. The Aga, notwithstanding the folly of such a proceeding, forbade her veil to be lifted; neither would he permit the Jew to converse with her, but commanded him on pain of death to return home and prepare his medicines.

The wretched doctor, groaning all the way, went back to his house, without wasting a thought on what drugs he should administer on so hopeless a case; but considering, instead, the surgical practice of the Aga, which separated so many necks. However, he told his wife of the new jeopardy he was placed in for the Moorish Jezebel.

"A curse take her!" said Anna; "give her a dose of poison, and let her perish before his eyes."

"Nay," answered the Jew, "that will be to pluck the sword down upon our own heads; nevertheless, I will cheat the infidel's concubine with some wine, which is equally damnable to their souls; and may God visit upon their conscience the misery they have enforced upon mine!"

In this bitter mood, going to a filthy hole in the floor, he drew out a flask of schiraz; and bestowing as many Hebrew curses on the liquor, as the Mussulmans are wont to utter of

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blessings over their medicines, he filled up some physic bottles, and repaired with them to the palace.

And now let the generous virtues of good wine be duly lauded for the happy sequel!

The illness of the favourite, being merely a languor and melancholy, proceeding from the voluptuous indolence of her life, the draughts of Yussuf soon dissipated her chagrin, in such a miraculous manner, that she sang and danced more gaily than any of her slaves. The Aga, therefore, instead of beheading Yussuf, returned to him all the purses of gold he had taken; to which the grateful lady, besides, added a valuable ruby; and, thenceforward, when she was ill, would have none but the Jewish physician.

Thus, Yussuf saved both his head and his money; and, besides, convinced the Aga of the virtues of good wine; so that the golden cup was finally emptied, as well as the dish of silver.

THE TRAGEDY OF SEVILLE.

"When I awoke
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread."—CARY's *Dante*.

EVERY one, in Seville, has heard of the famous robber Bazardo; but, as some may be ignorant of one of the most interesting incidents of his career, I propose to relate a part of his history as it is attested in the criminal records of that city.

This wicked man was born in the fair city of Cadiz, and of very obscure parentage; but the time which I mean to speak of is, when he returned to Seville, after being some years

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absent in the Western Indies, and with a fortune which, whether justly or unjustly acquired, sufficed to afford him the rank and apparel of a gentleman.

It was then, as he strolled up one of the bye-streets, a few days after his arrival, that he was attracted by a very poor woman, gazing most anxiously and eagerly at a shop window. She was lean and famished, and clad in very rags, and made altogether so miserable an appearance, that even a robber, with the least grace of charity in his heart, would have instantly relieved her with an alms. The robber, however, contented himself with observing her motions at a distance, till at last, casting a fearful glance behind her, the poor famished wretch suddenly dashed her withered arm through a pane of the window, and made off with a small coarse loaf. But whether, from the feebleness of hunger or affright, she ran so slowly, it cost Bazardo but a moment's pursuit to overtake her, and seizing her by the arm, he began, thief as he was, to upbraid her, for making so free with another's property.

The poor woman made no reply, but uttered a short shrill scream, and threw the loaf, unperceived, through a little casement, and then turning a face full of hunger and fear, besought Bazardo, for charity's sake and the love of God, to let her go free. She was no daily pilferer, she told him, but a distressed woman who could relate to him a story, which if it did not break her own heart in the utterance, must needs command his pity. But he was no way moved by her appeal; and the baker coming up and insisting on the restoration of the loaf, to which she made no answer but by her tears, they began to drag her away between them, and with as much violence as if she had been no such skeleton as she appeared.

By this time a crowd had assembled, and beholding this

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inhumanity, and learning besides the trifling amount of the theft, they bestowed a thousand curses, and some blows too, on Bazardo and the baker. These hard-hearted men, however, maintained their hold; and the office of police being close by, the poor wretched creature was delivered to the guard, and as the magistrates were then sitting, the cause was presently examined.

During the accusation of Bazardo the poor woman stood utterly silent, till coming to speak of her abusive speech, and of the resistance which she had made to her capture, she suddenly interrupted him, and lifting up her shrivelled hands and arms towards Heaven, inquired if those poor bones, which had not strength enough to work for her livelihood, were likely weapons for the injury of any human creature.

At this pathetic appeal, there was a general murmur of indignation against the accuser, and the charge being ended, she was advised that as only one witness had deposed against her, she could not be convicted, except upon her own confession. But she scorning to shame the truth, or to wrong even her accuser, for the people were ready to believe that he had impeached her falsely, freely admitted the theft, adding, that under the like necessity she must needs sin again; and with that, hiding her face in her hands, she sobbed out, "My children!—Alas! for my poor children!"

At this exclamation the judge even could not contain his tears, but told her with a broken voice that he would hear nothing further to her own prejudice; expressing, moreover, his regret, that the world possessed so little charity, as not to have prevented the mournful crime which she had committed. Then, desiring to know more particulars of her condition, she gratefully thanked him, and imploring the blessing of God upon all those who had shown so much sweet

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charity on her behalf, she began to relate her melancholy history.

"She was the daughter (she said) of a wealthy merchant at Cadiz, and had been instructed in all accomplishments that belong to a lady. That having listened unhappily to the flatteries of an officer in the King's guard, she had married him, and bestowed upon him all her fortune; but that instead of being grateful for these benefits, he had expended her property in riotous living; and, finally, deserted her with her two children, to the care of Him that feedeth the ravens." Here her voice becoming more tremulous, and almost inaudible, she excused herself, saying, that for two whole days she had not tasted of any food, and must needs have perished, but that by God's good grace she had then caught a rat, which served her, loathsome as it was, for a meal.

Hereupon, the Judge was exceedingly shocked, and immediately gave orders for some refreshments; but she declined to touch them, saying that whilst her children were in want she could not eat; but with his gracious permission would only rest her head upon her hands. And so she sate down in silence, whilst all the people contemplated her with pity, still beautiful in her misery, and reduced from a luxurious condition to so dreadful an extremity.

In the meantime the officers were despatched by the judge's direction to bring hither the children; and after resting for a little while, the unfortunate lady resumed her story. "For two years, she said, she had maintained herself and her little ones by her skill in embroidery and other works of art; but afterwards, falling ill, from her over-exertion and concealed sorrows, her strength had deserted her; and latterly, having no other resource, she had been obliged to sell her raiment. At last, she had nothing left

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but the poor rags she at present wore, besides her wedding-ring; and that she would sooner die than part with. For I still live," she added, "in the hope of my husband's return to me,—and then, may God forgive thee, Bazardo, as I will forgive thee, for all this cruel misery."

At the mention of this name, her accuser turned instantly to the complexion of marble, and he would fain have made his escape from the court; but the crowd pressing upon him, as if willing that he should hear the utmost of a misery for which he had shown so little compassion, he was compelled to remain in his place. He flattered himself, notwithstanding, that by reason of the alteration in his features, from his living in the Indies, he should still be unrecognised by the object of his cruelty; whereas the captain of the vessel which had brought him over, was at that moment present; and, wondering that his ship had come safely with so wicked a wretch on board, he instantly denounced Bazardo by name, and pointed him out to the indignation of the people.

At this discovery there was a sudden movement amongst the crowd; and in spite of the presence of the judge, and of the entreaties of the wretched lady herself, the robber would have been torn into as many pieces as there were persons in the court, except for the timely interposition of the guard.

In the meantime, the officers who had been sent for the children, had entered by the opposite side of the hall, and making way towards the judge, and depositing somewhat upon the table, before it could be perceived what it was, they covered it over with a coarse linen cloth. Afterwards, being interrogated, they declared, that having proceeded whither they had been directed, they heard sounds of moaning and sobbing, and lamentations, in a child's voice. That entering upon this, and beholding one child bending over another and weeping bitterly, they supposed the latter to have died of

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hunger; but on going nearer, they discovered that it had a large wound on the left side, and that it was then warm and breathing, but was since dead. They pointed, as they said this, to the body on the table, where the blood was now beginning to ooze visibly through the linen cloth. As for the manner of its being wounded, or the author, they could give no evidence; not only because the house was otherwise uninhabited, but that the remaining child was so affrighted, or so stricken with grief, that it could give no account of the occurrence. His cries, indeed, at this moment, resounded from the adjoining corridor; and the mother, staring wildly around her, and beholding that which lay upon the table, suddenly snatched away the cloth, and so exposed the body of the dead child. It was very lean and famished, with a gaping wound on its left bosom; from which the blood trickled even to the clerk's desk, so that the paper which contained the record of the lady's sorrows was stained with this new sad evidence of her misfortunes.

The people at this dreadful sight uttered a general moan of horror, and the mother made the whole court re-echo with her shrieks; insomuch, that some from mere anguish ran out of the hall, whilst others stopped their ears with their hands, her cries were so long and piercing. At last, when she could scream no longer, but lay as one dead, the judge rose up, and commanding the other child to be brought in, and the dead body to be removed out of sight, he endeavoured partly by soothing, and partly by threats, to draw forth the truth of what had been hitherto an incomprehensible mystery.

For a long time, the poor child, being famished and spiritless, made no answer, but only sobbed and trembled, as if his little joints would fall asunder; till at last, being re-assured by the judge, and having partaken of some wine, he

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began to relate what had happened. His mother, early in the morning, had promised them some bread; but being a long time absent, and he and his little brother growing more and more hungry, they lay down upon the floor and wept. That whilst they cried, a small loaf—very small indeed, was thrown in at the window; and both being almost famished, and both struggling together to obtain it, he had unwarily stabbed his little brother with a knife which he held in his hand. And with that, bursting afresh into tears, he besought the judge not to hang him.

All this time, the cruel Bazardo remained unmoved; and the judge reproaching him in the sternest language, ordered him to be imprisoned. He then lamented afresh, that the dearth of Christian charity and benevolence was accountable for such horrors as they had witnessed; and immediately the people, as if by consent, began to offer money, and some their purses, to the unfortunate lady. But she, heedless of them all, and exclaiming that she would sell her dead child for no money, rushed out into the street; and there repeating the same words, and at last sitting down, she expired, a martyr to hunger and grief, on the steps of her own dwelling.

THE LADY IN LOVE WITH ROMANCE.

"Go, go thy ways, as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd Knight."—*Witch of Edmonton.*

MANY persons in Castille remember the old Knight Pedro de Peubla—surnamed The Gross. In his person he was eminently large and vulgar, with a most brutal countenance; and in his disposition so coarse and gluttonous, and withal so

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great a drunkard, that if one could believe in a transmigration of beasts, the spirit of a swine had passed into this man's body, for the discredit of human nature.

Now, truly, this was a proper suitor for the Lady Blanche, who, besides the comeliness of her person, was adorned with all those accomplishments which become a gentlewoman : she was moreover gifted with a most excellent wit ; so that she not only played on the guitar and various musical instruments to admiration, but also she enriched the melody with most beautiful verses of her own composition. Her father, a great man, and very proud besides of the nobility of his blood, was not insensible of these her rare merits, but declaring that so precious a jewel deserved to be richly set in gold, and that rather than marry her below her estate he would devote her to a life of perpetual celibacy, he watched her with the vigilance of an Argus. To do them justice, the young gentlemen of the province omitted no stratagem to gain access to her presence, but all their attempts were as vain as the grasping at water ; and at length, her parent becoming more and more jealous of her admirers, she was confined to the solitude of her own chamber.

It was in this irksome seclusion that, reading constantly in novels and such works which refer to the ages of chivalry, she became suddenly smitten with such a new passion for the romantic, talking continually of knights and squires, and stratagems of love and war, that her father, doubting whither such a madness might tend, gave orders that all books should be removed from her chamber.

It was a grievous thing to think of that young lady, cheerful and beautiful as the day, confined thus, like a wild bird, to an unnatural cage, and deprived of the common delights of liberty and nature. At length, that old Knight of Castille coming, not with rope-ladders, nor disguised in

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woman's apparel, like some adventurers, but with a costly equipage, and a most golden reputation, he was permitted to lay his large person at her feet, and, contrary to all expectation, was regarded with an eye of favour.

At the first report of his reception, no one could sufficiently marvel how, in a man of such a countenance, she could behold any similarity with those brave and comely young cavaliers who, it was thought, must have risen out of their graves in Palestine to behold such a wooer; but when they called to mind her grievous captivity, and how hopeless it was that she could be freed by any artifice from the vigilance of her father, they almost forgave her that she was ready to obtain her freedom by bestowing her hand on a first cousin to the Devil. A certain gallant gentleman, however, who was named Castello, was so offended by the news, that he would have slain the Knight, without any concern for the consequences to himself; but the Lady Blanche, hearing of his design, made shift to send him a message, that by the same blow he would wound her quiet for ever.

In the meantime her father was overjoyed at the prospect of so rich a son-in-law as the Knight; for he was one of those parents that would bestow their children upon Midas himself, notwithstanding that they should be turned into sordid gold at the first embrace. In a transport of joy, therefore, he made an unusual present of valuable jewels to his daughter, and told her withal that in any reasonable request he would instantly indulge her. This liberal promise astonished Blanche not a little; but after a moment's musing she made answer.

"You know, Sir," she said, "my passion for romance, and how heartily I despise the fashion of these degenerate days when everything is performed in a dull formal manner, and the occurrence of to-day is but a pattern for the morrow.

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There is nothing done now so romantically as in those delightful times, when you could not divine, in one hour, the fate that should befal you in the next, as you may read of in those delicious works of which you have so cruelly deprived me. I beg, therefore, as I have so dutifully consulted your satisfaction in the choice of a husband, that you will so far indulge me, as to leave the manner of our marriage to my own discretion, which is, that it may be on the model of that in the history of Donna Eleanora, in which novel, if you remember, the lady being confined by her father as I am, contrives to conceal a lover in her closet, and making their escape together by a rope-ladder, they are happily united in marriage."

"Now, by the Holy Virgin!" replied her father, "this thing shall never be;" and foreseeing a thousand difficulties, and above all that the Knight would be exceeding adverse to his part in the drama, he repented a thousand times over of the books which had filled her with such preposterous fancies. The lady, notwithstanding, was resolute; and declaring that otherwise she would kill herself rather than be crossed in her will, the old miser reluctantly acceded to her scheme. Accordingly it was concerted that the next evening, at dusk, the Knight should come and play his serenade under her lattice, whereupon, hearing his most ravishing music, she was to let fall a ladder of ropes, and so admit him to her chamber; her father, moreover, making his nightly rounds, she was to conceal her lover in her closet, and then, both descending by the ladder together, they were to take flight on a pair of fleet horses, which should be ready at the garden gate.

"And now," said she, "if you fail me in the smallest of these particulars, the Knight shall never have of me so much as a ring may embrace," and with this injunc-

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tion they severally awaited the completion of their drama.

The next night, the Lady Blanche watched at her window, and in due season the Knight came with his twangling guitar; but, as if to make her sport of him for the last time, she affected to mistake his music.

"Ah!" she cried, "here is a goodly serenade to sing one awake with; I pr'ythee go away a mile hence, with thy execrable voice, or I will have thee answered with an arquebuss."

All this time the Knight fretted himself into a violent rage, stamping and blaspheming all the blessed saints; but when he heard mention of the arquebuss, he made a motion to run away, which constrained the lady to recal him, and to cast him down the ladder without any further ado. It was a perilous and painful journey for him, you may be sure, to climb up to a single story; but at length with great labour he clambered into the balcony, and in a humour that went nigh to mar the most charming romance that was ever invented. In short, he vowed not to stir a step further in the plot; but Blanche, telling him that for this first and last time he must needs fulfil her will, which would so speedily be resolved into his own; and seducing him besides with some little tokens of endearment, he allowed himself to be locked up in her closet.

The lady then laid herself down in bed, and her father knocking at the door soon after, she called out that he was at liberty to enter. He came in then, very gravely, with a dark lantern, asking if his daughter was asleep, she replied that she was just on the skirts of a doze.

"Ah," quoth he, after bidding her a good night, "am I not a good father to humour thee thus, in all thy fantasies? In verity, I have forgotten the speech which I ought here to

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deliver; but pray look well to thy footing, Blanche, and keep a firm hold of the ladder, for else thou wilt have a deadly fall, and I would not have thee to damage my carnations."

Hereupon he departed; and going back to his own chamber, he could not help praising God that this troublesome folly was so nearly at an end. It only remained for him now to receive the letter, which was to be sent to him, as if to procure his fatherly pardon and benediction; and this, after a space, being brought to him by a domestic, he read as follows:—

"SIR,

"If you had treated me with loving-kindness as your daughter, I should most joyfully have reverenced you as my father: but, as you have always carried a purse where instead you ought to have worn a human heart, I have made free to bestow myself where that seat of love will not be wanting to my happiness. As for the huge Knight, whom you have thought fit to select for my husband, you will find him locked up in my closet. For the manner of my departure, I would not willingly have made you a party to your own disappointment; but that, from your excessive vigilance, it was hopeless for me to escape except by a ladder of your own planting. Necessity was the mother of my invention, and its father was Love. Excepting this performance, I was never romantic, and am not now; and, therefore, neither scorning your forgiveness, nor yet despairing at its denial, I am going to settle into that sober discretion which I hope is not foreign to my nature. Farewell.—Before you read this I am in the arms of my dear Josef Castello, a gentleman of such merit, that you will regain more honour with such a son, than you can have lost in your undutiful daughter,

"BLANCHE."

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On reading this letter, the old man fell into the most ungovernable rage, and releasing the Knight from the closet, they reproached each other so bitterly, and quarrelled so long, as to make it hopeless that they could overtake the fugitives, even had they known the direction of their flight.

In this pleasant manner, the Lady Blanche of Castille made her escape from an almost hopeless captivity and an odious suitor; and the letter which she wrote is preserved unto this day, as an evidence of her wit. But her father never forgave her elopement; and when he was stretched even at the point of death, being importuned on this subject, he made answer that, "he could never forgive her, when he had never forgiven himself for her evasion." And with these words on his lips he expired.

THE EIGHTH SLEEPER OF EPHESUS.

"Fie! this fellow would sleep out a Lapland night!"

It happened one day, in a certain merry party of Genoese, that their conversation fell at last on the noted miracle of Ephesus. Most of the company treated the story of the Seven Sleepers as a pleasant fable, and many shrewd conceits and witty jests were passed on the occasion. Some of the gentlemen, inventing dreams for those drowsy personages, provoked much mirth by their allusions; whilst others speculated satirically on the changes in manners, which they must have remarked after their century of slumber—all of the listeners being highly diverted, excepting one sober gentleman, who made a thousand wry faces at the discourse.

At length, taking an opportunity to address them, he

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lectured them very seriously in defence of the miracle, calling them so many heretics and infidels; and saying that he saw no reason why the history should not be believed as well as any other legend of the holy fathers. Then, after many other curious arguments, he brought the example of the dormouse, which sleeps throughout a whole winter, affirming that the Ephesian Christians, being laid in a cold place, like a rocky cavern or a sepulchre, might reasonably have remained torpid for a hundred years.

His companions, feigning themselves to be converted, flattered him on to proceed in a discourse which was so diverting, some of them replenishing his glass continually with wine—of which, through talking till he became thirsty, he partook very freely. At last after uttering a volume of follies and extravagances, he dropped his head upon the table and fell into a profound doze; during which interval his merry companions plotted a scheme against him, which they promised themselves would afford some excellent sport. Carrying him softly therefore to an upper chamber, they laid him upon an old bed of state, very quaintly furnished and decorated in the style of the Gothic ages. Thence repairing to a private theatre in the house, which belonged to their entertainer, they arrayed themselves in some Bohemian habits, very grotesque and fanciful, and disguised their faces with paint; and then sending one of their number to keep watch in the bed-chamber, they awaited in this masquerade the awaking of the credulous sleeper.

In an hour or thereabouts, the watcher, perceiving that the other began to yawn, ran instantly to his comrades, who, hurrying up to the chamber, found their Ephesian sitting upright in bed, and wondering about him at its uncouth mouldering furniture. One of them then speaking for the rest, began to congratulate him on his revival out of so

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tedious a slumber, persuading him, by help of the others and a legion of lies, that he had slept out a hundred years. He thereupon asking them who they were, they answered they were his dutiful great-grandchildren, who had kept watch over him by turns ever since they were juveniles. In proof of this, they showed him how dilapidated the bed had become since he had slept in it, nobody daring to remove him against the advice of the physicians.

"I perceive it well," said he, "the golden embroideries are indeed very much tarnished—and the hangings in truth, as tattered as any of our old Genoese standards that were carried against the Turks. These faded heraldries too, upon the head-cloth, have been thoroughly fretted by the moths. I notice also, my dear great-grandchildren, by your garments, how much the fashions have altered since my time, though you have kept our ancient language very purely, which is owing of course to the invention of printing. The trees, likewise, and the park, I observe, have much the same appearance that I remember a century since—but the serene aspect of nature does not alter so constantly like our frivolous human customs."

Then recollecting himself, he began to make inquiries concerning his former acquaintance, and in particular about one Giacoppo Rossi—the same wag that in his mummery was then standing before him. They told him he had been dead and buried, fourscore years ago.

"Now, God be praised!" he answered; "for that same fellow was a most pestilent coxcomb, who, pretending to be a wit, thought himself licensed to ridicule men of worth and gravity with the most shameful buffooneries. The world must have been much comforted by his death, and especially if he took with him his fellow mountebank, Guidolphi, who was as laborious a jester, but duller."

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In this strain, going through the names of all those that were with him in the room, he praised God heartily that he was rid of such a generation of knaves and fools and profane heretics; and then recollecting himself afresh,

"Of course, my great-grandchildren," said he, "I am a widower?"

His wife, who was amongst the maskers, at this question began to prick up her ears, and answering for herself, she said,

"Alas! the good woman that was thy partner has been dead these seventy-three years, and has left thee desolate."

At this news the sleeper began to rub his hands together very briskly, saying, "Then there was a cursed shrew gone;" whereupon his wife striking him in a fury on the cheek, she let fall her mask through this indiscretion; and so awaked him out of his marvellous dream.

MADELINE.

"One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is, and is not."
Twelfth Night.

THERE lived in Toledo a young gentleman, so passionately loved by a young lady of the same city, that on his sudden decease she made a vow to think of no other; and having neither relations nor friends, except her dear brother Juan, who was then abroad, she hired a small house, and lived almost the life of a hermit. Being young and handsome, however, and possessed besides of a plentiful fortune, she was much annoyed by the young gallants of the place, who practised so many stratagems to get speech of her, and molested

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her so continually, that to free herself from their importunities, both now and for the future, she exchanged her dress for a man's apparel, and privately withdrew to another city. By favour of her complexion, which was a brunette's, and the solitary manner of her life, she was enabled to preserve this disguise; and it might have been expected that she would have met with few adventures; but on the con trary, she had barely sojourned a month in this new dwelling, and in this unwonted garb, when she was visited with still sterner inquietudes than in those she had so lately resigned.

As the beginning of her troubles, it happened one evening in going out a little distance, that she was delayed in the street by seeing a young woman, who, sitting on some stone steps, and with scanty rags to cover her, was nursing a beautiful infant at her breast and weeping bitterly. At this painful spectacle, the charitable Madeline immediately cast her purse into the poor mother's lap, and the woman, eagerly seizing the gift, and clasping it to her bosom, began to implore the blessing of God upon so charitable and Christian-like a gentleman. But an instant had scarcely been gone, when on looking up, and more completely discerning the countenance of her benefactor, she suddenly desisted.

"Ah, wretch!" she cried, "do you come hither to insult me? Go again to your false dice; and the curse of a wife and of a mother be upon you!" Then casting away the purse, and bending herself down over her child, and crying, "Alas! my poor babe, shall we eat from the hand that has ruined thy father;"—she resumed her weeping.

The tender Madeline was greatly afflicted at being so painfully mistaken; and hastening home, she deliberated with herself whether she should any longer retain an apparel which had subjected her to so painful an occurrence; but recalling her former persecutions, and trusting that so strange an adven-

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ture could scarcely befal her a second time, she continued in her masculine disguise. And now, thinking of the comfort and protection which her dear brother Juan might be to her in such troubles, she became vehemently anxious for his return; and the more so, because she could obtain no tidings of him whatever. On the morrow, therefore, she went forth to make inquiry; and forsaking her usual road, and especially the quarter where she had encountered with that unfortunate woman, she trusted reasonably to meet with no other such misery.

Now it chanced that the road which she had chosen on this day led close beside a cemetery; and just at the moment when she arrived by the gates, there came also a funeral, so that she was obliged to stand aside during the procession. Madeline was much struck by the splendour of the escutcheons; but still more by the general expression of sorrow amongst the people; and inquiring of a bystander the name of the deceased:—"What!" said the man, "have ye not heard of the villanous murder of our good lord, the Don Felix de Castro?—the hot curse of God fall on the wicked Cain that slew him!" and with that, he uttered so many more dreadful imprecations as made her blood run cold to hear him.

In the meantime, the mourners one by one had almost entered; and the last one was just stepping by with her hands clasped and a countenance of the deepest sorrow, when casting her eyes on Madeline, she uttered a piercing shriek, and pointing with her finger, cried, "That is he, that is he who murdered my poor brother!"

At this exclamation, the people eagerly pressed towards the quarter whither she pointed; but Madeline, shrinking back from the piercing glance of the lady, was so hidden by the gate as to be unnoticed; and the next man being seized on suspicion, and a great tumult arising, she was enabled to

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make her escape. "Alas!" she sighed inwardly, "what sin have I committed, that this cruel fortune pursues me whithersoever I turn. Alas! what have I done?" and walking sorrowfully in these meditations, she was suddenly accosted by a strange domestic.

"Senor," he said, "my lady desires most earnestly to see you; nay, you must needs come;" and thereupon leading the way into an ancient, noble-looking mansion, the bewildered Madeline, silent and wondering, was introduced to a large apartment. At the further end a lady, attired in deep mourning, like a widow, was reclining on a black velvet sofa; the curtains were black, the pictures were framed also in black, and the whole room was so furnished in that dismal colour, that it looked like a very palace of grief.

At sight of Madeline, the lady rose hastily and ran a few steps forward; but her limbs failing, she stopped short, and rested with both hands on a little table which stood in the centre of the room. Her figure was tall and graceful, but so wasted that it seemed as if it must needs bend to that attitude; and her countenance was so thin and pale, and yet withal so beautiful, that Madeline could not behold it without tears of pity. After a pause, the lady cried in a low voice, "Ah, cruel, how could you desert me! See how I have grieved for you!" and therewith unbinding her hair, so that it fell about her face, it was as grey as in a woman of four-score!

"Alas!" she said, "it was black once, when I gave thee a lock for a keepsake; but it was fitting it should change when thou hast changed;" and leaning her face on her hands she sobbed heavily.

At these words, the tender Madeline approached to console her; but the lady pushing her gently aside, exclaimed mournfully, "It is too late! it is too late, now!" and then

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casting herself on the sofa, gave way to such a passion of grief, and trembled so exceedingly, that it seemed as if life and sorrow would part asunder on the spot. Madeline kneeling down, and swearing that she had never injured her, besought her to moderate a transport which broke her heart only to gaze upon; and the lady moving her lips, but unable to make any reply, then drew from her bosom a small miniature, and sobbing out, "Oh, Juan, Juan!" hid her face again upon the cushion.

At sight of the picture, the miserable Madeline was in her own turn speechless; and remembering instantly the beggar and the mourner, whose mistakes were thus illustrated by the unhappy lady—she comprehended at once the full measure of her wretchedness. "Oh, Juan, Juan!" she groaned, "is it thus horribly that I must hear of thee!" and stretching herself upon the carpet, she uttered such piercing cries, that the lady, alarmed by a grief which surpassed even her own, endeavoured to raise her, and happening to tear open the bosom of her dress, the sex of Madeline was discovered. "Alas, poor wretch! hast thou too been deceived," cried the lady—"and by the same false Juan?" and enfolding Madeline in her arms, the two unfortunates wept together for the space of many minutes.

In the meantime, a domestic abruptly entered; and exclaiming that the murderer of Don Felix was condemned, and that he had seen him conducted to prison, he delivered into the hands of his mistress a fragment of a letter, which she read as follows:—

"MOST DEAR AND INJURED LADY,

"Before this shocks your eyes, your ears will be stung with the news that it is I who have killed your kinsman; and knowing that by the same blow I have slain your

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peace, I am not less stained by your tears than by his blood which is shed. My wretched life will speedily make atonement for this last offence; but that I should have requited your admirable constancy and affection by so unworthy a return of cruelty and falsehood, is a crime that scorches up my tears before I can shed them; and makes me so despair, that I cannot pray even on the threshold of death. And yet, I am not quite the wretch you may account me, except in misery; but desiring only to die as the most unhappy man in this unhappy world, I have withheld many particulars which might otherwise intercede for me with my judges. But I desire to die, and to pass away from both hatred and pity, if any such befal me; but above all, to perish from a remembrance whereof I am most unworthy; and when I am but a clod, and a poor remnant of dust, you may happily forgive, for mortality's sake, the many faults and human sins which did once inhabit it.

"I am only a few brief hours short of this consummation; and the life which was bestowed for your misery and mine will be extinguished for ever. My blood is running its last course through its veins—and the light and air of which all others so largely partake, is scantily measured out to me. Do not curse me—do not forget that which you once were to me, though unrelated to my crimes; but if my name may still live where my lips have been, put your pardon into a prayer for my soul against its last sunrise. Only one more request. I have a sister in Toledo who tenderly loves me, and believes that I am still abroad. If it be a thing possible, confirm her still in that happy delusion—or tell her that I am dead, but not how. As I have concealed my true name, I hope that this deadly reproach may be spared to her, and now from the very confines of the grave—"

* * * * *

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It was a painful thing to hear the afflicted lady reading thus far betwixt her groans—but the remainder was written in so wavering a hand, and withal so stained and blotted, that, like the meaning of death itself, it surpassed discovery. At length, "Let me go," cried Madeline, "let me go and liberate him! If they mistake me thus for my brother Juan, the gaoler will not be able to distinguish him from me, and in this manner he may escape and so have more years for repentance, and make his peace with God." Hereupon, wildly clapping her hands, as if for joy at this fortunate thought, she entreated so earnestly for a womanly dress that it was given to her, and throwing it over her man's apparel, she made the best of her way to the prison. But, alas! the countenance of the miserable Juan was so changed by sickness and sharp anguish of mind, that for want of a more happy token she was constrained to recognise him by his bonds. Her fond stratagem, therefore, would have been hopeless, if Juan besides had not been so resolute, as he was, in his opposition to her entreaties. She was obliged, therefore, to content herself with mingling tears with him till night, in his dungeon,—and then struggling, and tearing her fine hair, as though it had been guilty of her grief, she was removed from him by main force, and in that manner conveyed back to the lady's residence.

For some hours she expended her breath only in raving and the most passionate arguments of distress,—but afterwards she became as fearfully calm, neither speaking, nor weeping, nor listening to what was addressed to her, merely remarking about midnight, that she heard the din of the workmen upon the scaffold—and which, though heard by no other person at so great a distance, was confirmed afterwards to have been a truth. In this state, with her eyes fixed and her lips moving, but without any utterance she remained

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till morning in a kind of lethargy—and therein so much more happy than her unfortunate companion, who at every sound of the great bell which is always tolled against the death of a convict, started, and sobbed, and shook, as if each stroke was made against her own heart. But of Madeline, on the contrary, it was noted that even when the doleful procession was passing immediately under the window at which she was present, she only shivered a little, as if at a cool breath of air, and then turning slowly away, and desiring to be laid in bed, she fell into a slumber, as profound nearly as death itself. But it was not her blessed fate to die so quickly, although on the next morning the unhappy partner of her grief was found dead upon her pillow, still and cold, and with so sorrowful an expression about her countenance, as might well rejoice the beholder that she was divorced from a life of so deep a trouble.

As for Madeline, she took no visible note of this occurrence, nor seemed to have any return of reason till the third day, when growing more and more restless, and at length wandering out into the city, she was observed to tear down one of the proclamations for the execution, which were still attached to the walls. After this, she was no more seen in the neighbourhood, and it was feared she had violently made away with her life; but by later accounts from Toledo, it was ascertained that she had wandered back, bare-footed and quite a maniac, to that city.

She was for some years the wonder and the pity of its inhabitants, and when I have been in Toledo with my uncle Francis, I have seen this poor crazed Madeline, as they called her, with her long loose hair and her fine face, so pale and thin, and so calm looking, that it seemed to be only held alive by her large black eyes. She was always mild and gentle, and if you provoked it, would freely converse with

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you; but oftentimes in the midst of her discourse, whether cheerful or sad, she would pause and sigh, and say in a different voice, "Oh, Juan, Juan!" and with these two words, simple though they be, she made every heart ache that heard her.

MASETTO AND HIS MARE.

"Quit that form of a woman, and be turned instantly into a mare."—*The Story of Beder, Prince of Persia.*

It is remarkable, and hardly to be believed by those who have not studied the history of superstition, what extravagant fables may be imposed on the faith of the vulgar people; especially when such fables are rehearsed in print, which of itself has passed before now as the work of a black or magical art, and has still influence enough over ignorant minds, to make them believe, like Masetto, that a book of romances is a gospel.

This Masetto, like most other rustics, was a very credulous man; but more simple otherwise than country folks commonly appear, who have a great deal of crafty instinct of their own, which comes to them spontaneously, as to the ravens and magpies. And whereas pastoral people are generally churlish and headstrong, and, in spite of the antique poets, of coarse and brutal tempers, Masetto, on the contrary, was very gentle and mild, and so compassionate withal, that he would weep over a wounded creature like a very woman. This easy disposition made him liable to be tricked by any subtle knave that might think it worth his pains, and amongst such rogues there was none that duped him more notably than one Bruno Corvetto, a horse-courser, and

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as dishonest as the most capital of his trade. This fellow, observing that Masetto had a very good mare, which he kept to convey his wares to Florence, resolved to obtain her at the cheapest rate, which was by stratagem, and knowing well the simple and credulous character of the farmer, he soon devised a plan. Now Masetto was very tender to all dumb animals, and especially to his mare, who was not insensible to his kindly usage, but pricked up her ears at the sound of his voice, and followed him here and there, with the sagacity and affection of a faithful dog, together with many other such tokens of an intelligence that has rarely belonged to her race. The crafty Corvetto, therefore, conceived great hopes of his scheme: accordingly, having planted himself in the road by which Masetto used to return home, he managed to fall into discourse with him about the mare, which he regarded very earnestly, and this he repeated for several days. At last Masetto observing that he seemed very much affected when he talked of her, became very curious about the cause, and inquired if it had ever been his good fortune to have such another good mare as his own; to this Corvetto made no reply, but throwing his arms about the mare's neck, began to hug her so lovingly, and with so many deep drawn sighs, that Masetto began to stare amazingly, and to cross himself as fast as he could. The hypocritical Corvetto then turning away from the animal,— "Alas!" said he, "this beloved creature that you see before you is no mare, but an unhappy woman, disguised in this horrible brutal shape by an accursed magician. Heaven only knows in what manner my beloved wife provoked this infernal malice, but doubtless it was by her unconquerable virtue, which was rivalled only by the loveliness of her person. I have been seeking her in this shape, all over the wearisome earth, and now I have discovered her I have not

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wherewithal to redeem her of you, my money being all expended in the charges of travelling, otherwise I would take her instantly to the most famous wizard, Michael Scott, who is presently sojourning at Florence, and by help of his magical books might discover some charm to restore her to her natural shape." Then clasping the docile mare about the neck again, he affected to weep over her very bitterly.

The simple Masetto was very much disturbed at this story, but knew not whether to believe it, till at last he bethought himself of the village priest, and proposed to consult him upon the case; and whether the lady, if there was one, might not be exorcised out of the body of his mare. The knavish Corvetto, knowing well that this would ruin his whole plot, was prepared to dissuade him. "You know," said he, "the vile curiosity of our country people, who would not fail at such a rumour to pester us out of our senses; and, especially, they would torment my unhappy wife, upon whom they would omit no experiment, however cruel, for their satisfaction. Besides, it would certainly kill her with grief, to have her disgrace so published to the world, which she cannot but feel very bitterly; for it must be a shocking thing for a young lady who has been accustomed to listen to the loftiest praises of her womanly beauty, to know herself thus horribly degraded in the foul body of a brute. Alas! who could think that her beautiful locks, which used to shine like golden wires, are now turned by damnable magic into this coarse slovenly mane;—or her delicate white hands—oh! how pure and lily-like they were —into these hard and iron-shod hoofs!" The tender-hearted Masetto beginning to look very doleful at these exclamations, the knave saw that his performance began to take effect, and so begged no more for the present, than that Masetto would

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treat his mare very kindly, and rub her teeth daily with a sprig of magical hornbeam, which the simple-witted rustic promised very readily to perform. He had, notwithstanding, some buzzing doubts in his head upon the matter, which Corvetto found means to remove by degrees, taking care, above all, to caress the unconscious mare whenever they met, and sometimes going half-privately to converse with her in the stable.

At last, Masetto being very much distressed by these proceedings, he addressed Corvetto as follows:—"I am at my wits' end about this matter. I cannot find in my heart, from respect, to make my lady do any kind of rude work, so that my cart stands idle in the stable, and my wares are thus unsold, which is a state of things that I cannot very well afford. But, above all, your anguish whenever you meet with your poor wife is more than I can bear; it seems such a shocking and unchristian-like sin in me, for the sake of a little money, to keep you both asunder. Take her, therefore, freely of me as a gift; or if you will not receive her thus, out of consideration for my poverty, it shall be paid me when your lady is restored to her estates, and by your favour, with her own lily-white hand. Nay, pray accept of her without a word; you must be longing, I know, to take her to the great wizard, Michael Scott; and in the meantime I will pray, myself, to the blessed saints and martyrs, that his charms may have the proper effect." The rogue, at these words, with undissembled joy fell about the mare's neck; and, taking her by the halter, after a formal parting with Masetto, began to lead her gently away. Her old master, with brimful eyes, continued watching her departure till her tail was quite out of sight; whereupon, Corvetto leapt instantly on her back, and without stint or mercy began galloping towards Florence, where he sold her, as

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certain Saxons are recorded to have disposed of their wives, in the market-place.

Some time afterwards, Masetto repairing to Florence on a holiday, to purchase another horse for his business, he beheld a carrier in one of the streets, who was beating his jade very cruelly. The kind Masetto directly interfered in behalf of the ill-used brute,—which indeed, was his own mare, though much altered by hard labour and sorry diet,—and now got into a fresh scrape, with redoubled blows, through capering up to her old master. Masetto was much shocked, you may be sure, to discover the enchanted lady in such a wretched plight. But not doubting that she had been stolen from her afflicted husband, he taxed the carrier very roundly with the theft, who laughed at him in his turn for a madman, and proved by three witnesses, that he had purchased the mare of Corvetto. Masetto's eyes were thus opened, but by a very painful operation. However, he purchased his mare again, without bargaining for either golden hair or lily-white hands, and with a heavy heart rode back again to his village. The inhabitants when he arrived, were met together on some public business; after which Masetto, like an imprudent man as he was, complained bitterly amongst his neighbours of his disaster. They made themselves, therefore, very merry at his expense, and the schoolmaster especially, who was reckoned the chiefest wit of the place. Masetto bore all their railleries with great patience, defending himself with many reasonable arguments—and at last he told them he would bring them in proof quite as wonderful a case. Accordingly, stepping back to his own house, he returned with an old tattered volume, which Corvetto had bestowed on him, of the "Arabian Nights," and began to read to them the story of Sidi Nonman, whose wife was turned, as well as Corvetto's, into a beautiful mare.

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His neighbours laughing more lustily than ever at this illustration, and the schoolmaster crowing above them all, Masetto interrupted him with great indignation. "How is this, Sir," said he, "that you mock me so, whereas, I remember, that when I was your serving-man and swept out the schoolroom, I have overheard you teaching the little children concerning people in the old ages, that were half men and the other half turned into horses; yea, and showing them the effigies in a print, and what was there more impossible in this matter of my own mare?" The priest interposing at this passage, in defence of the schoolmaster, Masetto answered him as he had answered the pedagogue, excepting that instead of the Centaurs, he alleged a miracle out of the Holy Fathers, in proof of the powers of magic. There was some fresh laughing at this rub of the bowls against the pastor, who being a Jesuit and a very subtle man, began to consider within himself whether it was not better for their souls, that his flock should believe by wholesale, than have too scrupulous a faith, and accordingly, after a little deliberation, he sided with Masetto. He engaged, moreover, to write for the opinion of his College, who replied, that as sorcery was a devilish and infernal art, its existence was as certain as the devil's.

Thus a belief in enchantment took root in the village, which in the end flourished so vigorously, that although the rustics could not be juggled out of any of their mares, they burned nevertheless a number of unprofitable old women.

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THE STORY OF MICHEL ARGENTI.

"—— View 'em well.
Go round about 'em, and still
View their faces; round about yet,
See how death waits upon 'em, for
Thou shalt never view 'em more."—*Elder Brother.*

MICHEL ARGENTI was a learned physician of Padua, but lately settled at Florence, a few years only before its memorable visitation, when the Destroying Angel brooded over that unhappy city, shaking out deadly vapours from its wings.

It must have been a savage heart indeed, that could not be moved by the shocking scenes that ensued from that horrible calamity, and which were fearful enough to overcome even the dearest pieties and prejudices of humanity; causing the holy ashes of the dead to be no longer venerated, and the living to be disregarded by their nearest ties; the tenderest mothers forsaking their infants; wives flying from the sick couches of their husbands; and children neglecting their dying parents; when love closed the door against love, and particular selfishness took place of all mutual sympathies. There were some brave, humane spirits, nevertheless, that with a divine courage ventured into the very chambers of the sick, and contended over their prostrate bodies with the common enemy; and amongst these was Argenti, who led the way in such works of mercy, till at last the pestilence stepped over his own threshold, and he was beckoned home by the ghastly finger of Death, to struggle with him for the wife of his own bosom.

Imagine him then, worn out in spirit and body, ministering

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hopelessly to her that had been dearer to him than health or life; but now, instead of an object of loveliness, a livid and ghastly spectacle, almost too loathsome to look upon; her pure flesh being covered with blue and mortiferous blotches, her sweet breath changed into a fetid vapour, and her accents expressive only of anguish and despair. These doleful sounds were aggravated by the songs and festivities of the giddy populace, which, now the pestilence had abated, ascended into the desolate chamber of its last martyr, and mingled with her dying groans.

These ending on the third day with her life, Argenti was left to his solitary grief, the only living person in his desolate house; his servants having fled during the pestilence, and left him to peform every office with his own hands. Hitherto the dead had gone without their rites; but he had the melancholy satisfaction of those sacred and decent services for his wife's remains, which during the height of the plague had been direfully suspended; the dead bodies being so awfully numerous, that they defied a careful sepulture, but were thrown, by random and slovenly heaps, into great holes and ditches.

As soon as was prudent after this catastrophe, his friends repaired to him with his two little children, who had fortunately been absent in the country, and now returned with brave ruddy cheeks and vigorous spirits to his arms; but, alas! not to cheer their miserable parent, who thence-forward was never known to smile, nor scarcely to speak, excepting of the pestilence. As a person that goes forth from a dark sick chamber is still haunted by its glooms, in spite of the sunshine; so, though the plague had ceased, its horrors still clung about the mind of Argenti, and with such a deadly influence in his thoughts, as it bequeaths to the infected garments of the dead. The dreadful objects he had

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witnessed still walked with their ghostly images in his brain —his mind, in short, being but a doleful lazaretto devoted to pestilence and death. The same horrible spectres possessed his dreams; which he sometimes described as filled up from the same black source, and thronging with the living sick he had visited, or the multitudinous dead corses, with the unmentionable and unsightly rites of their inhumation.

These dreary visions entering into all his thoughts, it happened often, that when he was summoned to the sick, he pronounced that their malady was the plague, discovering its awful symptoms in bodies where it had no existence; but above all, his terrors were busy with his children, whom he watched with a vigilant and despairing eye; discerning constantly some deadly taint in their wholesome breath, or declaring that he saw the plague-spot in their tender faces. Thus, watching them sometimes upon their pillows, he would burst into tears and exclaim that they were smitten with death; in short, he regarded their blue eyes and ruddy cheeks but as the frail roses and violets that are to perish in a day, and their silken hair like the most brittle gossamers. Thus their existence, which should have been a blessing to his hopes, became a very curse to him through his despair.

His friends, judging rightly from these tokens that his mind was impaired, persuaded him to remove from a place which had been the theatre of his calamities, and served but too frequently to remind him of his fears. He repaired, therefore, with his children to the house of a kinswoman at Genoa; but his melancholy was not at all relieved by the change, his mind being now like a black Stygian pool that reflects not, except one dismal hue, whatever shifting colours are presented by the skies. In this mood he continued there five or six weeks, when the superb city was thrown into the

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greatest alarm and confusion. The popular rumour reported that the plague had been brought into the port by a Moorish felucca, whereupon the magistrates ordered that the usual precautions should be observed; so that although there was no real pestilence, the city presented the usual appearances of such a visitation.

These tokens were sufficient to aggravate the malady of Argenti, whose illusions became instantly more frequent and desperate, and his affliction almost a frenzy; so that going at night to his children, he looked upon them in an agony of despair, as though they were already in their shrouds. And when he gazed on their delicate round cheeks, like ripening fruits, and their fair arms, like sculptured marble, entwining each other, 'tis no marvel that he begrudged to pestilence the horrible and loathsome disfigurements and changes which it would bring upon their beautiful bodies; neither that he contemplated with horror the painful stages by which they must travel to their premature graves. Some meditations as dismal I doubt not occupied his incoherent thoughts, and whilst they lay before him, so lovely and calm-looking, made him wish that instead of a temporal sleep, they were laid in eternal rest. Their odorous breath, as he kissed them, was as sweet as flowers; and their pure skin without spot or blemish: nevertheless, to his gloomy fancy the corrupted touches of Death were on them both, and devoted their short-lived frames to his most hateful inflictions.

Imagine him gazing full of these dismal thoughts on their faces, sometimes smiting himself upon his forehead, that entertained such horrible fancies, and sometimes pacing to and fro in the chamber with an emphatic step, which must needs have wakened his little ones if they had not been lapped in the profound slumber of innocence and childhood. In the meantime the mild light of love in his looks, changes

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into a fierce and dreary fire; his sparkling eyes, and his lips as pallid as ashes, betraying the desperate access of frenzy, which like a howling demon passes into his feverish soul, and provokes him to unnatural action: and first of all he plucks away the pillows, those downy ministers to harmless sleep, but now unto death, with which crushing the tender faces of his little ones, he thus dams up their gentle respirations before they can utter a cry; then casting himself with horrid fervour upon their bodies, with this unfatherlike embrace he enfolds them till they are quite breathless. After which he lifts up the pillows, and, lo! there lie the two murdered babes, utterly quiet and still,—and with the ghastly seal of death imprinted on their waxen cheeks.

In this dreadful manner Argenti destroyed his innocent children,—not in hatred, but ignorantly, and wrought upon by the constant apprehension of their death; even as a terrified wretch upon a precipice, who swerves towards the very side that presents the danger. Let this deed, therefore, be viewed with compassion, as the fault of his unhappy fate, which forced upon him such a cruel crisis, and finally ended his sorrow by as tragical a death. On the morrow his dead body was found at sea, by some fishermen, and being recognised as Argenti's, it was interred in one grave with those of his two children.

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THE THREE JEWELS.

"How many shapes hath Love?
Marry, as many as your molten lead."

THERE are many examples in ancient and modern story, of lovers who have worn various disguises to obtain their mistresses; the great Jupiter himself setting the pattern by his notable transformations. Since those heroic days, Love has often diverted himself in Italy as a shepherd with his pastoral crook; and I propose to tell you how, in more recent times, he has gone amongst us in various other shapes. But in the first place I must introduce to you a handsome youth, named Torrello, of Bergamo, who was enamoured of Fiorenza, the daughter of gentlefolks in the same neighbourhood. His enemies never objected any thing against Torrello, but his want of means to support his gentlemanly pretensions and some extravagances and follies, which belong generally to youth, and are often the mere foils of a generous nature. However, the parents of Fiorenza being somewhat austere, perceived graver offences in his flights, and forbade him, under grievous penalties, to keep company with his mistress.

Love, notwithstanding, is the parent of more inventions than Necessity, and Torrello, being a lively-witted fellow, and withal deeply inspired by love, soon found out a way to be as often as he would in the presence of his lady. Seeing that he could not transform himself, like Jupiter, into a shower of gold for her sake, he put on the more humble seeming of a gardener, and so got employed in the pleasure-ground of her parents. I leave you to guess, then, how the

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flowers prospered under his care, since they were to form bouquets for Fiorenza, who was seldom afterwards to be seen without some pretty blossom in her bosom. She took many lessons besides of the gardener, in his gentle craft, and her fondness growing for the employment, her time was almost all spent naturally amongst her plants, and to the infinite cultivation of her heart's-ease, which had never before prospered to such a growth. She learned also of Torrello a pretty language of hieroglyphics, which he had gathered from the girls of the Greek Islands, so that they could hold secret colloquies together by exchanges of flowers; and Fiorenza became more eloquent by this kind of speech than in her own language, which she had never found competent to her dearest confessions.

Conceive how abundantly happy they were in such employments, surrounded by the lovely gifts of Nature, their pleasant occupation of itself being the primeval recreation of humankind before the fall, and love especially being with them, that can convert a wilderness into a garden of sweets.

The mother of Fiorenza, chiding her sometimes for the neglect of her embroideries, she would answer in this manner:—

"Oh, my dear mother! what is there in labours of art at all comparable with these? Why should I task myself with a tedious needle to stitch out poor tame formal emblems of these beautiful flowers and plants, when thus the living blooms spring up naturally under my hands. I confess I never could account for the fondness of young women for that unwholesome chamber-work, for the sake of a piece of inanimate tapestry, which hath neither freshness nor fragrance; whereas, this breezy air, with the odour of the plants and shrubs, inspirits my very heart. I assure you, 'tis like a work of magic to see how they are charmed to

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spring up by the hands of our skilful gardener, who is so civil and kind as to teach me all the secrets of his art."

By such expressions her mother was quieted; but her father was not so easily pacified; for it happened, that whilst the roses flourished everywhere, the household herbs, by the neglect of Torrello and his assistants, went entirely to decay, so that at last, though there was a nosegay in every chamber, there was seldom a salad for the table. The master taking notice of the neglect, and the foolish Torrello in reply showing a beautiful flowery arbour, which he had busied himself in erecting, he was abruptly discharged on the spot, and driven out, like Adam, from his Paradise of flowers.

The mother being informed afterwards of this transaction—

"In truth," said she, "it was well done of you, for the fellow was very forward, and I think Fiorenza did herself some disparagement in making so much of him, as I have observed. For example, a small fee of a crown or two would have paid him handsomely for his lessons to her, without giving him one of her jewels, which I fear the knave will be insolent enough to wear and make a boast of."

And truly Torrello never parted with the gift, which, as though it had been some magical talisman, transformed him quickly into a master falconer, on the estate of the parent of Fiorenza; and thus he rode side by side with her whenever she went a-fowling. That healthful exercise soon restored her cheerfulness, which, towards autumn, on the withering of her flowers, had been touched with melancholy; and she pursued her new pastime with as much eagerness as before. She rode always beside the falconer, as constant as a tassel-gentle to his lure; whilst Torrello often forgot to recal his birds from their flights. His giddiness and inadvertence at last procuring his dismissal, the falcon was taken from his

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finger, which Fiorenza recompensed with a fresh jewel, to console him for his disgrace.

After this event, there being neither gardening nor fowling to amuse her, the languid girl fell into a worse melancholy than before, that quite disconcerted her parents. After a consultation, therefore, between themselves, they sent for a noted physician from Turin, in spite of the opposition of Fiorenza, who understood her own ailment sufficiently to know that it was desperate to his remedies. In the meantime his visits raised the anxiety of Torrello to such a pitch, that after languishing some days about the mansion, he contrived to waylay the doctor on his return, and learned from him the mysterious nature of the patient's disease. The doctor confessing his despair of her cure.

"Be of good cheer," replied Torrello; "I know well her complaint, and without any miracle will enable you to restore her so as to redound very greatly to your credit. You tell me that she will neither eat nor drink, and cannot sleep if she would, but pines miserably away, with a despondency which must end in either madness or her dissolution; whereas, I promise you she shall not only feed heartily, and sleep soundly, but dance and sing as merrily as you can desire."

He then related confidentially, the history of their mutual love, and begged earnestly that the physician would devise some means of getting him admitted to the presence of his mistress. The doctor being a good-hearted man, was much moved by the entreaties of Torrello, and consented to use his ability.

"However," said he, "I can think of no way but one, which would displease you—and that is, that you should personate my pupil, and attend upon her with my medicines."

The joyful Torrello assured the doctor, "that he was very

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much mistaken in supposing that any falsely-imagined pride could overmaster the vehemence of his love;" and accordingly putting on an apron, with the requisite habits, he repaired on his errand to the languishing Fiorenza. She recovered very speedily, at his presence—but was altogether well again, to learn that thus a new mode was provided for their interviews. The physician thereupon was gratified with a handsome present by her parents, who allowed the assistant likewise to continue his visits till he had earned another jewel of Fiorenza. Prudence at last telling them that they must abandon this stratagem, they prepared for a fresh separation, but taking leave of each other upon a time too tenderly, they were observed by the father, and whilst Torrello was indignantly thrust out at the door, Fiorenza was commanded, with a stern rebuke to her own chamber.

The old lady thereupon asking her angry husband concerning the cause of the uproar, he told her that he had caught the doctor's man on his knees to Fiorenza.

"A plague take him!" said he; "'tis the trick of all his tribe, with a pretence of feeling women's pulses to steal away their hands. I marvel how meanly the jade will bestow her favour next: but it will be a baser varlet, I doubt, than a gardener, or a falconer."

"The falconer!" said the mother, "you spoke just now of the doctor's man."

"Ay," quoth he, "but I saw her exchange looks, too, with the falconer; my heart misgives me, that we shall undergo much disgrace and trouble on acccount of such a self-willed and froward child."

"Alas!" quoth the mother, "it is the way of young women, when they are crossed in the man of their liking; they grow desperate and careless of their behaviour. It is a pity, methinks, we did not let her have Torrello, who, with

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all his faults, was a youth of gentle birth, and not likely to disgrace us by his manners; but it would bring me down to my grave, to have the girl debase herself with any of these common and low-bred people."

Her husband, agreeing in these sentiments, they concerted how to have Torrello recalled, which the lady undertook to manage, so as to make the most of their parental indulgence to Fiorenza. Accordingly, after a proper lecture on her indiscretions, she dictated a dutiful letter to her lover, who came very joyfully in his own character as a gentleman, and a time was appointed for the wedding. When the day arrived, and the company were all assembled, the mother, who was very lynx-sighted, espied the three trinkets, namely, a ring, a clasp, and a buckle, on the person of Torrello, that had belonged to her daughter: however, before she could put any questions, he took Fiorenza by the hand, and spoke as follows:—

"I know what a history you are going to tell me of the indiscretions of Fiorenza; and that the several jewels you regard so suspiciously, were bestowed by her on a gardener, a falconer, and a doctor's man. Those three knaves, being all as careless and improvident as myself, the gifts are come, as you perceive, into my own possession; notwithstanding, lest any should impeach, therefore, the constancy of this excellent lady, let them know that I will maintain her honour in behalf of myself, as well as of those other three, in token of which I have put on their several jewels."

The parents being enlightened by this discourse, and explaining it to their friends, the young people were married, to the general satisfaction; and Fiorenza confessed herself thrice happy with the gardener, the falconer, and the doctor's man.

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GERONIMO AND GHISOLA.

—♦—

"This small, small thing, you say is venomous,
Its bite deadly, tho' but a very pin's prick.
Now, ought Death to be called a Fairy—
For he might creep in, look you, through a keyhole.'
Old Play.

THERE are many tragical instances on record, of cruel parents who have tried to control the affections of their children; but as well might they endeavour to force backwards the pure mountain current into base and unnatural channels. Such attempts, whether of sordid parents or ungenerous rivals, redound only to the disgrace of the contrivers; for Love is a jealous deity, and commonly avenges himself by some memorable catastrophe.

Thus it befel to the ambitious Marquis of Ciampolo, when he aimed at matching his only daughter, Ghisola, with the unfortunate Alfieri; whereas her young heart was already devoted to her faithful Geronimo, a person of gentle birth and much merit, though of slender estate. For this reason, his virtues were slighted by all but Ghisola, who had much cause to grieve at her father's blindness; for Alfieri was a proud and jealous man, and did not scorn to disparage his rival by the most unworthy reports. He had, indeed, so little generosity, that although she pleaded the prepossession of her heart by another, he did not cease to pursue her; and finally, the Marquis, discovering the reason of her rejection, the unhappy Geronimo was imperatively banished from her presence.

In this extremity, the disconsolate lovers made friends with a venerable oak, in the Marquis's park, which presented

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a convenient cavity for the reception of their scrolls; and in this way, this aged tree became the mute and faithful confident of their secret correspondence. Its mossy and knotted trunk was inhabited by several squirrels, and its branches by various birds; and in its gnarled roots a family of red ants had made their fortress, which afforded a sufficient excuse for Ghisola to stop often before the tree, as if to observe their curious and instructive labours. In this manner they exchanged their fondest professions, and conveyed the dearest aspirations of their hearts to each other.

But love is a purblind and imprudent passion, which, like the ostrich, conceals itself from its proper sense, and then foolishly imagines that it is shrouded from all other eyes. Thus, whenever Ghisola walked abroad, her steps wandered by attraction to the self-same spot, her very existence seeming linked, like the life of a dryad, to her favourite tree. At last, these repeated visits attracting the curiosity of the vigilant Alfieri, his ingenuity soon divined the cause; and warily taking care to examine all the scrolls that passed between them, it happened that several schemes, which they plotted for a secret interview, were vexatiously disconcerted. The unsuspicious lovers, however, attributed these spiteful disappointments to the malice of chance; and thus their correspondence continued till towards the end of autumn, when the oak-tree began to shed its last withered leaves; but Ghisola heeded not, so long as it afforded those other ones, which were more golden in her eyes than any upon the boughs.

One evil day, however, repairing as usual to the cavity, it was empty and treasureless, although her own deposit had been removed as heretofore; and the dews beneath, it appeared, had been lately brushed away by the foot of her dear Geronimo. She knew, notwithstanding, that at any

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risk he would not so have grieved her; wherefore, returning homewards with a heavy heart, she dreaded, not unreasonably, that she should discover what she pined for in the hands of her incensed father; but being deceived in this expectation, she spent the rest of the day in tears and despondence; for, rather than believe any negligence of Geronimo, she resolved that he must have met with some tragical adventure; wherefore his bleeding ghost, with many more such horrible phantasies, did not fail to visit her in her thoughts and dreams.

In the meantime, Geronimo was in equal despair at not having received any writings from Ghisola; but his doubts took another turn than hers, and justly alighted on the treacherous Alfieri. At the first hints of his suspicion, therefore, he ran to the house of his rival, where the domestics refused positively to admit him, declaring that their master, if not already deceased, was upon the very threshold of death. Geronimo naturally supposing this story to be a mere subterfuge, drew his sword, and with much ado forced his way up to the sick man's chamber, where he found him stretched out upon a couch, and covered from head to heel with a long cloak. The noise of the door disturbing him, Alfieri uncovered his face, and looked out with a countenance so horribly puckered by anguish and distorted, that Geronimo for an instant forgot his purpose, but recovering himself from the shock, he asked fiercely for the letters.

The dying wretch answered to this demand with a deep groan, and removing the cloak, he showed Geronimo his bare arm, which was swelled as large round nearly as a man's body, and quite black and livid to the shoulder; but the hand was redder in colour, and merely a lump of unshapely flesh, though without any perceptible wound.

"This," said he, pointing to the livid member, "is my

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punishment for a deep offence to you ; and there is your cruel avenger."

Geronimo, turning by his direction towards the table, at first sight discovered nothing deadly, but on looking within a little silver box, he discovered a small dead scorpion, the bite of which, in our climate, is frequently mortal. Alfieri then motioning to Geronimo to come nearer, continued with great difficulty in these words :—

"There is a certain old oak, with a cleft in it, in the Marquis's park, which is but too well known to us both. My evil fortune led me to discover its use to you ; and my baseness to abuse that knowledge, for which I am suffering these torments. For putting my guilty hand into the hollow for your papers, which I blush to confess were my object, I was stung on my finger by this accursed reptile, who was lurking in the bottom of the hole. I have killed it, as you see, though my own anguish commenced with its destruction. Notwithstanding, I took away the papers and ran hither, when, on looking at my hand, it was as scarlet as my shame ; and my arm was already beginning to swell to this monstrous size, and the convulsed muscles were all writhing together like as many serpents. And now my pangs, together with the fever of my remorseless mind, have brought me to the extremity you behold." Saying which, he fell into a fresh fit of agony, so that the sweat issued in large drops from his forehead, and his eyes turned in their sockets with nothing but the whites upon Geronimo, whose flesh crept all over with compassion and dread.

This paroxysm passing over, he wiped away the foam from his mouth, and began to speak again, but in a much weaker voice and by syllables.

"You see," said he, "my injuries have returned, like ardent coals, upon my own head. I designed to have

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supplanted you, whereas I am myself removed from my place on the earth. Let me then depart with your forgiveness for the peace of my soul; whilst, on my part, I make you amends as far as I may. And first of all, take this box with its fatal contents to the Marquis, and bid him know by this token that God was adverse to our will. And because I did love, though vainly, let all my possession be laid at the same feet where I used to kneel; and beseech her, for charity's sake, to bestow her prayers on my departed soul. Tell her my pangs were bitter, and my fate cruel, except in preserving her from as horrible a calamity." He then fell backwards again upon the couch, and died.

As soon as he was laid out, Geronimo went and delivered the message to the Marquis, whom he found chiding with Ghisola for her melancholy. As he was much impressed with the dreadful scene he had witnessed, he described it very eloquently, so that both of his hearers were much affected, and especially at sight of the box with the dead scorpion. It cost Ghisola some fresh tears, which her lover did not reprove, to be told of the expressions which related to herself; but the Marquis was still more shocked at the relation, and confessing that it was the judgment of heaven, he no longer opposed himself to the union of Ghisola with Geronimo. He then caused the remains of Alfieri to be honourably buried; and it was observed that Geronimo shed the most tears of any one that wept over his tomb.

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THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

"What is here?
Gold, yellow glittering precious gold!"
Timon of Athens.

THERE is no vice that causes more calamities in human life than the intemperate passion for gaming. How many noble and ingenious persons it hath reduced from wealth unto poverty; nay, from honesty to dishonour, and by still descending steps into the gulf of perdition. And yet how prevalent it is in all capital cities, where many of the chiefest merchants, and courtiers especially, are mere pitiful slaves of fortune, toiling like so many abject turnspits in her ignoble wheel. Such a man is worse off than a poor borrower, for all he has is at the momentary call of imperative chance; or rather he is more wretched than a very beggar, being mocked with an appearance of wealth, but as deceitful as if it turned, like the moneys in the old Arabian story, into decaying leaves.

In our parent city of Rome, to aggravate her modern disgraces, this pestilent vice has lately fixed her abode, and has inflicted many deep wounds on the fame and fortunes of her proudest families. A number of noble youths have been sucked into the ruinous vortex, some of them being degraded at last into humble retainers upon rich men, but the most part perishing by an unnatural catastrophe; and if the same fate did not befal the young Marquis de Malaspini, it was only by favour of a circumstance which is not likely to happen a second time for any gamester.

This gentleman came into a handsome revenue at the death of his parents, whereupon, to dissipate his regrets, he

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travelled abroad, and his graceful manners procured him a distinguished reception at several courts. After two years spent in this manner he returned to Rome, where he had a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tiber, and which he further enriched with some valuable paintings and sculptures from abroad. His taste in these works was much admired; and his friends remarked, with still greater satisfaction, that he was untainted by the courtly vices which he must have witnessed in his travels. It only remained to complete their wishes, that he should form a matrimonial alliance that should be worthy of himself, and he seemed likely to fulfil this hope in attaching himself to the beautiful Countess of Maraviglia. She was herself the heiress of an ancient and honourable house; so that the match was regarded with satisfaction by the relations on both sides, and especially as the young pair were most tenderly in love with each other.

For certain reasons, however, the nuptials were deferred for a time, thus affording leisure for the crafty machinations of the Devil, who delights, above all things, to cross a virtuous and happy marriage. Accordingly, he did not fail to make use of this judicious opportunity, but chose for his instrument the lady's own brother, a very profligate and a gamester, who soon fastened, like an evil genius, on the unlucky Malaspini.

It was a dismal shock to the lady when she learned the nature of this connection, which Malaspini himself discovered to her, by incautiously dropping a die from his pocket in her presence. She immediately endeavoured, with all her influence, to reclaim him from the dreadful passion for play, which had now crept over him like a moral cancer, and already disputed the sovereignty of love; neither was it without some dreadful struggles of remorse on his own part, and some useless victories, that he at last gave himself up to

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such desperate habits; but the power of his Mephistophiles prevailed, and the visits of Malaspini to the lady of his affections became still less frequent, he repairing instead to those nightly resorts where the greater portion of his estates was already forfeited.

At length, when the lady had not seen him for some days, and in the very last week before that which had been appointed for her marriage, she received a desperate letter from Malaspini, declaring that he was a ruined man, in fortune and hope; and that at the cost of his life even, he must renounce her hand for ever. He added, that if his pride would let him even propose himself, a beggar as he was, for her acceptance, he should yet despair too much of her pardon to make such an offer; whereas, if he could have read in the heart of the unhappy lady, he would have seen that she still preferred the beggar Malaspini to the richest nobleman in the Popedom. With abundance of tears and sighs perusing his letter, her first impulse was to assure him of that loving truth; and to offer herself with her estates to him, in compensation of the spites of Fortune: but the wretched Malaspini had withdrawn himself no one knew whither, and she was constrained to content herself with grieving over his misfortunes, and purchasing such parts of his property as were exposed for sale by his plunderers. And now it became apparent what a villanous part his betrayer had taken; for, having thus stripped the unfortunate gentleman, he now aimed to rob him of his life also, that his treacheries might remain undiscovered. To this end he feigned a most vehement indignation at Malaspini's neglect and bad faith, as he termed it, towards his sister, protesting that it was an insult to be only washed out with his blood: and with these expressions, he sought to kill him at any advantage. And no doubt he would have become a murderer,

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as well as a dishonest gamester, if Malaspini's shame and anguish had not drawn him out of the way; for he had hired a mean lodging in the suburbs, from which he never issued but at dusk, and then only to wander in the most unfrequented places.

It was now in the wane of autumn, when some of the days are fine, and gorgeously decorated at morn and eve by the rich sun's embroideries; but others are dewy and dull with cold nipping winds, inspiring comfortless fancies and thoughts of melancholy in every bosom. In such a dreary hour, Malaspini happened to walk abroad, and avoiding his own squandered estates, which it was not easy to do by reason of their extent, he wandered into a bye-place in the neighbourhood. The place was very lonely and desolate, and without any near habitation; its main feature especially being a large tree, now stripped bare of its vernal honours, excepting one dry yellow leaf, which was shaking on a topmost bough to the cold evening wind, and threatening at every moment to fall to the damp, dewy earth. Before this dreary object Malaspini stopped some time in contemplation, commenting to himself on the desolate tree, and drawing many apt comparisons between its nakedness and his own beggarly condition.

"Alas! poor bankrupt," says he, "thou hast been plucked too, like me; but yet not so basely. Thou hast but showered thy green leaves on the grateful earth, which in another season will repay thee with sap and sustenance; but those whom I have fattened will not so much as lend again to my living. Thou wilt thus regain all thy green summer wealth, which I shall never do; and besides, thou art still better off than I am, with that one golden leaf to cheer thee, whereas I have been stripped even of my last ducat!"

With these and many more similar fancies he continued

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to aggrieve himself, till at last, being more sad than usual, his thoughts tended unto death, and he resolved, still watching that yellow leaf, to take its flight as the signal for his own departure.

"Chance," said he, "hath been my temporal ruin, and so let it now determine for me, in my last cast between life and death, which is all that its malice hath left me."

Thus, in his extremity he still risked somewhat upon fortune; and very shortly the leaf being torn away by a sudden blast, it made two or three flutterings to and fro, and at last settled on the earth, at about a hundred paces from the tree. Malaspini instantly interpreted this as an omen that he ought to die; and following the leaf till it alighted, he fell to work on the same spot with his sword, intending to scoop himself a sort of rude hollow for a grave. He found a strange gloomy pleasure in this fanciful design, that made him labour very earnestly; and the soil besides being loose and sandy, he had soon cleared away about a foot below the surface. The earth then became suddenly more obstinate, and trying it here and there with his sword, it struck against some very hard substance; whereupon, digging a little further down, he discovered a considerable treasure.

There were coins of various nations, but all golden, in this petty mine; and in such quantity as made Malaspini doubt for a moment if it were not the mere mintage of his fancy. Assuring himself, however, that it was no dream, he gave many thanks to God for this timely providence; notwithstanding, he hesitated for a moment, to deliberate whether it was honest to avail himself of the money; but believing, as was most probable, that it was the plunder of some banditti, he was reconciled to the appropriation of it to his own necessities.

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Loading himself, therefore, with as much gold as he could conveniently carry, he hastened with it to his humble quarters; and by making two or three more trips in the course of the night, he made himself master of the whole treasure. It was sufficient, on being reckoned, to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life; but not being able to enjoy it in the scene of his humiliations, he resolved to reside abroad; and embarking in an English vessel at Naples, he was carried over safely to London.

It is held a deep disgrace amongst our Italian nobility for a gentleman to meddle with either trade or commerce; and yet, as we behold, they will condescend to retail their own produce, and wine especially,—yea, marry, and with an empty barrel, like any vintner's sign, hung out at their stately palaces. Malaspini perhaps disdained from the first these illiberal prejudices; or else he was taught to renounce them by the example of the London merchants, whom he saw in that great mart of the world, engrossing the universal seas, and enjoying the power and importance of princes, merely from the fruits of their traffic. At any rate, he embarked what money he possessed in various mercantile adventures, which ended so profitably, that in three years he had regained almost as large a fortune as he had formerly inherited. He then speedily returned to his native country, and redeeming his paternal estates, he was soon in a worthy condition to present himself to his beloved Countess, who was still single, and cherished him with all a woman's devotedness in her constant affection. They were therefore before long united, to the contentment of all Rome; her wicked relation having been slain some time before, in a brawl with his associates.

As for the fortunate wind-fall which had so befriended him, Malaspini founded with it a noble hospital for orphans; and

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for this reason, that it belonged formerly to some fatherless children, from whom it had been withheld by their unnatural guardian. This wicked man it was who had buried the money in the sand: but when he found that his treasure was stolen, he went and hanged himself on the very tree that had caused its discovery.

BARANGA.

"Miserable creature!
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Dost thou imagine thou canst slide in blood,
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?
Or, like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves
And yet to prosper?"—*The White Devil.*

It has been well said, that if there be no marriages made up in heaven, there are a great many contrived in a worse place; the Devil having a visible hand in some matches, which turn out as mischievous and miserable as he could desire. Not that I mean here to rail against wedlock, the generality of such mockers falling into its worst scrapes; but my mind is just now set upon such contracts as that of the Marquis Manfredi with Baranga, who before the year was out began to devise his death.

This woman, it has been supposed by those who remember her features, was a Jewess,—which, in a Catholic country, the Marquis would be unwilling to acknowledge,—however, he affirmed that he had brought her from the kingdom of Spain. She was of the smallest figure that was ever known, and very beautiful, but of as impatient and fiery a temper as the cat-a-mountains of her own country; never hesitating,

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in her anger, at any extremes,—neither sparing her own beautiful hair nor her richest dresses, which she sometimes tore into shreds with her passionate hands. At such times she confirmed but too plausibly her imputed sisterhood with Jael and Deborah, and those traditional Hebrew women who faltered not even at acts of blood; and who could not have looked more wildly at their tragedies than she, when she stood in her splendid rags, with her eyes flashing as darkly and as dangerously as theirs.

As soon as she arrived in Italy, her fatal beauty captivated a number of unhappy youths, who were led by her waywardness into the most painful adventures; some of them suffering by encounters amongst themselves, and others by the conversion of her fickle favour into hatred and scorn. Manfredi suspected little of these mischiefs, till at last the season of the Carnival drew nigh, when fearing the influence of that long revel of pleasure and dissipation upon her mind, he withdrew with her to his country seat, which was about nine leagues distant from Rome. Thither she was followed by one of her gallants, named Vitelli, a ferocious and dissolute man, and whom it is believed she engaged to pursue her, not so much from personal liking, as in the hope of his assistance to relieve her from this irksome retirement. Her temper, in the meantime, being irritated by such restraint, grew every day more fierce and desperate—her cries often resounding through the house, which was strewed with fresh tokens of her fury. With whatever grief the Marquis beheld these paroxysms, he comforted himself by a fond reliance on her affection, and endeavoured by the most tender assiduities to console her for the disappointment he had inflicted. The moment of her arrival in the country, therefore, he presented her, as a peace-offering, with a pair of superb earrings; but he quickly beheld her with her ears dropping blood, and the

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jewels, which she had violently plucked away, lying trampled on the floor.

It was common for such things to happen whenever they encountered; and in consequence their meetings, by mutual care, were more and more avoided, till they almost lived asunder in the same house. In the meantime, Baranga did not forget her desire to be present at the Carnival, but contrived several stolen interviews with Vitelli; after which her manner changed abruptly from its usual violence to a gentler and thoughtful demeanour, her hours being chiefly spent solitarily in her own chamber. Above all, she never mentioned the Carnival, which had been till then her constant subject, but seemed rather to resign herself quietly to the wishes of her husband, who, seeing her so docile, repented in his heart of having ever crossed her pleasure.

It was in those infamous times, that the hell-born fashion of empoisonment spread itself throughout Italy like a contagious pestilence, and to the everlasting scandal of our history was patronised and protected by the rich and great. Thus there were various professors of the infernal art, who taught, by their damnable compounds, how to ravish away life either suddenly or by languishing stages; and many persons of note and quality became their disciples, to the endless perdition of their souls, or at best, to the utter hardening of their hearts, according as they were prompted in their experiments by unlawful curiosity or by more black and malignant motives. Whilst some practised, therefore, on the bodies of dogs and cats, and such mean animals, there were not wanting others who used their diabolical skill upon human relations that were obnoxious, and the names of many such victims are recorded, though the fate of a still greater number was hinted only by popular suspicion.

To one of these vile agents then, the base Vitelli addressed

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himself; and the secret studies of Baranga were guided by his direction. Whilst the Marquis was hoping in the wholesome results of a temporary melancholy and seclusion, which have made some minds so nobly philosophise, her guilty, lovely hands were tampering with horrid chemistry; and her meditations busy with the most black and deadly syrups. There is a traditional picture of her thus occupied in her chamber, with the apparition of Death at her elbow, whilst with her black and piercing eyes she is watching the martyrdom of a little bird, that is perishing from her Circean compounds.

And now we may suppose Manfredi to be doomed as the next victim of her pernicious craft—who, on his part, was too unsuspicious to reject anything which she might tender to him with her infinitely small and delicate white hand. And assuredly the appointment of his death was not far distant, when the jealousy of the disappointed suitors of Baranga prevented her design. They had not omitted to place some spies over her movements: wherefore, on the eve of the Carnival, Manfredi was advised by a letter in an unknown hand, that she had concerted with Vitelli her elopement to Rome, and in a nun's habit, as he might convince himself with little pains, by an inspection of her wardrobe.

Manfredi was not a person to shut his eyes wilfully against the light,—but recalled with some uneasiness her mysterious seclusion. He chose a time, therefore, when Baranga was absent, to visit her wardrobe, where, if he did not discover the nun's habit, he found a complete suit of new sables, which had been prepared by her in anticipation of her widowhood. It is easy to conceive with what horror he shrunk aghast at this dreary evidence of her malignity, which yet was not fully confirmed, till he had broken into her unholy

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study, and lo! there lay the dead bird, beside some samples of her diabolical chemistry, upon a table. There were lying about painful hellebore, and nightshade, and laurel, and such poisonous herbs, and I know not what deadly resins and gums, whether in syrups or as drugs, together with divers venomous styles and imbued needles for the infliction of death; yea, even subtle and impalpable powders, to be inhaled by the sleeper with the vital air, to such a villanous pitch those curst empoisoners had carried their speculative inventions.

Manfredi knew too well the import of these dreadful symptoms, to doubt any longer of her purpose; however, he touched nothing, but with a dreadful stern composure returned down-stairs, and sending for a trusty domestic, commanded him to go instantly for a shroud. The man, obeying this strange order without any comment, in an hour returned with the deathly garment, which the Marquis with his own hands then hung up in the wardrobe, beside the widow's weeds, and in that plight left it for the discovery of Baranga.

And truly this was but a timely proceeding, for in that very hour she concerted with Vitelli to poison her husband at supper with a dish of sweetmeats; after which she returned home, and was first startled by the stern silence of Manfredi, who turned from her without a syllable. Her wretched guilty heart immediately smote her, and running up to her devilish sanctuary, she saw that it had been invaded; but how much more was she shocked upon sight of the dreary and awful shroud hanging beside those premature weeds, which it warned her she was never to put on! In a frenzy of despair, therefore, turning her own cruel arms against herself, she swallowed one of the most deadly of her preparations, and casting herself down on the floor, with

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a horrible ghastly countenance awaited the same dreadful pangs which she had so lately witnessed on the poisoned bird. And now, doubtless, it came bitterly over her, what fearful flutterings she had seen it make, and throbs, and miserable gaspings of its dying beak; and even as the bird had perished, so did she.

There was no one bold enough to look upon her last agonies; but when she was silent and still, the Marquis came in and wept over her ill-starred body—which had been brought by its ungovernable spirit to so frightful a dissolution.

THE EXILE.

"I'faith there's a warp in his brain!
A straight thought grows as crooked in his reflection,
As the shadow of a stick in a pond."—*Love's Madness.*

In the reign of King Charles the Fifth of Spain, there lived in Madrid a gentleman, who being of a fair reputation and an ample fortune, obtained in marriage the daughter of one of the counsellors of state. He had not lived long thus happily, when one day his father-in-law returned from the council, with a countenance full of dismay, and informed him that a secret accusation of treason had been preferred against him.

"Now, I know," said he, "that you are incapable of so great a wickedness, not merely from the loyalty of your nature, but because you cannot be so cruel as to have joined in a plot which was directed against my own life as well as others: yet, not knowing how far the malice of your enemies might prevail, for your marriage has made foes of many who were before your rivals, I would advise you to a

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temporary flight. Time, which discovers all mysteries, will then, in some happier season, unravel the plot which is laid against your life: but at present, the prejudice against you is hot—and the danger therefore is imminent."

To this the gentleman replied, that as he should answer to God in judgment, he was innocent, and altogether ignorant of the treason imputed to him; and therefore, being conscious of his innocence, and, besides, so recently married, he preferred rather to remain in the kingdom and await the issue of his trial. The danger, however, became more pressing with every hour, and, finally, the advice of the counsellor prevailed. The unfortunate gentleman, accordingly, took a hasty but most affectionate farewell of his young wife; and with a heavy heart embarked on board a foreign merchant vessel that was bound for the Gulf of Venice. The counsellor was immediately arrested and thrown into prison, as having been an accessory to his son-in-law's escape; but being afterwards set free, he was still watched so vigilantly by the spies of the accusers, that he could not safely engage in any correspondence with his relation.

In this manner nearly two years passed away; till at length the miserable exile grew so impatient of his condition, that he resolved to return, even at whatever hazard to his life. Passing therefore by way of France into Spain, and taking care to disguise himself so effectually that he could not be recognised by his oldest acquaintance, he arrived in safety at a village in the neighbourhood of Madrid. There he learned, for the first time, that his father-in-law had been disgraced and amerced so heavily, that being of a proud spirit and unable to endure his reverses, he had died of a broken heart: and moreover, that his daughter was presently living in the capital in the greatest affliction. At these melancholy tidings, he repented more than ever that he had

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quitted Spain, and resolved to repair to his wife without any further delay.

Now it chanced in the village where he was resting, that he had a very dear friend, named Rodrigo, who had been his school-mate, and was as dear to him as a brother; and going to his house at sunset, he discovered himself to the other, and besought him to go before to Madrid, and prepare his dear wife for his arrival. "And now, remember," said he, "that my life, and not only mine, but my dear lady's also, depends upon your breath; and if you frame it into any speech so imprudently as to betray me, I vow, by our Holy Lady of Loretto, that I will eat your heart;" and with this and still stranger expressions, he conducted himself so wildly, as to show that his misfortunes, and perhaps some sickness, had impaired the healthiness of his brain. His friend, however, like a prudent man, concealed this observation; but unlocking his library, and saying that there was store of entertainment in his absence, he departed on his mission.

On Rodrigo's arrival at the lady's house, she was seated on a sofa, and, as if to divert her cares, was busied in some embroidery; but every now and then she stayed her needle to wipe off a tear that gathered on her long dark eye-lashes, and sometimes to gaze for minutes together on a small portrait which lay before her on a table. "Alas!" she said to the picture, "we two that should have lived together so happily, to be thus asunder; but absence has made room for sorrow to come between us, and it slays both our hearts:" and as she complained thus, Rodrigo joyfully entered and began to unfold to her his welcome tidings.

At first, the sorrowful lady paid scarcely any attention to his words, but so soon as she comprehended that it concerned her dear husband's arrival she could hardly breathe for joy.

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"What! shall I behold him here, in this very spot; nay here?" said she, pressing her hands vehemently upon her bosom: "I pray thee do not mock me, for my life is so flown into this hope, that they must die together if you deceive me;" and only at the entrance of that doubt she burst into a flood of tears. But being assured that the news was indeed true, and that her husband would presently be with her, she clasped her hands passionately together, and crying out that joy was as hard to bear as grief, besought Heaven that it might not madden her before he came, and then began to weep again as violently as before. Upon this, Rodrigo reproving her, she excused herself, saying "that a dream which had troubled her in the night, had overpowered her weak spirits."

"And in truth," said she, "it was very horrible; for my dear husband appeared to me like a phantom, and laid his cold hand upon mine, like a fall of snow; and he asked me if I was afraid of him, that I shuddered so, and I answered him 'God forbid! but yet your voice methinks is not your own, nor so gentle,—but very fierce, and there is a strange light, instead of love, in your eyes.' And he said, 'This voice truly is not my own, nor the shining of my eyes; but the serpent's within me, who hath devoured my brain; and when he looks out upon thee, he will kill thee, for he does not love thee as I used, neither is there any remorse in his heart.' As he spoke thus, I saw a light shining in his skull, and wild strange eyes looking forth through his eyes; so that I cried out with terror, and awaked. But ever since this dream has haunted me, and even now, as you see, I cannot quite get rid of its depression."

At the nature of this dream Don Rodrigo could scarcely forbear from shuddering, for he doubted not that the serpent signified the madness which he had observed about his

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friend, and that the vision itself was but the type of some impending calamity; nevertheless, he subdued his own fears before the lady, and endeavoured to divert her thoughts till the arrival of her husband.

After a tedious interval, at length the door was suddenly flung open, and he leaped in; and rushing to his wife they embraced in silence for several sweet minutes, till separating a little, that they might gaze on each other, the lady remarked that his arm was bound up in a bloody handkerchief.

"Nay," said he, perceiving her alarm; it is no very grievous hurt, though I have been assailed by robbers in my way hither: but, alas! what greater injury hath grief wrought upon thee!" for with her maidenly figure, she had all the careful countenance of a matron in years.

Indeed, it was easy to conceive how their hearts had suffered and hungered for each other by their present passionate endearments, for they soon crowded into a few short minutes all the hoarded affection of years. But such joy as theirs is often but the brief wonder of unhappy lives; and so, in the very summit of delight, they were interrupted by Don Rodrigo, who, with looks full of terror, declared that the house was beset by the police, and presently a loud knocking was heard at the outer gates. At this alarm, the two unfortunates started asunder, and listened till they heard even the throbbings of their own fearful hearts. But at the second knocking, the gentleman, quitting his wife, and drawing his sword, stared wildly about him with eyes that seemed to flash out sparkles of unnatural fire.

"Ha!" said he, casting a terrible glance upon Rodrigo; "have I sold my life to such a devil?" and suddenly springing upon him and tearing him down to the ground, he thrust his sword fiercely into his bosom.

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And indeed it seemed but too reasonable that Rodrigo, who alone had known the secret of the Exile's arrival, had betrayed him to the government. Notwithstanding, at the first flush of the blood, as it gushed out as if in reproach of the weapon, the gentleman made an effort to raise his friend again from the floor; but in the meantime the police had enforced their entrance, and now made him their prisoner without any resistance. He begged merely that his arms might be left unbound, but immediately attempting in his frenzy to do some injury to his wife, and reviling her, through madness, with the very venom and aspect of a serpent, the officers hurried him instantly to his prison. All the time that he was being fettered he seemed quite unconscious, and altogether in some dream foreign to his condition; but as the door closed and the bolts grated harshly on the outside, he recovered his senses, and made answer with a deep groan.

At first he believed he had no company in his misery, but presently he heard a rustling of straw, with a clanking of chains in one corner of the dungeon, which was a very dark one, and a man in irons came up slowly towards the grate. The little light sufficed to show that his countenance was a very horrid one, although hidden for the most part in his black, bushy hair; and he had besides but one eye: by which tokens the gentleman readily recognised him, as one of the banditti who had set upon him in the forest.

"So, señor," said he, "I perceive that one foul night has netted us both; and therein I have done to thee one more injury than I designed; but my plunder has all gone before the council, and along with it, thy papers: so if there be aught treasonable in them that brings thee to this cage, my ill luck must be blamed for it, which is likely to bring us both to the same gallows."

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At this discourse the gentleman fell into a fresh frenzy, but less of madness than of bitter grief and remorse: every word avenging upon him the stab which he had inflicted on his dear friend Rodrigo. He cast himself, therefore, on the hard floor, and would have dashed his tortured brains against the stones, but for the struggles of the robber, who, hard-hearted and savage as he had been by profession, was yet touched with strange pity at the sight of so passionate a grief. It settled upon him afterwards to a deep dejection, and in this condition, after some weeks' confinement, the wretched gentleman was finally released without any trial, by an order of the council. This change, however, which should have been a blessing to any other, produced no alleviation of his malady. It was nothing in the world to him that he was free to revisit its sunshine, and partake of all its natural delights—and above all, enjoy the consolations and the sweets of domestic affection. Though there was one ever gazing upon him with an almost breaking heart, he neither felt his own misery nor hers, but looked upon all things with an eye bright and fiery indeed at times; but not, like the stars, illuminate with knowledge.

In this mood he would sit for hours with his arms folded, and gazing upon the vacant air, sighing sometimes—but never conscious of the presence of his once beloved wife, who sat before him, and watched his steadfast countenance, till she wept at his want of sympathy. Day passed after day, and night after night, but there was no change in the darkness of his mind, till one morning, as he sat, his reason as it were returned upon him like the dawn of day, when the sky is first streaked with light, and the world gains a weak intelligence of the things that are in it. He had been looking for some minutes on his wife without knowing her, but tears glistened, for the first time, in his eyes, and at last

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two large drops, and with those his delirium, were shed from his eyelids. He immediately recognised his wife, and cast himself into her arms.

The joyful lady, in her turn, found it hard to retain her senses. After returning his caresses in the tenderest manner, she hastened immediately to Don Rodrigo, who, though severely hurt, had got better of his wound, and watched the more dreadful malady of his friend, sometimes indeed in hope, but more commonly in despair of his recovery. At the first news, therefore, he ran hastily to the room, and soon cast himself into the arms of his friend: but the latter received him coldly; and before Rodrigo could finish even a brief salutation, he felt the other's arms loosening from around his neck, and beheld his head suddenly drop, as if it had been displeasing that their eyes should meet again. It seemed, indeed, that his malady had already returned upon him; but in another moment the body fell forwards on the floor, and instantly the blood gushed from a hidden wound in the side, which had hitherto been concealed by the mantle. A pair of scissors, covered with blood and broken, for the wound had been desperately bestowed, dropped from him as he fell: for, to show more sadly the lady's own joyful forgetfulness, she had supplied the weapon for this dreadful catastrophe.

As for the miserable lady, it was feared, from the violence of her grief, that the same dismal blow would have been her death; but her heart had been too long inured to such sufferings to be so speedily broken; and at last, attaining to that peace which belongs only to the comforts of our holy religion, she devoted her widowhood to God, and cheerfully ended an old age of piety in the Convent of St. Faith.

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THE OWL.

"What great eyes you have got!"—*Red Riding Hood.*

"An indiscreet friend," says the proverb, "is more dangerous than the naked sword of an enemy;" and truly, there is nothing more fatal than the act of a misjudging ally, which, like a mistake in medicine, is apt to kill the unhappy patient whom it was intended to cure.

This lesson was taught in a remarkable manner to the innocent Zerlina, a peasant; to conceive which, you must suppose her to have gone by permission into the garden of the Countess of Marezzo, near the Arno, one beautiful morning of June. It was a spacious pleasure-ground, excellently disposed and adorned with the choicest specimens of shrubs and trees, being bounded on all sides by hedge-rows of laurels and myrtles, and such sombre evergreens, and in the midst was a pretty verdant lawn with a sun-dial.

The numberless plants that belong to that beautiful season were then in full flower, and the delicate fragrance of the orange blossoms perfumed the universal air. The thrushes were singing merrily in the copses, and the bees, that cannot stir without music, made a joyous humming with their wings. All things were vigorous and cheerful except one, a poor owl, that had been hurt by a bolt from a cross-bow, and so had been unable by daylight to regain his accustomed hermitage, but sheltered himself under a row of laurel-trees and hollies, that afforded a delicious shadow in the noontide sun. There, shunning and shunned by all, as is the lot of the unfortunate, he languished over his wound; till a flight of pert sparrows espying him, he was soon forced to endure a thousand twittings as well as buffets from that insolent race.

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The noise of these chatterers attracting the attention of Zerlina, she crossed over to the spot; and lo! there crouched the poor bewildered owl, blinking with his large bedazzled eyes, and nodding as if with giddiness from his buffetings and the blaze of unusual light.

The tender girl, being very gentle and compassionate by nature, was no ways repelled by his ugliness; but thinking of his sufferings, took up the feathered wretch in her arms, and endeavoured to revive him by placing him on her bosom. There, nursing him with an abundance of pity and concern, she carried him to the grass-plat, and being ignorant of his habits, laid out the poor drooping bird, as her own lively spirits prompted her, in the glowing sunshine; for she felt in her own heart, at that moment, the kind and cheerful influence of the genial sun. Then, withdrawing a little way and leaning against the dial, she awaited the grateful change which she hoped to behold in the creature's looks; whereas, the tormented owl, being previously dazzled, and annoyed more than ever, hopped off again, with many piteous efforts, to the shady evergreens. Notwithstanding, believing that this shyness was only because of his natural wildness or fear, she brought him over again to the lawn, and then ran into the house for some crumbs to feed him withal.

The poor owl, in the meantime, crawled partly back, as before, to his friendly shelter of holly. The simple girl found him, therefore, with much wonder, again retiring towards those gloomy bushes.

"Why, what a wilful creature is this," she thought; "that is so loth to be comforted. No sooner have I placed it in the warm cheerful sunshine, which enlivens all its fellow-birds to chirp and sing, than it goes back and mopes under the most dismal corners. I have known many human persons to have those peevish fits, and to reject kindness as

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perversely, but who would look for such unnatural humours in a simple bird."

Therewith, taking the monkish fowl from his dull leafy cloisters, she disposed him once more on the sunny lawn, where he made still fresh attempts to get away from the over painful radiance—but was now become too feeble and ill to remove. Zerlina, therefore, began to believe that he was reconciled to his situation ; but she had hardly cherished this fancy, when a dismal film came suddenly over his large round eyes ; and then falling over upon his back, after one or two slow gasps of his beak, and a few twitches of his aged claws, the poor martyr of kindness expired before her sight. It cost her a few tears to witness the tragical issue of her endeavours ; but she was still more grieved afterwards, when she was told of the cruelty of her unskilful treatment ; and the poor owl, with its melancholy death, was the frequent subject of her meditations.

In the year after this occurrence, it happened that the Countess of Marezzo was in want of a young female attendant, and being much struck with the modesty and lively temper of Zerlina, she requested of her parents to let her live with her. The poor people, having a numerous family to provide for, agreed very cheerfully to the proposal, and Zerlina was carried by her benefactress to Rome. Her good conduct confirming the prepossessions of the Countess, the latter showed her many marks of her favour and regard, not only furnishing her handsomely with apparel, but taking her as a companion, on her visits to the most rich and noble families, so that Zerlina was thus introduced to much gaiety and splendour. Her heart, notwithstanding, ached oftentimes under her silken dresses, for in spite of the favour of the Countess, she met with many slights from the proud and wealthy, on account of her humble origin, as well as much envy and malice from

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persons of her own condition. She fell therefore into a deep melancholy, and being interrogated by the Countess, she declared that she pined for her former humble but happy estate; and begged with all humility that she might return to her native village.

The Countess being much surprised as well as grieved at this confession, inquired if she had ever given her cause to repent of her protection, to which Zerlina replied with many grateful tears, but still avowing the ardour of her wishes.

"Let me return," said she, "to my own homely life; this oppressive splendour dazzles and bewilders me; I feel by a thousand humiliating misgivings and disgraces, that it is foreign to my nature; my defects of birth and manners making me shrink continually within myself, whilst those who were born for its blaze, perceive readily that I belong to an obscurer race, and taunt me with jests and indignities for intruding on their sphere. Those also who should be my equals, are quite as bitter against me for over-stepping their station, so that my life is thus a round of perpetual mortifications and uneasiness. Pray, therefore, absolve me of ingratitude, if I long to return to my native and proper shades—with their appointed habits. I am dying, like the poor owl, for lack of my natural obscurity."

The curiosity of the Countess being awakened by her last expression, Zerlina related to her the story of that unfortunate bird, and applied it with a very touching commentary to her own condition, so that the Countess was affected even to the shedding of tears; she immediately comprehended the moral, and carrying back Zerlina to her native village, she bestowed her future favour so judiciously that instead of being a misfortune, it secured the complete happiness of the pretty peasant.

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THE GERMAN KNIGHT.

"Of breaking spears, of ringing helm and shield,
A dreadful rumour roar'd on every side:
There lay a horse; another through the field
Ran masterless,—dismounted was his guide."
Godfrey of Bulloigne.

THERE is an old proverb that some jokes are cut-throats; meaning that certain unlucky jests are apt to bring a tragical ending,—a truth which has been confirmed by many instances, besides that one which I am about to relate.

At the memorable siege of Vienna by the French, in the year ——, the inhabitants enrolled themselves in great numbers for the defence of the city, and amongst these was one Lodowic, a man of dull intellect and a hasty temper, but withal of a slow courage. He was not one of the last, however, to volunteer; for there was a lady in the back-ground who excited him, with an extraordinary eagerness, to take up arms against the common enemy.

It is notorious that the Germans, though phlegmatic, are a romantic people in their notions; the tales of chivalry, the mysteries of Odin, and diabolical legends, being their most favourite studies. In affairs of business they are plodding, indefatigable, and of an extraordinary patience, their naturalists having counted cod's eggs, by millions, beyond any other people; and in their extravagant flights they equally surpass the rest of mankind, even as it has been observed of the most sedate drudge-horses, that they kick up highest of any when turned out free into the meadow.

Dorothea, for so the lady was called, partook largely of the national bias; and in truth, for her own peace and

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contentment, should have lived some centuries sooner, when the customs recorded by the minnesingers and troubadours were the common usages. In her own times, it was a novelty to see a young maiden so overdelighted as she was at the dedication of her lover to deeds of arms and bloodshed; as if, forsooth, he had been going only to tilt with a blunted lance at a holiday tournament, instead of the deadly broil with the French in which he was engaged. With her own hand she embroidered for him a silken scarf, in the manner of the damsels of yore, and bereaved her own headgear to bedeck his helmet with a knightly plume. For it was one of her fancies, that Lodowic should go forth to the war in the costume of her ancestors, from whose armoury she selected a suit of complete steel, which had been worn aforetime in the Holy Land.

The timid spirit of the German made him willingly entrench himself in a coat of mail, and its security helped him to overlook the undue alacrity with which the lady of his love commended him to the bloody field. Not a tear did she spend at the buckling on of his cuirass, nor a single sigh at the delivery of his shield.

"Return with this," said the hard-hearted one, "or upon it,"—a benediction which she had learned of the Spartan heroine.

It was noon, when the redoubtable Lodowic rode forth thus accoutred to join his troop on the parade. His horse, scared by the clattering of the armour, made many desperate plunges by the way, to the manifest derangement of his scarf, and still more of his plumes, which began to droop down his nape in a very unseemly fashion. The joints of his armour being stiff with the rust of age, he had no great command of his limbs, nor was he very expert or graceful in the management of his lance. As for his shield, he had

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found it convenient to cast it amongst certain gossiping housewives in the street; so that, in extremity, he could fulfil neither of the Spartan conditions.

The common people, who have hawk's eyes for any grotesque figure, shouted lustily after him as he rode, which attracted the general notice of his troop to that quarter, and as soon as they perceived his uncouth habiliments, set off as they were by his imperturbable German gravity, there was a tumult of laughter and derision along the whole line.

Now it happened that there belonged to this troop an adjutant, a special friend of Lodowic, but, on this occasion, the most bitter of his mockers. A hundred merry jests he passed upon the unlucky man-at-arms, till at last the incensed Paladin beckoned him a pace or two apart, and after a short but angry conference, returned with his face at a white heat to his mistress, and informed her of the event.

"Now this adventure," said the cruel one, "falls out better than I hoped. Thou shalt cast down thy gauntlet in defiance of this uncourteous knight; and though there be no royal lists appointed in these days, ye may have, notwithstanding, a very honourable and chivalrous encounter."

"As for that, Madam," returned Lodowic, "the matter is settled, and without throwing about any gloves at all. I have dared him to meet me to-morrow at sunrise, by the Linden Wood; and one way or another I dare say something desperate will be done between us."

The hard-hearted one, highly in love with this news, embraced Lodowic very tenderly, and to mark her grace towards him still farther, gave him her glove to wear as a favour during the impending combat. She selected for him, moreover, a new suit of armour, and gave him a fresh shield against any disaster,—a provision which the knight acknowledged with equal gratitude and gravity. And now she had

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nothing left but to dream, waking or sleeping, of the wager of battle of the morrow; whereas, Lodowic closed his eyes no more through the night, than if he had been watching his arms in a church.

As soon as the cocks began to crow, which he heard with as much pleasure as St. Peter, he put on his arms, and set forth whilst the morning was yet at a grey light. There is no chill so deathlike and subtle, as that which springs up with the vapourish damps before sunrise, and Lodowic soon found himself all over in a cold sweat, answerable to that of the earth. Thoughts of death, beside, began now to be busy within him; the very crimson rents and fissures of the eastern sky suggesting to him the gaping of the gory wounds which might soon be inflicted on his miserable body—for he knew that even the iron defences of the olden knights had not exempted them from such cruel slashes. In the mean time, he studied a pacific discourse, which he trusted would heal up the quarrel better than either sword or lance; and in this Christian temper he arrived at the appointed place. There was no one yet visible within the narrow obscure horizon; wherefore he paced his horse slowly up and down in front of the Linden Wood, between which and himself there flowed a small murmuring stream.

After about twenty turns to and fro, Lodowic beheld some one emerging from the trees, whom the mist of the morning would not let him perfectly distinguish. However, the pale light of the sun began presently to glance upon the figure, turning it from a dark object to a bright one, so that it gleamed out like the rivulet, which stood at nearly the same distance. The figure leaped his horse over the brook with a slight noise that sounded like the jingling of arms, and coming gently into the foreground, Lodowic discerned that it was the Adjutant, in a suit of complete armour. At this

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sight, he was very much puzzled whether to take it as a new affront or as an apology, that the other came thus, in a suit of the kind that had begotten their difference; but how monstrous was his rage to discover that it was only a burlesque armour—the helmet being merely a pewter bason, and the shield the cover of a large iron pot. The mocker, pursuing his original jest in this indiscreet way, had prepared a set speech for the encounter.

"You see, Cousin," said he, "that I meet you at your own arms. Here is my helmet to match with yours, and this my buckler is made after the model of your own; here is my corslet too"—but before he could achieve the comparison, his horse was staggering from the rush of the choleric Lodowic, whose spear, whether by accident or design, was buried deep in the other's bosom. The wounded man gave but one groan, and fell backward, and the horse of Lodowic, taking fright at the clatter of the armour, started of at full gallop, throwing his rider side by side with the bleeding wretch upon the grass.

As soon as he recovered from the shock, Lodowic got up and gazed with fixed eyes on the wounded man. He was lying on his back, staring dreadfully against the sky; one of his hands was clenched about the handle of the cruel spear—the other he kept striking with mere anguish against the ground, where it soon became dabbled in a pool of blood that had flowed from his wound. Anon, drawing it in a fresh agony across his brow, his face likewise was smeared over with the gore, making altogether so shocking a picture that Lodowic was ready to swoon away upon the spot.

"In the name of God," he cried, "tell me, my dearest friend, that you are not mortally hurt!"—but the wounded man made answer only by a horrible roll of his eyes, and so expired.

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Imagine what a dreadful sharp pang of remorse went through the bosom of Lodowic at this dreary spectacle. His heart felt cold within him, like a ball of snow, but his head was burning with a tumult of remorseful and miserable thoughts, together with some most painful misgivings, as to the disposition of his mistress, which now began to show at variance with loveliness and womanhood. But it was time to be gone, the country people beginning to stir about the fields; so casting off the accursed armour, which now pained him through and through, like Nessus's poisoned shirt, he ran off, bewildered, he knew not whither.

Shortly after his departure, the hard-hearted Dorothea, with her woman, arrived at the spot—and lo! there lay the dead body of the Adjutant, with the spear still sticking upright in his bosom. I know not how such a fortitude consists with the female nature, but she looked on this dreadful object with all the serenity of a lady in old romance Her only concern was to behold the armour of Lodowic scattered so shamefully about, for she had resolved that he should repair to her with all the chivalrous formality. Returning home, therefore, with great scorn and anger in her looks, she promised to visit the unfortunate knight with a rigorous penance; but she saw no more of Lodowic, except the following letter, which was brought to her the same evening by a peasant;—

MADAM,

I send you by this page your glove, stained with the blood of the traitor, formerly my friend. It grieves me that I cannot lay it with my own hands at your feet, but a vow binds me to achieve deeds more worthy of your beauty and my devotion. To-morrow I set forth for Cyprus, and I shall not think myself entitled to your presence till I have

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strung the heads of a score of Turks at my saddle-bow. Till then, I remain, in all loyalty, your true knight,

LODOWIC.

The hard-hearted one perused this letter with an equal mixture of delight and doubt, for the style of the German, hitherto, had been neither quaint nor heroical. She waited many long years, you may believe, for the heads of the Infidels. In the meantime, Lodowic had passed over into England, where he married the widow of a refiner, and soon became an opulent sugar-baker; for though he still had some German romantic flights on an occasion, he was as steady and plodding as a blind mill-horse in his business.

THE FLORENTINE KINSMEN.

IT is a true proverb, that we are hawks in discerning the faults of others, but buzzards in spying out our own: and so is the other, that no man will act wickedly before a mirror; both of which sayings I hope to illustrate in the following story.

The hereditary domains of the Malatesti, formerly a very ancient and noble family of Florence, were large and princely, though now they are alienated and parcelled out amongst numerous possessors; and the race which then owned them is extinct. After many generations, the greater portion of the estates descended to a distant relation of the house, and the remainder to his kinsman, who had already some very large possessions of his own.

This man, notwithstanding he was so rich, and able to live, if he chose, in the greatest luxury and profusion, was

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still so covetous as to cast an envious and grudging eye on the property of his noble kinsman, and he did nothing but devise secretly how he should get the rest of the estates of the Malatesti in his own hands. His kinsman, however though generous and hospitable, was no prodigal or gambler likely to stand in need of usurious loans; neither a dissolute liver that might die prematurely, nor a soldier; but addicted to peaceful literary studies, and very temperate in his habits.

The miserly man, therefore, saw no hope of obtaining his wishes, except at the price of blood—and he did not scruple at last to admit this horrible alternative into his nightly meditations. He resolved, therefore, to bribe the notorious Pazzo, a famous robber of that time, to his purpose: but ashamed, perhaps, to avow his inordinate longings, even to a robber, or else grudging the high wages of such a servant of iniquity, he afterwards revoked this design, and took upon his own hands the office of an assassin.

Accordingly he invited his unsuspecting kinsman, with much specious kindness, to his own house, under a pretence of consulting him on some rare old manuscripts, which he had lately purchased, a temptation which the other was not likely to resist. He repaired, therefore, very readily to the miser's country seat, where they spent a few days together very amicably, though not sumptuously; but the learned gentleman was contented with the entertainment which he hoped to meet with in the antique papyri. At last, growing more impatient than was strictly polite to behold the manuscripts, he inquired for them so continually, that his crafty host thought it was full time to show him an improvement which he had designed upon his estate, and which intended, as may be guessed, the addition of another territory to his own.

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The gentleman, who, along with alchemy and the other sciences, had studied landscape-gardening, made no difficulties; so mounting their horses, they rode towards the middle of the estate into a deep forest, the gentleman discoursing by the way, for the last time in his life possibly, on the cultivation of the cedar. The miser with a dagger in his sleeve, rode closely by his side, commenting from time to time on the growth of his trees, and at length bade his companion look towards the right, through a certain little vista, which opened towards the setting sun, now shining very gorgeously in the west. The unwary gentleman accordingly turned his head on that side—but he had scarcely glanced on that golden light of heaven, when the miser suddenly smote him a savage blow on the left breast, which tumbled him off his horse.

The stroke, however, though so well directed, alighted luckily on a small volume of a favourite author, which the gentleman wore constantly in his bosom. So that learning, which has brought so many to poverty and a miserable end, was for this once the salvation of a life.

At first the victim was stunned awhile by the fall, and especially by the shocking treachery of his relation, who seeing how matters went, leapt quickly down to dispatch him; but the gentleman, though a scholar, made a vigorous defence, and catching hold of the miser's arm with the dagger, he began to plead in very natural terms (for at other times he was a little pedantical) for his life.

"Oh, my kinsman," said he, "why will you kill me, who have never wished you any harm in my days, but on the contrary have always loved you faithfully, and concerned myself at every opportunity about your health and welfare? Consider, besides, I beg of you, how nearly we are allied in blood; though it is a foul crime for any man to lift an

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unbrotherly hand against another, yet in our case it is thrice unnatural. Remember the awful curse of Cain; which for this very act will pursue you; and for your own sake as well as mine, do not incur so terrible a penalty. Think how presumptuous it is to take a life of God's own gracious creation, and to quench a spark which, in after remorse, you cannot by any means rekindle; nay, how much more horrible it must be still to slay an immortal soul, as you thus hazard, by sending me to my audit with all my crimes still unrepented upon my head. Look here at this very blood, which you have drawn from my hand in our struggle, how naturally it reproaches and stains you; for which reason, God doubtless made it of that blushing hue, that it might not be shed thus wantonly. This little wound alone wrings me with more pain than I have ever caused to any living creature, but you cannot destroy me without still keener anguish and the utmost agonies. And why, indeed, should you slay me? not for my riches, of which we have both of us more than enough, or if you wanted, Heaven knows how freely I would share my means with you. I cannot believe you so base as to murder me for such unprofitable lucre, but doubtless I have offended you, in some innocent way, to provoke this malice. If I have, I will beseech your pardon a thousand times over, from the simple love that I bear you; but do not requite me for an imaginary wrong so barbarously. Pray, my dear kinsman, spare me! Do not cut me off thus untimely in the happy prime of my days,--from the pleasant sunshine, and from the blessed delights of nature, and from my harmless books (for he did not forget those), and all the common joys of existence. It is true, I have no dear wife or children to weep for me, but I have many kindly friends that will grieve for my death, besides all the poor peasants on my estates, who will fall,

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I fear, under a harder lordship. Pray, my kinsman, spare me!"

But the cruel miser, in reply, only struggled to release himself, and at last prevailing, he smote the other once or twice again with his dagger, but not dangerously.

Now it happened that the noted robber Pazzo, whom I have already mentioned, was making a round in the forest at the same time with the two kinsmen, and thanking Providence that had thrown into his path so rich a prize (for the rogue was very devout in his own way), he watched them along the road for a favourable opportunity of assaulting them, and so became a witness of this murderous transaction.

Pazzo himself was a brave man, and not especially cruel; thus he was not sorry to see that a part of his office was about to be performed by another, and probably, too, he was secretly gratified to observe that a rich and reputable man could behave himself so like a despised robber: howbeit, he no ways interfered, but warily ambushed himself behind a large cork-tree to behold the sequel.

He was near enough to hear all the speeches that passed between them, so that, having still some human kindliness at the bottom of his heart, it was soon awakened by the gentleman's eloquent pleadings for his life; but when the assassin began to attack him afresh, the cruelty of the act struck on him so forcibly, that he instantly leaped out upon the blood-thirsty miser, and tore him down to the ground. He was then going to dispatch him without further delay; but the generous kinsman, entreating most earnestly for the wretch's life, and promising any sum for his ransom, Pazzo with great reluctance, allowed him to remain unhurt. He bound his hands together, notwithstanding, and detained him as his prisoner; but he would accept of no money, nor of any favour from the grateful gentleman, except a promise that he

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would use his interest with government in behalf of any of the banditti who should fall into the hands of the police.

They then parted with mutual courtesy; the gentleman returning home, and Pazzo repairing with his captive to the mountains, where he bestowed him as a legacy to his comrades, desiring them to liberate him only for an enormous ransom. This sum was soon sent to their rendezvous, as agreed upon by his kinsman; whereupon the miser was suffered to depart; and thenceforwards he cherished a gentleness of heart, which he had been taught to value by some sufferings amongst the mountains.

As for the gentleman, he resumed his harmless and beloved studies, till being over persuaded to publish a metaphysical work, on which he had been engaged for some years, the critics did for him what his kinsman had been unable to effect, and he died of chagrin. The miser thus attained in the end to his object, of inheriting the whole of the estates; but he enjoyed them very briefly, and on his death the family of Malatesti became extinct.

The ransom-money Pazzo distributed amongst his comrades, and then renounced for ever his former course of life; confessing that what had passed between the two kinsmen had held up to him such an odious pattern of his own wicked practices, that he repented bitterly of the acts of violence and injustice he had committed in his profession. In this manner he justified the sayings with which I set out in my story; and afterwards, entering into the Venetian navy, he served with great credit against the Turks and infidels, and died at last bravely fighting with those enemies of our religion.

THE END OF VOL. V.

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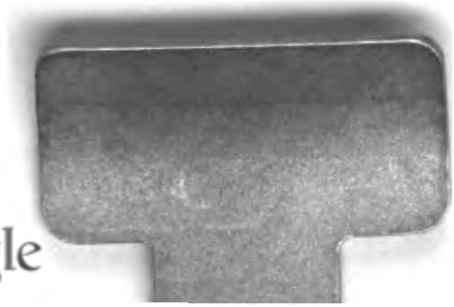

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